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Memorial of the Rev. Lewis
P. Bayard

Mrs Frances Webb.

February 27th 1842.

MEMORIAL

OF

THE REV. LEWIS P. BAYARD, D. D.

CONTAINING

A MEMOIR OF HIS LIFE, EXTRACTS FROM HIS JOURNALS AND CORRESPONDENCE, NOTICES OF HIS TOUR THROUGH EUROPE AND THE HOLY LAND, SELECTIONS FROM HIS SERMONS, AND THE DISCOURSE PREACHED ON THE OCCASION OF HIS DECEASE, BY THE RT. REV. DR. ONDERDONK, BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE OF NEW-YORK.

EDITED BY

J. W. BROWN, A. M.,

RECTOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, ASTORIA, QUEENS CO.

The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

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TO JOHN PINTARD, LL. D.

OF NEW-YORK:

THE HONORED RELATIVE,

THE GENEROUS PATRON, THE FIRM FRIEND

OF

THE LAMENTED DR. BAYARD;

THIS MEMORIAL

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY ONE

WHO HAS ENJOYED THE BENEFIT

OF HIS COUNSELS

AND BEEN HONORED BY HIS FRIENDSHIP.

I wear the name of Christ my God,
  So name me not from man!
And my broad country Catholic
  Hath neither tribe nor clan:
Its rulers are an endless line
  Through all the world that went,
Commissioned from the Holy Hill
  Of Christ's sublime ascent.

Christian Ballads.

PREFACE.

The editor of the following pages has aimed at nothing beyond a mere memorial of the Rev. Dr. Bayard. The task of preparing a biography worthy of the man, if called for by the Church, must devolve upon some one better qualified, and enjoying more leisure than he is enabled to command. He finds a pleasure, however, in indulging the hope, that his humble labors may be found useful, in some degree, in promoting so desirable an object, as that of securing to the Church a full and ably executed memoir, at some future period.

Astoria Institute,
Feast of St. Andrew, 1841.

At midnight—is a cry!
  Is it the bridegroom draweth near?
Come quickly, LORD, for I
  Have longed thy voice to hear!
    Kyrie Elëeson!

Christian Ballads.

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MEMOIR OF THE REV. DR. BAYARD.

INTRODUCTION.

THE record of a good man's life, however imperfectly it may be presented to the world, can never fail to impart instruction and to excite to emulation. The influence of true virtue is undying. So long as there are minds to estimate the value of exalted moral worth, so long as there are hearts to feel its beauty, and to own its gentle but controlling power, the memory of those who have been, in the noblest sense, as "lights in the world," will be affectionately cherished, and their virtues revered and imitated. A bright and consistent example is one of the most valuable of legacies which man can bequeath to posterity and to the world. Through it, "though dead," he continues to speak with power to the noblest principles and best feelings of the human soul. Through it he appeals, from the grave, to the living, in a voice forever eloquent and persuasive. Time, which obscures the brightness of military achievement, which often dims the lustre

of scientific and literary fame, and steals many a gem from the crown of departed genius, only deepens and hallows those feelings of love and reverence with which the heart clings to the memory of the good and just man. And the influence of the example of such is only the more powerful as it is noiseless and unobtrusive. It falls silently upon the heart, like the dew upon the heart of the flower; it acts silently there, but the results of its action are seen in the strengthening of the moral fabric, in the refreshing of the moral system, in the renewal of the moral life. He who gave to that system its laws, and to that life its unerring impulses, has imparted a beauty and majesty to virtuous example, which, under the quickening influences of his own spirit, will attract while it instructs, which will excite to emulation while it disposes to reverence and warms to love.

If these remarks are true of the influence of virtuous example, in the general sense, how much more forcibly do they apply to the influence of that example which is bright with the lustre of the Christian graces. Virtue, sanctified by Divine grace, is as a flame kindled upon an earthly altar, but fed by celestial ministrations. The same light which encourages us to draw near to read thereby the prevailing evil and the failing good in our own hearts, yet awes us with the conviction that we are standing, as it were, in the presence of the sanctities

of heaven. While we are ready to sink under the sense of the frailty of the best and holiest of mortal men, we are upheld by the revelation of "the arm of God"—of that God whose "strength," blessed be his holy name! is "made perfect in our weakness." Thus it is that the record of a true Christian's life, at once reveals to us our frailty as fallen sinful beings, and our strength as partakers of the heavenly calling in Christ Jesus. It presents the grandeur and nobleness of the renewed nature in affecting combination with the vileness and infirmity of the old; and while it continually warns us to strive earnestly for salvation, it shows us how "mightily" God can "work in us," by his Spirit, "to will and to do of his own good pleasure."

It is the design of these pages to collect and preserve some memorials of one, whose years were spent in the faithful and zealous discharge of Christian duty, no less in the private walks of social and domestic life, than in the sacred office of the Christian ministry, and in the various honorable and responsible posts which he occupied in the general concerns of the Church. In presenting them to the Christian public, the editor cannot forbear expressing his regret that the task, which he has so imperfectly discharged, had not been entrusted to the hands of some abler and worthier man. When the application was first made to him he shrunk from undertaking the work, from a sincere convic-

tion of his incompetency to perform it, to the satisfaction of the friends of the deceased, and of the Church, whose true and loyal son Dr. Bayard was in his life and in his death. But in the circumstances, under which the application was renewed, he could not find it in his heart to decline. He feels, however, that it is due to himself to state that but two months have elapsed since the most essential portions of the documents were placed in his hands, and that he has been compelled to prepare the memoir, at intervals, during the daily pressure of sacred and paramount duties to his parish and his pupils, which he was not at liberty to postpone or neglect. He cannot, therefore, dare to hope that the volume is free from many and great defects; for these he asks the kind forbearance of his readers. He is conscious, at least, that he has endeavored to discharge his task to the best of his ability. He has used *all* the materials placed in his hands, and in no case has he hazarded statements or expressed opinions which were not fully borne out by the documents before him. In a word, he has endeavored to give a faithful, unvarnished portraiture of the character and career of the good man, whose only worthy *record* is *in heaven*. His personal acquaintance with the lamented subject of the memoir was very slight, but the perusal of his remains has stamped upon his heart an image of exalted worth, of Christian devotion, of true moral

greatness, which he "would not willingly let die." And he finds satisfaction in cherishing the hope that if the fervent but gentle and lovely spirit of the departed, amidst the experience of heavenly life and bliss, is conscious of ought that is transpiring in the world he has left, he may look with favor upon the humble endeavor which has thus been made to preserve to the world for whose highest good he ever labored, and to the Church for whose interests he was ever ready to sacrifice every thing but duty, some memorial of his life and of his example.

To the many friends of the deceased, clerical and lay, who have kindly furnished him with their valuable aid in the discharge of his task, the editor would express his sincere and grateful acknowledgments. The selection from the sermons of Dr. Bayard has been made by a reverend brother, to whom the editor has been much indebted during the whole course of preparation for the press. The editor is responsible, however, for the insertion of the first sermon, published in the Episcopal Pulpit, for July, 1835, sent to him by an unknown hand.

In regard to the selections from Dr. Bayard's journals, the editor would add, that the principle which has mainly guided him, is that of presenting as faithful and full a picture, as possible, of the character of the deceased in his own words. Many of his remarks, during his European tour, have been

omitted, as giving no information which was new, and designed only for the eyes of his family and private friends. His journal in the Holy Land is given nearly entire, with such corrections as the circumstances under which it was written, rendered necessary. This part of the work has proved, to the editor, the most interesting, and he doubts not that his readers also will find it so. The letters of the American Consul at Malta, and of the friends who were permitted to be with him in his last days are given entire.

With these explanations the editor commits his humble attempt to the press, with the prayer that He "from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed," may so add his blessing, that many, through this imperfect exhibition of the character and life of one "whose praise is in the Churches," and whose "record is in heaven," may be impressed with a true sense of the value and blessedness of religion, and may so live and so die, that they, "with all those who have departed in the true faith of God's holy name, may have their perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in His eternal and everlasting kingdom."

Festival of St. Andrew, 1841.

MEMOIR OF DR. BAYARD.

For he hath taken with the Living Dead
His honorable place,—
Yea, with the saints of God
His holy habitation. Hearts, to which
Through ages he shall speak,
Will yearn towards Him ; and they too, (for such
Will be) who gird their loins
With truth to follow him
Having the breastplate on of righteousness,
The helmet of salvation, and the shield
Of faith — they too, will gaze
Upon his effigy
With reverential love,
Till they shall grow familiar with its lines
And know him when they see his face in heaven.

SOUTHEY.

CHAPTER I.

Birth and parentage—Visit to England and early education—Recollections of England—Classical education—Enters Nassau Hall—Views of mercantile life—Serious views of duty—Devotes himself to the ministry—Examination of Episcopacy—Theological studies—Becomes a candidate—Services as lay-reader—Anecdotes—Receives deacons' orders—Marriage.

Lewis Pintard Bayard, the subject of this memoir, was born on the twenty-third day of July, 1791, at the residence of his great uncle Elias Boudinot, L. L. D., at Frankfort, near Philadelphia, Pa. His father was the Hon. Samuel Bayard, of Philadelphia, whose talents and virtues will long be remembered, not only in the world, in which he filled many official stations most ably and honorably, but also in that large and respectable Christian body of which he was a zealous, devoted, and efficient member.* His mother was the only daughter of Lewis Pintard, and cousin of the venerable John Pintard, L. L. D., of New York, whose long and devoted services to the Church have endeared him to the hearts of all who seek her welfare and pray for her peace.

* Judge Bayard was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church, and the author of a volume of letters on "the Lord's Supper."

At the early age of three years Lewis went to England with his father, who was sent by the United States government to that country, we believe, on a private embassy. Judge Bayard resided in London during a period of four years, during one year of which his son was placed in a boarding school in the vicinity of the city, where, under excellent instructers he acquired the rudiments of an English education, and such a knowledge of the French language, as improved by subsequent study and continual practice in familiar conversation in his father's and grandfather's family, was of eminent benefit to him in after days. The impressions made upon his mind during his residence in England, were never effaced. From the very period of his return, he cherished an ardent desire to revisit, at some future time, the scenes where so large a portion of his childhood had been spent. This desire strengthened as his years increased, and although in the course of his active and laborious life, the opportunity of gratifying it did not present itself until the year in which his career was closed, he ever dwelt upon the hope with all the fondness which characterizes emotions born in early days.

For some years after his return from England, he resided in the family of his grandfather at New-Rochelle, Westchester Co., N. Y. Here the foundation of his classical education was laid by several successive teachers, among whom was a Mr. Corbet, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, whom he mentions in his journal in terms of affectionate remembrance and respect. His father afterwards removed to New-York and placed him under the tuition of the Rev. Edmund D. Barry, D. D., now rector of St. Matthew's Church, Jersey City, N. J.,

from whose excellent instructions he appears to have derived the most decided and permanent benefit. Having been thoroughly prepared for college under Dr. Barry, he became a member of Nassau Hall, Princeton, N. J., in the fall of 1804, where he remained four years, and graduated with the usual honors in the summer of 1808. Although he was very strongly attached to literary pursuits, and had proved himself, during his academic career, a diligent and enthusiastic student, he was induced, mainly by the persuasions of his friends, to turn his attention after leaving college to a commercial life. For this purpose he removed again to New-York, and spent one year, rather unprofitably, as he states in his journal, in a counting room. But books had become so much his delight that he found it impossible to overcome his ardent desire to connect himself with one of the learned professions. For some time he hesitated which of the professions to choose. The pious instructions and consistent example of his parents had not been without a deep and lasting effect upon his mind, and for some time previous to his abandonment of his commercial prospects his heart had been much and painfully exercised on the subject of religion. About this period, as he himself expresses it, "it pleased God to admit him to such a view of himself, as led him to a state of pardon and reconciliation through the blood of Jesus, by the renewing energy of the Holy Ghost." Thus favored by Divine mercy, and consecrated in heart to the Redeemer's cause, he did not long hesitate as to his path of duty in life. The wants of a "world lying in wickedness" presented themselves most strongly to his awakened mind. With all the humility and the self-forgetting ardor of his nature,

he betook himself to prayer and fasting with a view of discovering the leadings of God's providence in regard to his future career. "After long and mature consideration," he says, "I felt inwardly called and moved to take upon myself the office of a minister of Christ," and he accordingly commenced in 1809, a course of theological study under the direction of Bishop Hobart.

The circumstances under which the claims of the Protestant Episcopal Church first presented themselves to his mind are not given in the documents before us, nor do we know where to apply for accurate information upon the point. Dr. Bayard was nurtured, as we have seen, in the bosom of the Presbyterian denomination, and the religious influences to which in that connection, he was exposed, were calculated to impress upon his mind very exalted views of the duties and responsibilities of the Christian disciple. That such was the effect produced we have abundant evidence, not only in his letters and journals, but in the peculiarly devoted spirit which always characterized him as a private Christian, and as a minister of Christ. Before, however, he had determined the question in regard to his duty to consecrate himself to the work of the ministry, his mind was providentially directed to the examination of the subject of Episcopacy, and he faithfully read the standard works upon the subject, seeking Divine light and guidance in prayer, and diligent and humble examination of the Scriptures. The result of this investigation was a sincere and enlightened conviction that it was his duty to connect himself with the Episcopal Church as one "divine in its institution, apostolic in its ministry, pure and evangelical in its doctrines, authoritative

in its sacraments, and scriptural and primitive in its discipline and worship." His convictions at once became principles, from which in the whole of his future career he never swerved, in the firm but temperate and charitable avowal of which he never hesitated, principles forever interwoven with and made a part of that which he believed to be "the faith once delivered to the saints"—for which he lived and labored, for which he was always ready to sacrifice every thing, yea even life itself. Though from the first a firm and consistent Churchman, his Churchmanship was never tinctured with bigotry or harshness. For the Redeemer's sake he loved the Church, with all his mind and soul, but he never felt it to be his duty to intrude his convictions harshly upon those who differed with him. His motto ever was, "conciliation without compromise"—firmness in essentials, courtesy and candor in argument, and *charity* in all things.

During the prosecution of his theological studies Mr. Bayard resided at Princeton, N. J., and was admitted a candidate for orders on the 2d of May, 1811, in the diocese of New Jersey. For six months previous to his admission to Deacons' orders, he officiated, under a canonical license as lay reader, in St. Michael's Church, Trenton, and in several vacant churches in the diocese as his services were needed. "My acquaintance with him," says the Rev. Dr. Rudd, of Utica, Western New York, "commenced about this time. For some years I had much intercourse with him, and saw much to admire in his character, as a most devoted servant of his Divine master, and an amiable and hearty friend. In the office of a lay reader he was exceedingly useful and acceptable. I remember to

have heard it often remarked by very intelligent Church people, that they were almost as well satisfied with Mr. Bayard's services as with ordinary clergymen. The only thing in which they felt his deficiency was in wanting authority to administer the sacraments, so much did they feel his influence in the manner in which he interested himself in their religious welfare."

Dr. Rudd thus recalls an anecdote, connected with this period, which is worthy of preservation, as illustrative of the character of Mr. Bayard. "A remarkable trait in his character was zeal in the prosecution of the object of his regard, and to this he added great perseverance. An instance of this kind I recollect to have occurred at the time of his receiving Deacons' orders. In that day there was frequent difficulty in obtaining meetings of the Standing Committee of New Jersey. Bishop Hobart who was to ordain him discovered some imperfection in the papers which had been given, a mistake, which, though evidently inadvertent, the Bishop very properly thought should be corrected by some of the New Jersey committee. This correction, which was not called for till the day before the time fixed for ordination, required Mr. Bayard to visit several of the committee. By riding all night and calling two or three of us from our beds, he obtained his object and was in the city of New York in time the next morning to be ready for the services."

Mr. Bayard was admitted to Deacons' orders, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hobart, in Grace Church, New York, on the second day of August, 1812. On the twenty-ninth of April, 1813, he was united in holy matrimony to Cornelia M. Rhea, daughter of Col. Jonathan Rhea, of Trenton, N. J., and soon afterwards entered upon the active duties of the ministry.

CHAPTER II.

Called to Trinity Church, Newark—Public and private labors—Performance of missionary duties—Pastoral zeal and usefulness—Affliction in the death of his sister—Extracts from his Journal—Dr. Bayard's trust in Divine Providence—Temporal and spiritual trials—Deliverance from threatened persecution—Death of his grandfather—Occasion of his removal from Newark.

Mr. Bayard was called to the rectorship of Trinity church, Newark, N. J., in May, 1813. This call he accepted, and immediately entered upon the duties of the station with characteristic zeal and self-devotion. Those members of this parish who, having been permitted to watch over its infancy, have been spared to witness its present prosperity, cherish the most affectionate and respectful remembrances of his labors. In all the duties of his office, private as well as public, he was most punctual and indefatigable. During nearly the whole period of his connection with the parish, he was in the habit of preaching three times on every Lord's day, besides superintending, in person, a large and flourishing Sunday school, which owed its existence and efficiency mainly to his untiring exertions. Besides these services on Sunday, he lectured in public on two successive evenings of each week. Feeling much interest in the circulation of the Scriptures, he succeeded in forming a Bible and Prayer Book Society among the ladies of the congregation, an institution which, for a long time, was instrumental of much good, not only in the sphere of his own labors, but in the Diocese at large. Another

favorite object of his labors, was the education of young men for the ministry; an object to the accomplishment of which he not only devoted a large portion of his own time, but also exerted himself to obtain for those properly qualified, the necessary encouragement and pecuniary aid. His labors and prayers, in this respect, were abundantly blessed, in securing to the Church, at a time when the want of clergymen was most severely felt, the devoted services of one* whose ministrations, under God, have ever been efficient and acceptable.

While at Newark, Mr. Bayard also devoted much time to missionary labor in the vicinity. He organized a congregation at Orange, Essex county, and frequently preached there in the house of Mr. Benjamin Williams, whose son, the Rev. James A. Williams, is at present in charge of the parish. He also made several missionary excursions in Sussex county, and laid the foundation of the church in the village of Newton in that county.

"While at Newark," says the Rev. Dr. Rudd, "he was greatly beloved. During his diaconate, and indeed for the whole time of his connection with this parish, I had much intercourse with him of the most delightful character. Before he obtained Priest's orders,† he often called upon me to administer the holy communion for him, both in the church and for the sick. To the latter he was a very faithful friend as well as spiritual adviser. In several cases, which I am not now able to parti-

* The Rev. John M. Ward, late rector of St. Paul's church, Hoboken, N. J., now rector of St. Thomas' church, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

† Mr. Bayard was admitted to Priests' orders in Trinity Church, Newark, in the year 1815.

cularize, he called upon me at late hours of the night, and sometimes in the early morning, to go with him for the purpose of soothing the last hours of some dying parishioner. Once, I remember, we went together on a sudden call, some nine miles from my residence, and reached the humble dwelling after nine o'clock at night. Before we entered the sick-room he asked for water, to wash our hands before we proceeded to the sacrament which I was then to administer. This he knew was my own custom, and though neither of us regarded such an act with any superstitious care, we had agreed that there was a certain 'decency and fitness' which rendered such preparation proper. I always found him attentive in this way."

"I never knew," adds the same writer, "a more anxious and faithful parish minister. His piety was ardent, his zeal untiring, his principles sound, his manners easy, gentle, and affectionate. But others know this as well as myself."

In the year 1817, Mr. Bayard experienced a deep affliction in the death of a beloved sister, an event which he thus feelingly notices in his journal.

"*Wednesday*, *Nov.* 5, 1817. I have just returned from Princeton, from the house of mourning and the solemnities of death. I did not arrive at this scene of instruction till near its close. My dear Susan had been, all that day, in a sweet, composed and heavenly frame of mind, and had given her last advice to her brothers and sister, and her words of consolation to her parents and friends. At about eight o'clock of the evening of that day, a delirium commenced, and it was in this state I found the sweet sufferer, at about eleven o'clock when I arrived. She knew her brother, and I

kissed with fervor those dear lips, and sat by her holding her hand, with very little interruption, until her departure. Ah! what resignation was there, what triumphs of faith, what consolation to surviving relatives. May I, O my God! never forget this instructive, this interesting scene. Write it indelibly on the tablet of my heart! May it stimulate me to far, *far* more decided exertions for the interests of true religion and virtue. May it teach me an utter disgust for the pleasures of sin, for the unprofitable occupations of time, and for every thing that has not some reference to my eternal happiness. O, divine Spirit! strengthen every good resolution, and enable me to carry it into effect. Cleanse every thought of my heart by thy sacred inspiration, that I may perfectly love thee and worthily magnify thy holy name. Blessed Jesus! who art the mighty advocate to whom my sainted sister trusted her soul for its eternal acceptance, may I humbly follow thy holy example, and be animated to every good word and work. Father of mercies! to thee I commend myself, my soul and body, my wife and children for time and for eternity."

It is well known that one of the prominent features in Dr. Bayard's religious character, was a most sincere and implicit trust in the providence of God. From a very early period of his Christian life, he seems to have been blessed with this spirit of unqualified dependence upon his God and Saviour for all things, and although he was always, in a distinguished sense, "not slothful in business," and "fervent in spirit," he was yet blessed in the attainment of this important grace, to a degree, at which few Christians are enabled to arrive. Of

this we have a pleasing illustration, in the succeeding record of his journal.

"*Thursday, Nov.* 6th, 1817. How kind and gracious is God, who protects us when no human arm could afford us safety, and in the midst of his judgments remembers mercy! My dear wife I left at home, when I went to visit my sister's death-bed, with three little children, one servant quite ill, and another much indisposed. Mrs. B.'s soul was harrowed up with reflections on the unexpected news of her brother's death, yet was she supported in very trying circumstances; and though she now feels the exertions she was led to make, yet all is infinitely better than I could have anticipated. One of my boys, of whose life I almost despaired, has nearly recovered; the other, though he seems declining, I cannot but hope will be preserved to us, and be made a blessing to us and to the Church of God. While I would, then, thank thee, O my God! for all thy past mercies and deliverances, I would humbly trust implicitly for the future in thy holy protection and guidance. I would commit my way unto the Lord. I would commend myself, my soul and body, and all that belongs to me, or concerns me, to thy merciful care."

Though generally of a remarkably cheerful and trusting spirit, he had also his hours of depression and despondency, which, painful as they sometimes were, seem to have been eminently blessed in deepening his humility, and inciting him to engage in more thorough self-examination and earnest prayer. In his journal of Friday, Nov. 7th, he remarks:

"What a deception is it that Satan is throwing over all the pleasures of sin to lure us to our ruin; and how assiduously he endeavors to frighten us

from our duties, the performance of which he well knows is against his kingdom. Could we but view spiritual things in their true light, and not give so much time to these poor sinful bodies, which must soon sink and mingle with their original clay. Enable me, O God! to serve thee who art a Spirit in spirit and in truth!"

And again, he writes:

"*Tuesday*, 11*th*. The enemy of souls is indefatigable in his endeavors. I do not feel in so heavenly a frame of mind as when I was looking into the grave, and viewed it as the blessed portal of heaven. The cares of this vain world find their way even into my study, and my heart is filled with them instead of supreme love for my God. Indolence, my great incumbrance, seems to rivet me to my bed and my loitering places. I fear I read nothing with system or effect. I do not visit my people as much as I ought. My wife is suffering, and I can afford her no relief. 'All these things are against me.' Shall I therefore despair? No, no, God forbid! has He not *said*, 'as our days so shall our strength be?' Does He not provide for the young ravens when they cry unto him? Is not His holy word full of precious promises, and should I not be ashamed of my fears, of my unbelief? Oh, my Father! *thou* seest this wayward heart, *thou* knowest my utter unworthiness, thou also rememberest that I am but dust. Be merciful unto my sins! 'Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord! for in thy sight can no man living be justified.'"

"*Jan*. 1*st*, 1818. Another year has fled and another commenced! In the past year what sad changes have taken place, and how many more

may occur in that on which we have entered. O, my heavenly Father! take me and my house into thy holy protection this year, and the residue of our mortal pilgrimage. Behold, Lord, thy servants. Employ us in the great work for which we were created, and when we have accomplished thy glorious purposes, receive us to thyself, for his sake who died for us and rose again, Jesus Christ, our only Mediator and Redeemer!"

"*January* 28*th*. By the merciful providence of God, I have been delivered from what might have been a most grievous persecution, but which has been overruled to purposes probably of incalculable good, to the interests of religion and the Church. To thee, my God, I applied in the hour of my distress, and thou didst send me help from thy holy place. It was thy grace, and thine alone, which quelled the rebellious passions of my soul, and taught me the spirit of him, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, praise his holy name —who saveth thy life from destruction and crowneth thee with loving kindness and with tender mercies. Help me, Lord, for to thee I look, my help, truly, cometh from thee!"

In the spring of this year another heavy affliction awaited Mr. Bayard, in the death of his grand-father, Lewis Pintard, a gentleman whose character and virtues, with those who knew him, need no tribute from the pen of the biographer. The following passage from Mr. Bayard's Journal gives us more than a passing glance into the death-chamber of this venerable and good man. "Approach and see how a Christian can die," was the remark of the accomplished Addison, when he felt the shades of

death gathering around him, anxious to bear testimony, with his last breath, to the power of the Gospel. How much more profitable is it to witness the departure of one, who having trodden with strong heart and firm step, the whole of life's darksome journey, and waxing stronger in spiritual energy, as the physical and mental powers decay, goes, ripe in years and holiness, to heaven. How simple, yet how touching, is the record of his death!

"*March* —, 1818.—Well did I inquire at the beginning of the year, how many changes may occur before its close. My venerable grandfather—venerable for his years, but more so for his virtues, has fallen asleep in the arms of that Divine Saviour who was the only refuge for his soul. What consolation does it give me to think that I was permitted to be with him in this evening of his days, to administer to him the holy pledges of our Saviour's love, which are exhibited in the sacrament of his supper, to go with him so often to the throne of grace, and to perceive in him the happiness of heaven almost begun on earth. When I once inquired of him whether he suffered pain, he answered, 'No—praise the Lord!' When I further inquired what he felt, he replied, nothing but *defaillance*, which signifies the gradual decay of nature. During the fortnight that I was with him, he seemed night and day engaged in prayer. To my dear mother, he recommended reading a daily portion in the Holy Bible, adding—'Let it be daily read, though it should be but a *small portion*.' The Bible which he used, he left to me, upon which I assured him that it was the most highly to be prized of all legacies. Unfold to me, O my God, the mysteries of wisdom and love which are contained in

this blessed book! Give me the wisdom which cometh from above. Give me thy holy Spirit that I may be thoroughly fitted by thy grace unto every good word and work!"

In the year 1820, Mr. Bayard, finding himself unable to support his family on the stipend allowed him by his small but devoted flock at Newark, felt it to be his duty, rather than to incur debt and become a burden to them, to remove to some other field of labor. This point of duty was long and anxiously weighed, and it was not until after the most faithful examination of the case in all its bearings, that he felt himself at liberty to decide it as he did. The sacred ties which bind the Christian pastor to the scene of long and anxious labor had wound themselves closely round his heart, and they could not be sundered without severe and protracted struggles. But with the prospect of hopeless debt with its attendant evils of loss of mental peace, and diminution of ministerial usefulness before him, he could not refuse to listen to the stern dictates of duty, however painful the effort with which he must gird himself to its performance. Every month increased his embarrassments until necessity imperiously bade him delay no longer. He accordingly resigned the parish in the year 1820, after a residence there of more than seven years, and officiated for some time at Eastchester, Westchester Co. In connection with his pastoral charge, he thought it to be his duty to engage in the avocation of an instructer of youth, peculiar facilities being offered him at New Rochelle, the place of his residence, for engaging in that work.

In looking back upon this first period of his ministerial career, we have reason to know that Mr.

Bayard was much consoled, amidst the pains of separation, by the evidence which the retrospect presented that the blessing of God had attended his labors. The interests of vital piety in the Church, had been much promoted, and many had been led, through his instrumentality, to consecrate themselves at the altar, to the service of the Redeemer. The claims of the Church had been presented and acknowledged in many places where her pious and scriptural services had never before been heard, and the way opened for the establishment of more than one efficient congregation. The religious education of the young had been made the subject of much anxious thought, and prayerful, persevering effort, and the exercises of the Sunday school and catechetical classes, had proved to him that the promised blessing of Him who who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not," would never be withheld from the faithful labors of those who recognize its most sacred obligation, and endeavor to discharge it in the spirit of its divine author.

O say not, dream not, heavenly notes
To childish ears are vain,
That the young mind at random floats
And cannot reach the strain.

Dim or unheard, the words may fall,
And yet the heaven-taught mind
May learn the sacred air, and all
The harmony unwind.*

Mr. Bayard was peculiarly successful in winning the affections, and engaging the interest of the

*Keble.

young heart. "We all loved him," says one* whose recollections of a year spent in his family are among the most pleasing and vivid which memory has treasured up—"we all loved him as a father, and I have never forgotten the affectionate admonitions and instructions which I received from his lips."

In the new sphere of duty thus providentially opened before Mr. Bayard, this amiable endowment was peculiarly valuable to him, and fitted him, in the most important respect, for the great work of Christian education. In this work, auspiciously begun at New Rochelle, he continued to labor, at different periods during his future life, and his efforts, as we shall see, have not been without rich results to the cause of Christianity and the Church.

*The Rev. Theodore B. Bartow, Chaplain U. S. N.

CHAPTER III.

Becomes Rector of Trinity Church, New Rochelle—Assumes the charge of a school for boys—Gratitude and self humiliation—Abundant labors—Blessing upon his efforts as an instructer of youth—Lays the corner-stone of a church at Mamaroneck—Reflections upon his birth day.

Trinity Church, New Rochelle, of which Mr. Bayard became the Rector in 1821, owed its existence, under God, to a colony of the persecuted Huguenots, who had established themselves, at a very early period, in Westchester county. Among these, Mr. Bayard's forefathers by the maternal line, had been among the most efficient and devoted adherents of the Church in this place, and it was in the mansion of his maternal grandfather, one of their descendants, that he proposed to receive a limited number of young gentlemen, to be fitted for college or mercantile life under his care. The proposal met with a favorable reception, and the auspicious promise of the first year was abundantly realized in the next, by the enrolment of the full number of pupils which he had contemplated receiving. Thus ample means were placed at his disposal not only for relieving himself from the pecuniary embarrassment in which his previously straitened circumstances had involved him, but also for securing a comfortable support for his family. With a heart deeply touched by the goodness of God in thus restoring to him mental peace, and hope

for the future, he thus records his gratitude and supplicates the Divine blessing upon his labors.

Aug. 14, 1822.—"I do therefore, most humbly in the presence of God, desire to acknowledge these things as flowing purely from his undeserved goodness. I desire to empty myself of all pride, as though mine own hand had procured for me this success, and I do ascribe to God all the praise and from my soul I desire to be unfeignedly thankful. Yet what coldness is at my heart! how little can I realize of that joy which used to spring up within my soul, when, among my beloved flock at Newark, I was working rather for the salvation of souls than for my own advantage. Willingly would I become poor, if, by so doing, I could be rich in Christ—houses and lands, all earthly comforts and joys I feel willing to forsake, and yet I find myself at the oar laboring for the meat that perisheth, and doing little or nothing for that glorious church which my Saviour purchased with his blood. Let thy powerful spirit, O God, quicken my failing strength, and give me a holy energy to rise and burst asunder the fetters with which sin would enslave my soul. Wash away in the fountain which has been opened for sin and for uncleanness, the foul stains it has contracted by the fraud and malice of the Devil or by its own carnal will and frailness. Apply to my most pressing necessities the righteousness of my Divine and adorable Redeemer, both God and man! May he indeed be the Lord my righteousness. O help me for his sake, powerfully, successfully, to plead his cause and gain access to the hearts of sinners. Make me, O my God! faithful unto death, for the sake of Jesus Christ our only Mediator and Advocate."

Sunday, Sept. 1, 1822.—"'Thy ways are in the deep!' How truly mysterious are the ways of Divine Providence in its dispensations with man! If we go into the church-yard and read the inscriptions on the tomb-stones, we shall there witness with how little of discrimination the destroyer passes through the world—how on one hand the smiling infant, perhaps the only child of fond and devoted parents, is torn from them to be laid beneath the clods of the valley;—on another how a father, the support of a large and promising family, is taken away, and leaves them without one to whom they can look for help. The young man who went into the world full of hope is levelled with the dust, while perhaps at his side, there repose the remains of one who has dragged out a painful existence to a protracted period, and seemed even to the last to find with difficulty that home which is appointed for all the living. How wise were man if he would always make a pious use of this uncertainty in human allotments—if he would learn properly what it is religiously to number his days. And greatly is the solemnity of this obligation enhanced by the devastations which are now justly to be apprehended from the pestilence which prevails in the city.* When I saw so many strangers in church this morning, it occurred to me how closely they should apply for that heavenly wisdom which should teach them the mercies of their God, and the mysteries of redeeming love. And yet, O my soul, it may be that there was not one present who might not have laid to heart these things with far more concern and care than thou hast done thyself. O Lord, increase my faith, and give me that repentance which needs not to be repented of. For the sake of thy beloved

* The Yellow Fever.

Son, blot out the handwriting which is against me, and give me the remission of my sins, and all other benefits flowing from his passion.

"Bless my ministrations, and make the people committed to my charge exemplary for their piety and virtue. I would most fervently beseech thee, O my God, that not one soul may be lost through any fault of mine. Make me, all unworthy as I am, the instrument of conveying to them the rich blessings of the Gospel!

"Bless my school, and make the tender minds of these youth bend to the yoke of Christian obedience. May there be many here who will choose the self-denying profession of the ministry, and become able advocates for the Saviour who bled for them.

"Bless my family, and may I have grace faithfully to perform my duties as a husband and a father. These things, and whatsoever else is needful either for life or godliness, I would most humbly beg for the merits and through the mediation of Jesus Christ our Lord!"

Impressed with such views of duty, and realizing thus solemnly the obligations that were laid upon him to persevering effort in the work which his Divine Master had given him to do, it was not strange that Mr. Bayard should have been led to undertake an amount of labor which few men would have had the heart to contemplate. Beside the incessant toil and anxiety attending his duties as the principal teacher of his school, the claims of the parish, both in its public and private ministrations, were, we have reason to believe, most punctually and strictly attended to. Full services on the Lord's day, and a lecture during the week, demanded long and care-

ful preparation, to which he too often sacrificed his hours of necessary relaxation and of rest. In visiting his people he was always known to be most punctual and faithful, and we have pleasing evidences of his self-denying zeal in his obeying so often, during these laborious years, the calls to the sick chamber and the distressed household, with an alacrity and cheerfulness which no physical weariness could repress.

But the labors of his station, great as they were, brought their own reward. From the evident intellectual growth and spiritual advancement of his pupils, he drew the richest encouragement for present effort, and the most powerful motives for continued and unrelaxed exertion. His influence upon the minds and hearts of his pupils was exerted not only in the school room and during the hours of recitation, but in all their simple engagements, relaxations and duties. His cheerful voice was heard upon the play ground, and during the pleasant country excursion. Many a youthful eye brightened under his smile, and many a youthful heart throbbed with the noblest emotions of virtue when, in the evening hours, he encouraged them to make even their relaxation from severer study profitable; or, at the family altar, exhorted them to dedicate their lives to the service of God and the welfare of their country and their fellow men.

During this period, Mr. Bayard was also much encouraged in the results of his labors as a parish minister. The Church gradually increased in numbers, and was strengthened in piety and grace. The stated visits of his Diocesan witnessed the interesting scene of many young disciples assuming their baptismal vows in the holy rite of confirma-

tion, and the periodical celebrations of the Holy Eucharist were marked by a regular increase in the number of communicants. The Sunday School and catechetical classes were well attended and abundantly blessed, under his zealous superintendance and pointed instructions, to the minds of both teachers and pupils.

Amidst all these engagements, Mr. Bayard was also desirous of laboring more directly for the interests of the Church, by encouraging and directing the studies of young men for the ministry. For the furtherance of this design an opportunity soon presented itself in the admission into his family of a gentleman* who was enabled to give him efficient assistance in his academical duties, while, at the same time, he pursued his theological studies with interest and profit.

Mr. Bayard also thought it to be his duty to extend his ministerial labors to those parts of the adjacent country which were, as yet, destitute of the services of the Church. Through his instrumentality a congregation was organized, and the corner-stone of a new Episcopal Church laid in the village of Mamaroneck, Westchester County.

The last entry in his journal connected with his residence at New Rochelle, was made on the thirty-fourth anniversary of his birth, and is not without interest.

"*July* 23*d*, 1825.—This is my birth-day—that is to say, I have passed thirty-four years in this world, and ask myself with deep humiliation, what is the world better for my having lived thus long in it;—

* The Rev. Dr. Mead, now Rector of St. Paul's Church, Norwalk, Conn.

or what comes nearer to my conscience, how much harm have I done in that time? My youthful days were spent chiefly amidst trifles and follies, and although, by the goodness and grace of God, I was not permitted to plunge quite as deep into the gulph which is fixed by the adversary for the destruction of the soul as some, yet I had sufficiently of the bitter fruit of sin to convince me of its loathsome and fatal consequences, and to teach me that virtue alone is happiness below, and religious paths the only 'paths of peace.' Of all blessings which the goodness of God has granted me, I especially thank Him that I was born of Christian parents, who feeling a deep and lively sense of the importance of religion, and eminently adorning it by their own example, impressed upon my youthful mind those lessons of piety which all the succeeding temptations I have suffered, have never obliterated, but ever served as salutary checks and monitors whose reproaches pointed every sting of conscience."

Then after a brief review of his life, the leading incidents of which have been given in the preceding pages, he continues :—

"And now after this brief review of my short history, what, O my soul, are thy reflections? With what ornaments hast thou been adorned, and what care has been bestowed upon thee amid all the anxieties which have filled the mind for temporal things during this past period? While I have sought to bring others to Christ hast thou alone remained unsubdued to the obedience of the Gospel? These questions have come home to me with such force and conviction, that I have devoted this day to humiliation and prayer, with the humble hope that God who is rich in mercy to all who truly

turn to him, will incline his merciful ear to my prayers, that he will forgive my prodigality of precious time, talents, exertion, health and opportunities of serving him, and that he will create in me a new heart, and renew a right spirit within me; that he will not entirely forsake, in his deserved wrath, what is still the work of his own hands, but that he will 'spare me a little, until I recover my strength, before I go hence and be no more seen.' Would to God that his victorious grace were generally more felt, especially in the congregation committed to my charge. What indifference to these great concerns! Ah, still what right have I to express dissatisfaction that my labors are not attended with more apparent success, when our Divine Master complained, 'All the day long have I stretched forth my hands unto a disobedient and gainsaying people.' O, my God and Saviour, give me thy grace, that after faithfully and sincerely endeavoring to do thy will, I may patiently wait thy promise. Amen!"

CHAPTER IV.

Removal to Western New-York—Becomes Missionary at Geneseo—Gratifying results of his labors—Testimony of Rev. Dr. Rudd—Becomes joint principal of the Geneseo High School—Advertises to assist young men in preparing for the ministry—Answered by Bishop Hobart, and result of the application—Extracts from his journal.

In the year 1827, adverse circumstances, wholly beyond his control, among which he particularly mentions the sale of his grandfather's mansion, rendered it again necessary for Mr. Bayard to change the scene of his ministry. Attached as he was to New Rochelle by so many sacred and delightful associations, he yet obeyed, unmurmuringly, the call of providence, and in April of that year removed his large family to Geneva. From thence he was called in September by the vestry of the newly formed congregation at Geneseo, Livingston county, to become their Rector. This invitation was immediately accepted, and his labors were so much blessed, that in the succeeding April he was enabled to lay the corner-stones of two new Episcopal Churches, one at Geneseo, and the other at Avon, in the same county. On the 18th of June following he also laid the corner-stone of a new church in Hunt's Hollow, Portage, Alleghany county. He soon had the happiness of seeing all these churches completed, and of opening his own church in Geneseo for consecration on the 25th of January, 1829.

From the testimony of the Rev. Dr. Rudd and other friends, who knew him intimately during this period of his life, we have the most pleasing evi-

dence of his unabated zeal in the cause of his divine master, and of his ardent and unwearied labors for the advancement of His Church. Besides the public duties which devolved upon him as the Rector of a growing and interesting congregation at Geneseo, he held stated services on Wednesday evenings at the county poor house, a labor of love, in which he was richly encouraged by the gratitude of his hearers there, although it imposed upon him the severe task of walking at nightfall, in all seasons, for three miles through woods which were often almost impassable. Until a settled clergyman was obtained in the parish at Avon, it was his custom to fulfil an appointment there on the evening of every Lord's day, which obliged him to ride a distance of ten miles after having performed two full services, and attended to his Sunday School at Geneseo. Other evenings of the week were devoted to the preaching of the Gospel in adjacent villages.

"While at Geneseo," says the Rev. Dr. Rudd, "Mr. Bayard was, as he always had been, a most active and efficient parish minister. Although the ardor of his temperament sometimes led him to think that great good could be done by urging measures for the Church, a calmer and more intimate knowledge of the country soon enabled him to see that his cherished ends were to be reached only by a steady and careful process."

An opportunity again offered itself to Mr. Bayard while at Geneseo, for engaging in the duties of an instructer of youth. He soon became associated in the charge of the High School at Geneseo, with Mr. Samuel U. Berrian, a gentleman whose life has been entirely devoted to this work, and who is now the principal of a flourishing school

for boys, at Rye, Westchester county, N. Y. The peculiar qualifications and experience of Mr. Bayard, united to the thorough scholarship of his associate, soon won for this institution a considerable share of the public favor. The classes were soon filled up; the public examinations attested the faithfulness and accuracy of the daily instructions, while the improvement of the pupils in deportment, and their increased interest in moral and religious duties, furnished the most gratifying testimonials of the watchful and affectionate care of their Christian teachers.

Mr. Bayard never lost sight of his favorite object in promoting the interests of the Church, by encouraging and directing the efforts of young men, properly qualified, who were desirous of preparing for Holy Orders. In the year 1829 he inserted an advertisement in the Gospel Messenger, then published at Auburn, over the signature of "Whitgift," to the effect, that a clergyman of the Episcopal Church was willing to receive into his family and into a school in which he was concerned, two young men who might be recommended for the purpose, to prepare them for becoming candidates for Holy Orders. The notice met the eye of Bishop Hobart, who immediately addressed Whitgift in behalf of a young friend, in whose character and efforts for the attainment of a theological education he had for some time been deeply and peculiarly interested. Mr. Bayard returned to Bishop Hobart the prompt and characteristic reply, "*let him come on.*" "Little time," says the subject of these remarks, now a devoted and laborious clergyman of the Church, and emulous of the energy and zeal of those friends who thus encouraged his earliest aspirations after the office of

the ministry.—" Little time was spent in making ready, with some money furnished by the Bishop, in advance of expectations, which could not be realized until he became of full age ; with a small store of books, D'Oyley and Mant's Bible, Hobart's Sermons, Seabury's Sermons, Duflie's Sermons, Festivals and Fasts, Christian Manual, and a few others provided by the same kind hand, and a letter of introduction, the young man set off from New York in the winter of 1829–30 to meet " Whitgift," and, with him, pursue his work. Never has that meeting been forgotten. The letter of Bishop Hobart was enough, (as all who knew Dr. Bayard's veneration and love for that exalted prelate, will believe,) to secure for its bearer a cordial and earnest greeting. The Christian philanthropy of Dr. Bayard kept his heart always fully open, and thus the young man now found it. Forthwith came there out such a full measure of sympathy as can proceed only from one taught to see Christ in his poor disciples, a source which feelingly and practically realizes the declaration of the Saviour, " Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." The hospitalities of his house were proffered; the use of his books, his services, and access to the privileges of his school, were as freely given. Here the young man found a home and the facilities of which he stood in need, and here he found valuable instruction and encouragement till he entered college on the breaking up of Dr. Bayard, and his removal to New-York to organize St. Clement's Church, the following summer. During this period he was permitted in the unrestrained enjoyment of his company and confidence to know the real excellences

of the man, and to learn, not only from his teaching, but also from his example, good old Bishop Wilson's "most certain mark of a Divine call," that it was the "full purpose of his heart to live for Jesus Christ and his Church." Here he beheld him "approving himself as the minister of God in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in labors, in watchings, in fastings—by pureness, by knowledge, by long suffering, by kindness, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, as chastened and not killed, as sorrowful yet always rejoicing, as having nothing and yet possessing all things." Those who knew him at this period, will bear witness also to these things having been well fulfilled in him. Hence it is regarded as one of the most interesting, as it certainly was one of the most useful periods of his life. He went into that section of country as the pioneer of the holy cause of which he was the advocate. Another's foundation was no where laid for him to build on. So far as regarded the interests of religion in the Church, all was yet wilderness and waste. The settlements were comparatively new, the climate uncongenial to the health of his large and interesting family, and the means of support restricted within his absolute necessities. But these things he counted not as obstacles. His zeal urged him onward, his self-denial prepared him to endure. Under such auspices, the mists of ignorance and prejudice soon rolled away from the quarters in which his efforts were bestowed, and the wilderness was soon adorned by the erection of three neat and commodious churches."

"His first reason," continues the same writer,

" for devoting so large a portion of his time to the business of instruction strikingly illustrates his leading characteristics. He saw the population of the West rapidly accumulating and the Church extending in, by no means, an adequate ratio, and that this must continue to be the case under its present inadequate ministry. And knowing that none could lawfully preach except such as were sent, and that none could be sent unless properly qualified, he felt that the means for carrying the Church into the waste places around him were to be looked for in young men who should be trained for the ministry to supply the Church's need. Forgetting his already abundant labors, and his urgent necessities under the influence of this feeling, he resolved to make *his* contribution to that end. To do it most effectually he would himself become teacher. Then he entered the High School, then he issued the advertisement over the signature of 'Whitgift,' in the Messenger—then was the purpose of that notice answered by the appearance before him of one young man. Then was that young man prepared for college, subsequently has he entered the ministry, and cherishing with love and veneration the name of Bayard after that of Hobart, as under God, the instruments of placing him in this 'office and ministry,' he has since endeavored to serve the Church for which Dr Bayard lived and labored, and now lamenting him as a benefactor, a friend, a brother, he offers this testimony of respect and gratitude for his memorial."

The documents before us leave us little more to add. The following brief record in his journal, bearing date June 16, 1829, is the only memorial from his own hand, which has any reference to this period of his life.

"This day I am engaged in fasting, humiliation and prayer. Far from the spot where the preceding pages were written, far from the friends so *very dear*, I am still the same unprofitable servant in my master's vineyard. In the active discharge of pastoral duties I find great pleasure, but, alas, the small fruit of my labors in winning souls for Christ, humbles me to the dust and makes me justly fearful that my prayers are neither as frequent, nor as fervent, nor as sincere as they ought to be. I have vainly flattered myself that in coming so far 'from my kindred and from my father's house, I was securing the promise held out to those who should forsake houses, and lands, and parents, etc., for the kingdom of heaven's sake. But, alas, I find too many misgivings at my poor weak heart when my beloved mother writes me how her life she fears will be shortened by her separation from her children. Did not our Redeemer say to the mother whom 'he loved to the end,' wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business? How, then, 'having put my hand to the plough, can I look back' upon what I have left? Why should I not 'forget the things which are behind,' and 'reaching forward to those things which are before, press forward toward the mark, for the prize of my high calling in Christ Jesus.'"

In regard to the result of his labors in Western New-York, we find the following brief but expressive testimonial in a letter addressed to him by Bishop Hobart.

"My dear Bayard, you have done more during the three years you have been at the West, than any other minister has ever done there in twenty."

CHAPTER V.

Removal to New York—Organizes St. Clement's Church—Family bereavement—Death of Bishop Hobart—Successful labors—Translation of the "Death of the Righteous"—Cholera—Receives the Doctor's degree—Zeal in the general enterprizes of the Church—Division of the diocese—Death of his mother—Preparation for visiting the old world—Embarkation—Voyage.

In the summer of the year 1830, the wants of his large family, for whose support the stipend received from his parish at Geneseo, even when increased by the scanty emolument derived from his school, proved inadequate, induced Mr. Bayard to visit the city of New York, with a view of seeking, after conference with his diocesan, some situation where a competency might be obtained. When he reached the city he found his honored relative, Mr. John Pintard, as deeply interested as ever in his welfare, which interest he possessed the happy faculty of transfusing into all the members of his family. Among these was Mr. Thomas L. Servoss, a gentleman who had married Mr. Pintard's youngest daughter. In a conversation with this gentleman in relation to the object of his visit to the city, the latter observed to Mr. Bayard that he had a comfortable house and several lots in a part of the city every way eligible for the erection of a new church, and inquired why a church should not be built there. Further conversation served to show that the plan was a feasible one, and then after taking the advice of his parents and diocesan, Mr. Bayard returned the ensuing week to Geneseo, made all

his arrangements for leaving that place in the course of a fortnight, and on 5th of July set out for New York, where he arrived on the evening of the 9th. Connected with this period, we find the following entry in his journal, bearing date August 6, 1830:

"My dear and excellent mother had written to us that she should meet us in the city, and have the house in order for us. But alas! how short-sighted are our views. When we reached the city we found that our dear sister Julia had lost her husband, Mr. William Augustine Washington, and that our mother had gone to Virginia to bring her home. We proceeded then at once to Princeton, where leaving my family, I returned on the 13th to New York, when I commenced my exertions for the organization of a new parish. I found a convenient room near the proposed site of the new church, with every requisite fixture in it even to a pulpit, which the owner had accidentally bought at auction. Having given notice by the public newspapers, I commenced my services there on Sunday, July 18th, thirty-four persons being present. On the succeeding Sunday fifty attended, and a Sunday school was commenced with nineteen scholars. On the Monday following, I organized the congregation under the title of the 'Wardens and Vestrymen of St. Clement's Church,' and on the succeeding Thursday, at six o'clock, P. M., the corner-stone was laid by the Right Rev. Bishop Hobart, assisted by the Right Rev. Bishop Croes. On Sunday, the first of August, my dear and excellent Bishop Hobart officiated for me by his own proposal in the afternoon, and preached from the text—'Not slothful in business—fervent in spirit—serving the Lord.' The number present on that day was

about one hundred and fifty. *Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.*"

But, amidst these gratifying results of his first efforts in New York, that God who tempers mercy with judgment, and, in the exercise of his infinite wisdom, "scourgeth every son whom he receiveth," had heavy afflictions in store for him in the sudden illness and death of his eldest daughter, soon after followed by the decease of his diocesan, whom he venerated as a father and loved with all the earnest confiding affection of a brother. In recording these melancholy events, let the simple but touching words of Mr. Bayard speak for themselves.

August 20, 1830.—"'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.' What but the comforts of the Christian religion can sustain the soul in the hour of deep affliction! My dear, my eldest child, my MATILDA—numbered with the *dead!* How, how can I realize this sudden transition from the full bloom of youth and health, to the house appointed for all the living! Yet so it is! Such is the will of God. 'THY WILL BE DONE!'"

* * * * *

"Rapid are thy strides, O death! Exactly *twenty-three* days after this my most severe affliction, Bishop Hobart, my venerated counsellor, spiritual father and friend, departed this life. 'Lord so teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom,'—'that so among the sundry and manifold changes of the world, our hearts may surely there be fixed where true joys are to be found.'"

To the important duties of his new sphere of action, Mr. Bayard devoted himself with every

energy of his ardent mind. The position he occupied was a peculiarly difficult one, and required an amount of faithful and systematic parochial visitation in connection with careful preparation for the public services, which tasked all his faculties to the utmost. But he was not found wanting in abundant and self-sacrificing labor, nor was the blessing of the great head of the Church, withheld from the efforts of his servant. The congregation increased rapidly in numbers and influence. A large and interesting Sunday school, ever the nursery of the Church, assembled weekly in the room which speedily was found too small for the number of worshippers. In little more than a year from the time that the congregation was organized the new church of St. Clement's was completed. Of this happy consummation, we find the following notice:

"*October* 10*th*, 1831.—I am sitting in the vestry room of the new church, which I occupy as a study. Little more than one year has elapsed, since one stone was not laid upon the ground for a building. 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.' To the praise of his glorious name I make this record. Amen."

During the summer of 1832, when the ravages of Asiatic Cholera were first experienced in the city of New York, Mr. Bayard devoted his brief leisure (often indeed, stealing many hours from his accustomed period of rest,) to the translation of the "Death of the Righteous," a work which was soon after published with his name, and which is sufficiently well known to speak for itself. His great motive in preparing an English translation of this pious volume, was to furnish to the afflicted, at a time when the dispensations of God's providence seemed peculiarly severe and trying, a manual of

Christian consolation, which might sustain them under their bereavements, and wean their hearts from the perishable vanities of the world, to that "inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for" the true followers of the Redeemer. He had the happiness of knowing that his labor and care in this pious work had not been bestowed in vain. It has found welcome entrance into many a house of mourning, and shed around many a death-bed and many a sepulchre, the serene and blessed light of Christian hope.

His ministerial labors during the prevalence of the cholera, were peculiarly severe and faithful. St. Clement's Church was regularly opened for daily morning prayers at five o'clock, during the whole of the disastrous summer of 1832, and the holy communion was administered on every Lord's day. Dr. Bayard held himself in readiness to obey every call to the sick chamber and the death-bed. Forgetting every thing but his duty, he never hesitated, under any circumstances, to hasten to convey the last consolations of religion to the sufferers. By his encouragement and direction also, the ladies of the congregation met regularly at the parsonage, to provide proper garments for the sick and the bereaved; and it is a sufficient evidence of their praiseworthy industry to know that in the short space of three months three hundred of these garments were provided and bestowed.

The next entry on his journal occurs, under date of—

"*October 9th*, 1834.—Three years have passed away since I have entered, on this book, any record of God's most kind and gracious dealings with one of his most unprofitable servants. Neither this

volume nor a hundred like it, could contain the register of those mercies which, in that time, as in all my life, have been bestowed upon me and my house. Trifling have been the visitations of sickness to my family, although in the summer of 1832, the cholera, more fearful than all other deaths, swept away in a few weeks several thousands of our citizens; and again, during the present summer, it has prevailed considerably and taken off many of our friends; yet *we* may say, it 'has not come nigh' us. Praised be the Lord 'who saveth our life from destruction, and crowneth us with mercy and loving kindness, and tender mercies.'"

The following, bearing the same date, is a grateful acknowledgment of the abundant blessing of God, upon his labors in the parish of St. Clement's.

"These mercies of God's protecting Providence as applied to my family may also be recorded as extending, in a distinguished manner, to the Church which it was my high privilege to found, and which it is my highest earthly happiness to serve. Above two hundred communicants are found at the altar, remembering 'the exceeding great love of our Master and only Saviour Jesus Christ, thus dying for us, and the innumerable benefits, which by his precious blood-shedding he hath obtained for us.' Truly we may say, 'let them give thanks whom the Lord had redeemed.'"

The succeeding notice is not without interest—

"I have just returned from assisting at the solemnities of the consecration of the new and beautiful church, Du Saint Esprit, by Bishop Onderdonk, worthy successor of my lamented Hobart. On this occasion, morning prayer was read by the Rev. Mr. Henderson, and the lessons

by myself, and the sermon which was highly appropriate and eloquent, by the rector, the Rev. Antoine Verren, whose text was from Genesis xxviii: 17. The deed of endowment or donation was read in French by the rector, and translated and read in English by the Rev. Dr. Hawks. The act of consecration was read in English by Dr. Milnor, and translated and read in French by the rector. My excellent relative, John Pintard, now advanced beyond three-score years and ten, was present, and a large audience seemed highly gratified. Our family vault removed from the old cemetery to St. Clement's, has upon the tablet a date, 1704, which shows how long our French ancestors have, (as to their mortal remains,) reposed together."

Soon after this, for we have not the means at hand for ascertaining the precise date, the honorary degree of Doctor in Divinity was conferred on Mr. Bayard, by the Faculty of Geneva College, in Western New York. Although not ambitious of such distinctions, he was not wanting in proper acknowledgments for this decided testimonial of respect from an institution of the Church, whose long and noble struggles in the past, amidst the hostility of enemies, and the lukewarmness of friends, have at length been rewarded by abundant prosperity and usefulness.

We have no particular account of Dr. Bayard's ministry from the period above referred to, until the time of his departure for England. The acquaintance of the editor with him, although of a partial and general nature, is yet able to supply an incident which may not be unworthy of insertion, in the want of better materials. Perhaps it may serve to illustrate one trait in Dr. Bayard's character,

which has hitherto not been dwelt upon, namely, his promptness in obeying sudden calls to the discharge of extraordinary duties. An appointment had been made for the usual quarterly sermon, and collection for the benefit of the New York Sunday School Society, in Christ church, Anthony street, in the spring of 1837. Sudden and alarming illness in the family of the Rev. Dr. Seabury, the preacher of the evening, induced the worthy rector of Christ church to fear that he might not be able to attend in his place. A messenger was accordingly despatched to several of the city clergy to ascertain if any would be willing, in case of disappointment, to discharge the duty. Dr. Bayard arrived in the vestry-room before the messenger had returned, having chosen his text and selected the heads of his discourse on the way. The relief was immediately and gratefully acknowledged by the Rev. Dr. Lyell, who was preparing for the services when Dr. Seabury entered.

During the whole period of his ministry in New York, Dr. Bayard was a zealous and efficient member of various benevolent institutions of the Church, both diocesan and general. In the promotion of the interests of the City Mission Society, a charity deservedly dear to the hearts of the benevolent members of the Church, he was ever most active and untiring. Of the Executive Committee of the Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Society, of the Board of Trustees of the General Theological Seminary, of the Board of Managers of the Protestant Episcopal Society for promoting religion and learning in the State of New York, of the New York Protestant Episcopal Public School, the New York Bible and Common Prayer Book Society, the

Protestant Episcopal Tract Society, and the Education and Missionary Society of the Diocese of New York, he was always a devoted and zealous member. The testimonial of respect spontaneously and unanimously accorded at a large meeting of the officers of these several institutions, is given in the Appendix, as originally published in the columns of the Churchman.

On the important question of the recent division of the Diocese of New York, Dr. Bayard was known to entertain many anxious forebodings. "On this subject," writes the Rev. Dr. Rudd, "he was exceedingly solicitous, more, I believe, from fear that an injudicious selection of a Diocesan might be made, than from any great objection to the measure itself. As soon as the election of our present bishop was made, he was fully satisfied with the matter, and most thankful for the happy result of our deliberations."

The following is the last record made in Dr. Bayard's journal previous to his departure for England.

"*May* 17, 1837. How can I record an affliction that rends my heart asunder—O, how can I write myself *motherless!* O, God, it is thy will—that will be done. 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.' Heavy, irreparable loss, to me, at least, irreparable, —to her a gain, a rest immortal and unchangeable till the trump of God shall proclaim a union of body and soul, and a rëunion, I trust, of parents and children to part no more. O, to that day, my soul, look now with hopes more earnest, more intensely earnest, than ever you have entertained before. To that day, my soul, bend the eye of faith with unfaltering anxiety—to that day direct

thy exertions in all acts of piety and virtue, with more indefatigable industry, to make thy calling and election sure. O God, make my penitence, my faith, my obedience, such as they ought to be. May the counsels of my sainted mother be ever fresh in my remembrance, and observed with minute faithfulness. Precious guide of my youth, if allowed by God, be to your sorrowing son, his guardian angel. O, if permitted, be ever near me, as once by our dear Saviour there was one who, in the bitter griefs of Gethsemane, was present to comfort him. God of mercy, sanctify this heaviest of all my earthly bereavements! O, sanctify it to my poor sinful soul; may it be a profitable chastisement; and help me with accelerated steps in the onward path of holiness and eternal happiness! Amen!"

It has been observed that Dr. Bayard, from his earliest years, cherished a strong desire of visiting England, whose scenes were so intimately associated with the recollections of his childhood. His attached people at St. Clement's had long been aware of this desire, and, with him, cherished the hope that the Providence of God might so order their affairs, as to enable them to gratify him in this particular. On the sixth of April, 1840, a meeting of the vestry was called to take this subject into consideration, when the resolution below was unanimously adopted, accompanied by a preamble, setting forth their belief that the arduous labors of Dr. Bayard, for a period of ten years, during all which time his church had not been closed for a single Sunday, had been such as to render some relaxation necessary, and justly due to him in respect and gratitude. It was then "Resolved, That the Rector have leave of absence for six

months ; that his salary be continued to him as usual ; that an assistant be procured to supply his pulpit during his absence ; and that, as a mark of respect, the vestry accompany him, in a body, on board the vessel the day he embarks for Europe."

Thus cheered by the voluntary action of his people, aided by their contributions and prayers, and animated by the hope of being able to accomplish, within the allotted term of absence, a tour through Europe to Syria and the Holy Land, he lost no time in preparation. In a very few days the necessary arrangements were completed, and all things in readiness for his departure. He sailed on the 27th of April, 1840, having bidden farewell to his family and the numerous friends, (among whom were many of the clergy of the city, and the members of the vestry of St. Clement's Church,) who "accompanied him to the ship."

From the day of his embarkation to the first day of his illness, his journal was regularly kept, and long and frequent letters, principally transcribed from its pages, transmitted by every convenient opportunity to his friends.

During the voyage, Dr. Bayard occupied himself principally in the study of the Scriptures, in their original tongues, an employment which he found at once so profitable and delightful, that he never omitted it for a single day. Captain Palmer, with great kindness and urbanity, gave him every opportunity for exercising his sacred functions among the seamen and passengers, and in the midst of a little knot of Christians, principally churchmen, in the cabin, the morning service was regularly celebrated on every Lord's day, while the afternoon was devoted to the seamen, and a Sunday school, which he organized among the children on board.

CHAPTER VI.

Landing in Ireland—Dublin—Arrival at Liverpool—Guildhall, etc.—London—Westminster Abbey—Hampton Court—First Sunday in London—Windsor Castle—St. George's Chapel—Cathedral service—Eton school—Exeter Hall, Lincoln's-Inn-fields—St. Paul's Cathedral—Arrival at Paris—Meeting with Bishop Luscombe—Departure for the Mediterranean—Journal of his tour through France—Disappointment in regard to the Steamer at Marseilles—Chalons—Lyons, scenery, cathedral, etc—Grenoble—First view of the Alps—Kindness of a French Protestant clergyman—Valencia—The Rhone—Arles—Marseilles—Celebration of the "Fete de Dieu"—Procession—Preparation for departure.

On the nineteenth of May a head wind in the channel, drove the vessel near the Irish shore, and the opportune appearance of a pilot-boat enabled Dr. Bayard, with a few friends, to make a short tour in Ireland. The opportunity thus presented was gladly embraced, as it promised to obviate the necessity of his returning to Dublin from Liverpool, as he had originally intended. Having landed at noon of that day at Dunmore, he proceeded through Waterford, by the mail-road, to Dublin, where he arrived on the evening of the 21st. His journals are full of pleasing memorials of this tour, through an enchanting country abounding in picturesque ruins, and blooming in all the freshness and beauty of spring. The remains of Gerpoint Abbey, 18 miles from Waterford, presented an object of peculiar interest. We can sympathize with the feeling that prompted him, as his eye lingered over

its crumbling buttresses and ivy-covered walls, to mourn over the neglect under which such structures, beautiful even in decay, are gradually disappearing from the earth. The brief period of his stay in Dublin was crowded with interesting engagements, and his access to different places of resort was abundantly facilitated by the kind exertions of several gentlemen of the Established Church, to whom he presented letters of introduction from home. On Saturday morning, of the same week, he arrived at Liverpool, where a cordial welcome awaited him from a small circle of friends whom he had formerly known in New York. The following day was profitably spent in attendance, for the first time, upon the public services of the English Church, during which he confesses that his expectations of interest and spiritual profit were more than realized. The following is a passing record of some of the incidents of his last day in this city.

"I saw yesterday the splendid suite of rooms called Guildhall, where the Mayor gives his entertainments, and which will accommodate three thousand guests. I visited the Athenæum also, where I had the pleasure of holding in my hands the 'roll of the book' of Esther, a manuscript four hundred years old, in the Hebrew character. I was much gratified by a visit to the cemetery, where, in the midst of a beautifully excavated area of several acres in extent, is the monument of the celebrated Mr. Huskinson, who lost his life on the rail-road when it was first opened between this place and Manchester. I there noticed many touching evidences of the affection of relatives which has planted upon the grave the sweetest little flowers, which, springing from the midst of death, seem to

proclaim the triumphs of that Gospel which has brought life and immortality to light. Truly this is a beautiful emblem of the true glory of England."

Dr. Bayard arrived in London on the evening of Thursday the 28th of May, after what he calls "a delightful ride through some of the fairest portions of earth's scenery." "Sweet and lovely," he remarks, "were the fields of England, traversed on all hands by neat little hedges, and decorated with beautiful cottages, ornamented by the brightest spring flowers, here and there alternating with the splendid seats of the nobility and gentry. Almost the first thing I did in London was to seek the residence of my cousin: I went to the very house where we used to live, where he and I had so often played together in our childhood. You may judge what were my feelings when I was told that he had died, of apoplexy, only a few days before!"

"In the afternoon of the same day I visited Westminster Abbey, and there amidst the images and tombs of kings, heroes, and statesmen, I contemplated the most venerable pile of buildings on which the sun casts his beams. The Chapel of Henry the Eighth is superb beyond description. The daylight was nearly consumed in my devotions in this sacred place, and when I drew near St. Paul's, I found it was too late for entrance. On Saturday I visited Hampton Court, the birth place of Edward VI., and the residence of so many kings. The park is several miles square, with regular files of noble old horse chesnut, beech and oak trees, like our western monarchs. Here and there you see an opening for a fountain, playing; and then an immense lawn breaks upon you, laid out in walks decorated with flowers. The venerable palace is

of brick, with several magnificent suites of rooms, the walls of which are decorated with paintings by the best artists. Here are portraits of kings and queens, clergy and laity, barons and knights, among which I noticed, particularly, a fine painting of Chevalier Bayard in his dying moments. Suffice it to say, that you see here, in a few hours, the stirring eventful history of long ages brought up, by the magic of the pencil, as if it were still living before you."

On Sunday, Dr. Bayard having attended morning service at St. George's, embraced a favorable opportunity for cultivating a personal acquaintance with the Rev. Mr. Norris, of Hackney, whose house had been the agreeable residence of Bishop Hobart during his stay in London. His character, as an American clergyman, and more especially as a friend of the good bishop, was sufficient to secure from this gentleman the warmest welcome, and the remaining leisure of his sojourn in the metropolis, was spent in "the prophet's chamber," amidst many little remembrances of the departed prelate, circumstances which imparted many a grateful feeling of happiness and home to his heart.

The following are a few brief notes of a visit to Windsor Castle, on the succeeding Tuesday.

"What a majestic mass of antiquity is this splendid dwelling place of kings long before Henry VIII! The view from it is most enchanting. When I recollected Bishop Inglis' comparison of the view of Genesee Flats with this, I thought I could trace many points of resemblance, as to extent and size of trees; but the exquisite taste displayed here has made nature appear to the greatest advantage. From the lofty battlements, which

almost seem to hide their heads in the clouds, you look down upon an immense expanse of country under the highest cultivation, and you hardly know which to admire most, the works of nature or the works of art. Satiated with paintings and armorial decorations, I descended to the venerable chapel of St. George's, and heard the cathedral service, which is performed here twice every day. It was quite new to me to hear this ancient style of devotion; the chanting of the prayers, however, did not strike me favorably. This chapel contains an exquisite altar-piece of the Ascension by West, and of the resurrection by another artist, placed one above the other. Here are the banners of the knights of the Holy Cross, each extended over its appropriate stall. Above all in exquisite beauty is the tomb of the Princess Charlotte. To appreciate at all the thrilling sympathy which it at once awakens, it must be seen. I felt as if I could have sat down there and wept until the fountains of my tears were quite exhausted. Eton school is within a few hundred yards, and has a neat and venerable chapel where the boys are daily assembled for service. I went to the head master, the Rev. Dr. Hawtry, who has a beautiful residence adjoining, and who gave me a very cordial reception, and showed me his school-rooms, the oak pannels of which are literally covered with the penknife science of the pupils for ages. Among these, I observed in large staring initials, C. J. F., which the Doctor told me were carved by the hand of the celebrated Charles James Fox."

"*Wednesday.* Went to Exeter Hall, where a noble Duke was in the chair, and a very animated speaker was receiving tremendous applause for

maintaining the duty of the state to give religious instruction to the whole population. After this went to Lincoln's-Inn-fields, where I had a choice opportunity of hearing several dignitaries in Church and State. It was a meeting of the Metropolitan Church-Building Society, and the remarks were quite interesting. Here was presented a strong contrast with the excitement of Exeter Hall, for every thing was cool, dignified, and sensible, without the least effort to enlist the passions. The Bishop of London was in the chair, and the speakers were Sir Robert Inglis, Lord Teignmouth, Lord Kenyon, the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester, and Archdeacon Wilberforce."

The morning of the last day of Dr. Bayard's stay in England was spent in attendance on the services at St. Paul's Cathedral, where he had the pleasure of hearing a sermon, from the Bishop of Oxford, on the celebration of the anniversary of one of the leading benevolent societies of the Church. A brief but highly gratifying visit to the Bishop of London, and the necessary preparations for his departure, completed the day.

The route to Paris, at which city he arrived in the beginning of June, was quietly and expeditiously performed. His first visit was to Bishop Luscombe, by whom he was received with that distinguished urbanity and Christian hospitality which have rendered his character and pursuits no less dear than familiar, to all who have enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance. In him Dr. Bayard found a kindred spirit. With him, in the bosom of a small but interesting family circle, he enjoyed for many days an intercourse at once most profitable and delightful. The interests and prosperity of the

Church constituted the theme of their conversation. "We talked of the Church," says Dr. Bayard, "forever, and the more we talked about her the better we loved her. How did it endear him to my heart when he told me that my dear Bishop Hobart, and Bishop Ives afterwards, had been his guests, and that the former remained with him till midnight, as I have done, enjoying his agreeable converse. Indeed, I have met with no clergyman abroad with whom I have been as well pleased as with this excellent and devoted man. From him I have learned that the Protestant cause, here as well as elsewhere, is brought into great contempt by the heresies and schisms which go under that name. In fact, such miserable ignorance, indifference to the truth, and downright Socinianism and infidelity passes here by this name, that I am ashamed to call myself by it. I am glad to call myself a Catholic, though in a sense as distinct as you please from that in which the Romanist endeavors to wrest it to his own purpose. I have seen enough already to make me thank and venerate the Oxford divines for the stand which they have taken, and in Bishop Luscombe, I assure you, they have a hearty co-worker. One good effect of that discussion is a powerful desire to extend the Church in foreign lands where it is in error or entirely unknown. A Bishop will soon be consecrated for Malta, and others for other parts, and there does not seem to be any principle of right invaded where provision is made for the scattered 'sheep who are in the midst of this naughty world.'"

As the time of Dr. Bayard's stay in Paris was limited, he could do no more than pay a hasty visit to the principal places of resort, most interesting to

foreigners. Pere La Chaise and Notre Dame, the grounds of the Tuilleries, Versailles, and the Pantheon, Madeline Church and the gallery of the Louvre, the Chamber of Deputies and the Hotel des Invalides successively claimed his attention. But amidst all these splendid monuments of taste and art he found no place of resort so much in harmony with his feelings as the humble church where Bishop Luscombe ministered in holy things to a small but highly interesting congregation. Here was the home of his spirit. Here was the altar of the Lord, and the gate of Heaven. And as the beautiful and familiar words of the church service again fell upon his ear, he was blessed in the return of those feelings of deep devotion which he had sighed after in vain, during the services at Notre Dame.

> "This seemed with him
> To be some purer breathing of the soul,
> Than that which bows it to the altar-place
> Beneath vast domes—'mid saints and images,
> And the great choirs.—"

The following extracts from the Journal of his tour through France, will prove interesting to many readers:

"Marseilles, *June* 22, 1840. When I wrote to you from Paris my last chapter of accidents, I did not suppose that time would have been allowed me to write from this place; but by the rapid transition from one place to another, what with the change of stages, and other things, some how or other I lost a day in my reckoning, and arrived here in time, to be sure, for the steam-ship; but not in time to have my passports and money matters all arranged. Yet, if you will believe it, it was within about five

minutes of the departure of the ship. When I visited Mr. Croxall who is consul here, he said it would be impossible to get my passports arranged in so short a time, that is between eleven, A. M., and five, P M.; yet this was done wholly through the most kind and singularly persevering energy of a person whom I met in the street, and accosted to inquire my way to the steam-ship office. Never could a brother show me more ardent friendship than has this stranger up to this moment. Nothing is too much for him to do for me; but his exertions were in vain, and I was grieved to see the steam-ship departing, as I was approaching in a gondola, within a hundred yards. It is, however, I am persuaded, all for the best, as I shall be delayed here only a day, which will enable me to see a city at once endeared to me by having here found a friend of no common order. Just as I am writing this, he has come to my room to say that there is no steam-ship for ten days, but by him I have learned how far more desirable it will be to go with sails; so that if he can find me a ship for Alexandria, I shall take the first that offers, and make no delay, and you shall hear from me at the first port where a letter may be sent to you. My ride from Paris to Chalons was not very interesting by the scenery, and still less so by the Diligence, the very name of which, like a troubled dream, I am desirous to forget. At Chalons I took the steamboat for Lyons, and found quite a different style of accommodation. The scenery, as you approach Lyons, is very beautiful, and Lyons itself has a number of chateaus suspended, as it were, in the air, with hanging gardens laid out with great taste. There is here a cathedral which I entered and examined, but there

is no beauty in it. The Observatory is a point of view from which the city and surrounding country are seen to advantage. But there is an air of antiquity about the buildings, all of massive stone, that gives it the appearance of a succession of prisons or forts, rather than the residence of the merchant and the gentleman. From Lyons I took my departure, in the stage, for Grenoble, at two in the morning, and arrived at about four in the afternoon. Grenoble—but how can I describe this most beautiful of the towns of France which I have yet seen —the birth place of the Chevalier, the strongest fortified in the world, except, perhaps, Gibraltar. Imagine yourself standing on a fort, which crowns an immensely high mountain *of solid rock*, and looking down, from the dazzling height, upon a beautiful little town lying at your feet, through which flows the river Isere, about as large as our Mohawk, and quite as swift; its current winds in graceful turns through the city, and is crossed, at various points, with bridges—one of which, a new one, is of pure white stone. Then imagine gardens laid out with taste, sprinkled amid the houses, and all this comprehended within a circle, the bounding barriers of which are the stupendous Alps on one hand, and on the other sides, mountains, scarcely unworthy to be compared with the Alps. Yes, I was on the Alps! where they say Cæsar and Hannibal had their sojourn; and from the highest pinnacle of the fort on which I stood, Mount Blanc was pointed out to me, in the remote distance. Prodigious is the size of these venerable Alps; but it was their snowy tops that principally arrested my attention, and this snow is the more conspicuous, as no verdure makes its appearance—no tree or soli-

tary shrub—but there are seen their venerable heads far above the clouds, which often roll midway at their waist like a zone, but with a whiteness which is surpassed by the snowy crown, whose lustre is indeed gorgeous, as the sun gilds it with his brilliant rays. One day alone had I for this most interesting of all places which I have yet seen, and where I could have been well interested if I had spent a week or two. I met in Rev. Mr. Bonifas, a Protestant French clergyman, a friend and a brother; he was a co-worker of the celebrated Neff; the mountain scene of whose devoted labors was pointed out to me, and every kindness that an own brother could show me, he certainly did evince. Through him, there was here shown me a mark of distinction I little expected ever to receive—the freedom of the city (*Droit de ville*) from the highest civil authority, the mayor, in which my name is recognized as identified with their illustrious townsman, whose colossal statue, in brass, stands in one of the squares, and in which he is represented dying, with his sword before him for a crucifix; and in the mayor's apartment, where I was received, the only picture in the room was a print, large and elegant, representing this statue. I dined with good Mr. Bonifas, and spent a most agreeable evening with his family. Here I met two very agreeable English girls, who are learning French with some others who board in the family, and for whom Mr. Bonifas provides teachers. You cannot imagine with what delight I found any person with whom I could speak English. We walked up the almost perpendicular hanging garden of this house, and had a most delightful talk about England, her Church, her cities, her good people, Oxford tracts,

etc. etc. I found these young ladies wrong about these latter, and simply because, as they confessed, they had never read them. Well, after we had got through with talking, and I had kissed them all round, and Mr. Bonifas in the bargain, or rather *he* kissed *me*,) we parted, possibly never to meet again in this world, but not without fervent prayers offered by this good man in his family worship, which touched my heart with the most overwhelming feelings of devout gratitude to my Heavenly Father, who had allowed me to meet with such a season of refreshing from his presence. Well, at two, A. M., I set out for Valence, in what they call a Portage, which is a little covered wagon, without springs, in which you sit on a seat running the same way as the omnibus seats, but situated in the middle of the wagon, so that you sit back to back. Glad enough was I when I arrived at Valence, and got into a room with clean water, a towel and brush, for I was covered with white dust from head to foot. There is a cathedral at Valence very ancient, miserable in its exterior, and nothing of the beautiful within. Valence is on the Rhone, which is here not much wider than the Passaic, but prodigiously swift in its current. I was not sorry to leave this place, with its antiquities, to embark on a river which, eighteen ages ago, the armies of Rome, with Cæsar, had crossed and re-crossed. Down we went like fury, on swift wings, well according with the name of the boat, which was 'l'Aigle,' and by nine o'clock we were at Arles, the famous place where, in the fourth century, a council of the Church was held, where were present several Bishops of the British Church—then not subject to the Papal jurisdiction. But could you

have seen this city, older, it is said, than Rome, and its appearance seems as if it might have been built in the days of Noah! Departing from Arles we had a large boat with sails, and there was part of our voyage to be done in the Mediterranean, the Rhone having several mouths, as you will see by the map. Nothing of interest was here to be seen till we arrived in the sea, and then, indeed, it was fine—a more beautiful day never was seen, and the sparkling of the water hardly rippled by the wind, and the indigo color of those most beautiful waves, was indeed a sight that surpassed all water scenery that my eye ever rested on. It seemed like another celestial azure sprinkled with diamonds, more brilliant than the stars; truly, then, I wished for some companion to whom I might impart some of those delicious enjoyments which seemed to come over my soul; for, observe you, it was the holy day of rest, and it would seem to me as if nature had clothed herself in her most beautiful garments, out of respect to Him who first, on that day, rested from his labors. Oh! but I was a poor pilgrim trespassing on that holy rest, amid those of unknown tongue—the thought pierced my soul. I retired to my little apartment, and there I prayed and sung, 'Welcome sweet day of rest,' and 'The Lord himself,' and then I read a chapter in my Greek Testament, and then some of the Psalms of the sweet singer, and prayed again for all who were dear to me. I was refreshed and comforted.

"Marseilles was soon in sight, lying embosomed in a recess of the sea, between high hills. It was a festival, called by the Romanists, '*Le fête de dieu*,' in compliment to which the harbor, (which is a parallelogram thickly studded with vessels of

every nation, decked in their various colors,) had these colors waving over it, while the bells were ringing a loud peal, and the gondolas, with their colored awnings, were driving about in every direction. My arrival and its agony have been already told; but as I said in my greatest paroxysm of disappointment, so now I say it was all for the best. Had I gone by steam, I had omitted to purchase several comforts indispensable in Asia, and not to be had there; and now I have them all for about fourteen dollars, and besides, save half the sum of the steam-ship, and yet have one of the most magnificent ships in the port. Surely I have said this is the hand of my Heavenly Father, who, from 'seeming evil, still educes good;' besides they all tell me, that owing to the stoppage of the steam-ship, I shall arrive first in Alexandria. This is yet to be seen, 'my times are in his hands.' Oh! how I have felt the comfort of my religion, and of that better light which has dawned upon America, and for which we never can be sufficiently grateful. Base and deplorable is the ignorance of the common people on these most interesting of all subjects, and even the more intelligent, who wink at follies which their reason revolts at, how sad to see them upholding a system which robs religion of her soul, and leaves but a poor external decked out in fantastic colors of a harlequin, and exhibiting such childish fooleries as, while it attracts the vulgar, disgusts even some of these, and are a derision to the intelligent.

"Alas! to see the procession of bishops, priests, and deacons, women and children, with their motley crew; some bearing gilt maces, some flowers on sticks, and then, what they call the penitent dresses,

as if ready to be laid in the grave, with shrouds through which you see twinkling a pair of eyes not always looking very penitent: to hear the drums beating, the bells ringing—as we ring for fire—the cafés crowded with tiplers, genteel and ungenteel, of all sexes and sizes; duets singing in the street, some on foot, and some in little low carriages; then when the procession enters the fort where the Madonna resides, to hear the several discharges of cannon. Well, thinks I, if this is religion, I know nothing about it: certainly I am a heathen or a heretic, or whatever else you please to call me. I retired to my room sickened by the sight, and after prayer, laid my wearied head to rest, where steamboats and processions were soon forgotten; and I awoke in the morning refreshed and invigorated—these latter much promoted also by a bath which I previously took. And, now my unwearied friend, *Sampon de Mola*, has been with me making my little purchases, and obtaining them better and cheaper than I could.

"I wish you could see me in my travelling dress, a green frock-coat, cross-barred pantaloons of brown and gray stripes, and my straw hat tied under the chin, a narrow band of crape for my dearest mother, and, alas! I fear for my beloved and much beloved father. A little tea, and a few bottles of prepared lemonade, completed my equipment, and I want no more but camels and a guide when I pass the desert, and my feet stand upon the holiest of earth's places. And now, adieu! unless to-morrow, at the latest hour of closing, there should be something still to say; to be sure I could fill my paper very soon with sentiment, but you wish a traveller's notes, and so I give you such as I think you will

value most—adieu till to-morrow. I have just been around my ship, or rather brig. She is a fine new French vessel, having made, as yet, but one trip. I have chosen my berth, as before in the Siddons, it is next to the captain's, but of course not so large or genteel; yet there, I doubt not, I can sleep as sound as I could in a palace. We do not start till the day after to-morrow (25th). I have been to Mr. Croxall's, where I found an American captain, ready to sail to-morrow, and he has promised to take my letter, and a little view of some of those places I have passed in my route, and which will give you a better idea than I have done, though certainly I cannot say this of Grenoble, where the high Alps are not faithfully represented, nor the beautiful panorama of the low lying city, and its beautiful river Isere."

CHAPTER VII.

Alexandria—Harbor, shipping, and inhabitants—Change of route—Celebration of divine service—Alexandria as a missionary station—Health of the city—Facilities for acquiring the Oriental languages—Statistics of the plague from January to July, 1840.

We are without information in regard to the date of Dr. Bayard's arrival at Alexandria in Egypt, for which place, as noticed in the journal, he sailed from Marseilles on the 25th of June, 1840. His journals, indeed, preserve no record of his travels and engagements, until the day of his arrival at Jaffa by a steam vessel from Beyrout, to which latter port he had proceeded direct from Alexandria. The following extract, however, from a communication forwarded from Alexandria to the editor of the Churchman, gives an interesting and sufficiently minute account of his sojourn in that city, and of the impressions there received.

"I was prepared to find in Alexandria every thing that was disagreeable and downright uncomfortable, with nothing to interest me; but to my great surprise I found, on approaching it, a fine harbor filled with shipping, and a city of some one hundred thousand inhabitants, principally Turks and Arabs, but of at least ten other varieties of the human family. The Turk, Arab, and Greek part of the city presents rather a miserable exhibition of architectural convenience; but that part which is occupied by the Franks (Europeans) has a fine large square of well built houses, presenting every comfort that a man could reasonably wish. I am hospitably lodged in the room of a fellow-citizen, who most

kindly has insisted on my sojourn with him while here, and being well acquainted with every thing by a residence of two years in the place, I am at once shown all I could expect or wish. Truly, my dear sir, our travellers have either not given a fair account of this place from having spent but little time in it, or I have been singularly fortunate not to meet with nuisances, many and great, which I was taught to expect as soon as I touched the land of the Pharaohs. I can easily perceive how troubles can be accumulated upon the head of an unfortunate traveller, who, ignorant of language, manners, or customs, finds himself in the midst of difficulties and discomforts, not obtaining access to the regions where they may be quickly dissipated by the intervention of a friend who is there at home ; such a kind allotment has been my portion, so that I have scarcely felt myself in a foreign land, until mixing in the crowded narrow streets, my eyes were presented with the picturesque and grotesque multitudes of almost every nation. It was my first intention to proceed straight to Cairo, and cross the desert to Jerusalem ; but finding I should have a long quarantine to make at a place in the desert bordering on the Holy Land, and that the heat was so excessive as to kill two persons of the very few who had ventured, I chose the other route by sea to Beyrout, and consented to give up Cairo and the pyramids, at least for the present. Though it was Saturday when I arrived, notice was sent to the Church people, and an invitation to perform divine service and preach was given me ; and accordingly on Sunday a congregation of between sixty and seventy were in attendance, and the responses, with singing, were duly made. The chapel is a neat,

commodious place, provided by the English government, but will soon be exchanged for another and a better church, the first stone of which was not long ago laid. When a Bishop for Malta is consecrated, which I understood the Bishop of London, would be soon done, this church will probably come under his care.

"I have told you how agreeably I have been disappointed in respect to this place, and will farther explain myself. The fact is, that Alexandria is one of the most important missionary positions in christendom. It is the entrance from the western to the eastern world. Here eleven languages are daily spoken, and an exchange of teaching can be effected at par between the English and any other that you desire. You at once see the advantage here possessed by the oriental scholar; he is able to obtain the treasures of the Eastern languages as cheaply as possible, and then to have the true sound of the words, and every delicate intonation, so impossible to gain from any other than the native instructer. The health, too, of this place, has been egregiously mistaken, and the terrors of the plague have been magnified, and proclaimed with such unsparing severity, that I suppose it would be difficult to persuade people that Alexandria is about as healthy a place as New York; of this fact, however, I shall not content myself with giving you the hearsay evidence that I collect from the most respectable English and French inhabitants, but I will append to this a few statistics from the office of the resident physician, who can give neither more nor less than the accurate returns.

"One of the best evidences of present danger appears to me to consist in the flight of the people. But

I am assured that the English do not move away from it, and are only cautious not to touch the multitude or unnecessarily expose themselves to the sun or to the heavy evening dew. I am assured by the most intelligent persons who have been long residents here, that they consider it no more than our high billious fever in America, and many of the most distinguished English physicians have gone so far as to maintain that it was neither infectious nor contagious However all this may be, the people certainly, in their indifference, seemed to show the sincerity of such a persuasion, and all business goes on just as much in the midst of it as if nothing prevailed of the kind. It is five years since they were very severely visited, and then it was about as fatal as the cholera. But where is the place that is not subject, at times, to some epidemic ? and my conclusion of the whole matter is, that Alexandria is as healthy as cities are in general. For this week past, I have not suffered one hour's heat that I have felt more oppressive than that of New York, and I have been out several times at mid-day and daily morning and evening. There is here constantly to be enjoyed a delicious breeze, except when, on a special annual visit, the Khamseen blows, and then indeed you must resign out-door exercise, and content yourself a few hours in the house. Living is cheap.

"I have just above asserted that 'Alexandria is one of the most important missionary positions in christendom.' Of this fact I should have certainly failed to possess myself, if either, like many, I had passed rapidly through it, or if I had mingled only with the rich, the fashionable, or the men of business. But fortunately I met with a simple-hearted, devoted student, who has made it his

business, while resident here, to study not only books, but men, and through him I am assured of this fact; and lest you should demur to the opinion of a stranger, or to my too rapid arrival at a conclusion so important, I will give you a short extract which he showed me of a letter he received from one of the missionaries of the American Board of Foreign Missions, at Beyrout. From Beyrout Mr. Thompson writes thus: 'We in Beyrout are of opinion that you will find better masters in Arabia at Alexandria or Cairo than in Syria. It is absolutely impossible for us to obtain a master who is acquainted with the grammar of the language. For Italian and French, Alexandria must be incomparably better than Beyrout or any other place in Syria.' I promised, before I concluded my letter, to annex a document concerning the extent of sickness in this place. Mr. M. has just brought me the official return from the health office, which I will show you if it pleases God I should return to you again. It is too long to transcribe, and I can give you now only the more interesting items of it.

"Died of the plague, from the 1st of January last to 1st of July,

Of the English and Americans,	none!
Europeans,	11
Total, of all nations in plague,	973
" of all diseases of all nations,	1,318

"This, it is to be remembered, is out of a population of 100,000 inhabitants, and if you think that 973 is a large number to die of one disease, you must bear in mind that it is a law of the Mahomedans not to leave the house should one member of the house be attacked, by which means the whole family are subjected to risk of dying, and seldom fail to be attacked."

SUPPLEMENT TO CHAPTER VII.*

Voyage from Marseilles to Alexandria—Arrival at Alexandria—Divine service there—Baptism—Objects of curiosity—Arrival at Beyrout—Fête of the Sultana—Political changes—Departure for Jaffa.

June 26.—Left Marseilles, a beautiful morning about six o'clock, in the ship Bizantin, Capt. Gassin. It was quite amusing to see our ship with some others working her way out of this secure harbor through the maze of vessels, and to hear jabbering of French, Italian and Provence seamen. Two American brigs were making their exit at the same time, the Mary Penell, by which I had written, succeeded first, and we were next but one. The Susan and Eliza of New York was just after us, and I hailed the captain, saying "I was fool enough to wish I was one of his passengers." The little steamboat "Batteau de Vapeur" took us out in very good order, and when she left us we went off in fine style with a wind fair and fresh as it well could blow, which bore us off two hundred miles the first twenty hours. A *dove* in the course of the

* The following portion of the journal of Dr. Bayard was not seen by the editor until the last chapter had gone to press. The reader will observe that it amply supplies the deficiency mentioned in the commencement of that chapter.

day lighted in our rigging, may it be an omen for good, as the spirit of God guiding me on my journey, a spirit of wisdom and understanding, and of the fear of the Lord.

Saturday, 27*th*.—The sea was as tranquil as one of our rivers.

Sunday, 28*th*.—We had a head wind: I went through all my devotions, read the whole morning service and a sermon of Bossuet on the "Unity of the Church." I dined, but alas, in the afternoon the wind increasing I could have no sermon, and had no sooner finished the evening service than I was glad enough to escape on deck.

Monday, 29*th*.—This morning the wind is favorable, and with a desperate decision I ordered a broiled chicken, but the smell of the cabin set me against it, and when it was brought I could not touch it; but requested the cabin boy to hold it in readiness. About ten I began to pick up a little and took some brandy and water, which gave me a little Dutch courage, and I attacked my chicken with considerable valor. Besides the captain, mate, cabin boy and crew who are twelve in number, we have a half starved kitten, and a dog named "Mi Lor," a pointer, who being advanced in years is on the pension list, and is moreover a great gourmand. It is related of him that on a certain occasion when like other gentlemen he was taking a tour, and was at Constantinople, he was insulted by a Greek, and ever since he will not permit one of that nation to come on board. I need hardly say that I who am so much of a Trojan am a great favorite of his. About two to day the cabin boy, whose name is "Moucho," (fly,) tells me Africa is in view, and so it is, with its mountainous shore inhabited as the captain says

by barbarians. I do not realize my fancied suffering from scorching heat, on the contrary, now about six, P. M., it is so cold and damp that I am driven from the deck, though I have on my cloth coat and Canton flannel drawers, and am glad to find shelter in the cabin to read Bossuet's "Histoire Universel." The captain is full of care; this he says is the most dangerous part of the Mediterranean; we are in the vicinity of Cape Bon, and near the site of ancient Carthage.

Tuesday, 30*th*.—We had a furious little gale dead ahead last night, which we find this morning has driven us back about forty miles into a place where we are surrounded by rocks on one side and on the other by a barbarous coast, with a current setting us straight upon it, and no wind to help us. Never did I realize a danger such as this before; never did I pass twenty-four hours of anxiety like this. How did I reproach myself for impatience, not to wait at Marseilles for a steamboat, and then how did I reproach myself for leaving my dearest home to rush into a death so horrid as that which now presented itself with two alternatives, the least severe of which was a watery grave. If I prayed fervently on the Mohawk, it was not with less ardor that now I cried unto him who alone is able to help, but "deferred hope maketh the heart sick." I thought of the boat I had missed now triumphantly marching to her port, while I, lonely and without an English tongue to converse with, was now in danger of being wrecked on a barbarous coast, where if I had the good fortune to preserve my life it must at least be ransomed at an exorbitant price. Then it occurred to me that my superstitious faith in sails was after all casting contempt upon a noble

invention, heaven-inspired, of steam, and that I was now paying dearly for my folly, which, to save forty or fifty dollars, put my life in such jeopardy. God be merciful, I cried, but if I ever get into a sail vessel again in the Mediterranean I think it will be "*after this.*" Let no man despair, God was merciful, and if ever thanks were returned with a grateful sense of his goodness, it seems to me it was by me when a little wind, though ahead, bore us off from this horrid shore.

July 1st.—Is a beautiful day, and we are slowly repairing our lost ground: towards evening Cape Bon and Carthage are again in view, and we hope for better times.

Thursday, 2d.—We have a fair wind, but light, which has wafted us into an open sea; and a day of reading and calm meditation has greatly comforted my spirits, while the same cause has given me a relish for my food, which I have well improved.

July 3d.—This is a beautiful day, and the captain called me to see the island of Calypso, so beautifully described by the fancy of Fenelon, but wonderfully beneath his description, when reduced to fact. It is not more than twice as large as Governor's Island—higher ground, few houses, and not much cultivated. Not a tree that I could see. I thought of dear ——— and our French reading of Telemachus; and after that I was not sorry to see our gentle little wind waft us out of sight of that fairy land. To-day the captain was quite generous at dinner, producing a box of raisins and a bottle of his best Muscat. I have got through with considerable reading, in the midst of all my troubles and cares; and I omitted to say, that last Saturday I wrote a sermon of six sheets, to preach in Jerusalem, from

the text, ' As the mountains stand round about Jerusalem, so is the Lord about his people.' "

4th.—Here is another beautiful day, and what is better, a fine fair wind that bears us as majestically over the waves as our memorable Constitution, under Divine protection, has borne onward our beloved country to her glory and renown. This day is commemorated with joy by every true American in whatever part of the globe he may be. As soon as I came on deck, I reminded my captain of this, who took off his hat and flourished it with a hearty hurra, in which I could not refrain from joining. Three o'clock, Malta heaves in view, its first barriers being an elevated little rocky island, separated by about a mile from Malta, properly so called. On the bowsprit then I took my seat, and while I gazed upon this land, the events of sacred history came up in powerful array before my mind. Here, without doubt, St. Paul the great apostle of the Gentiles had been cast by the winds and waves, or more properly by their great Ruler. Here he had been assured by an angel from heaven, that there should be no loss of life but only of the ship —here the power of God was with him in the miracles wrought by his hand on Publius and others. These things came over my mind like a grand vision, and truly I poured out my soul in as fervent prayer and thanks to God as ever I did in my life ; and have I not special cause of gratitude—have I not been delivered from dangers such as those of the great apostle—and have not my fondest wishes been gratified of a fine prosperous wind wafting me gently and yet swiftly towards ' the haven where I would be.' I hasten, then, to record the precious season of communion which, with tears of gratitude,

I held by myself with my covenant keeping God; yes, and you may be sure you were none of you forgotten in that consecrated hour. I thought of my sweet home and precious family, and my dear parishioners, and my church and Sunday school, and all those delights which I left behind, and left for a season that I might see the holy city of our God, and weep upon the place where my Saviour offered himself once for all a propitiation to the Eternal Father for the sins of the whole world.

And when I have so done—please God I hasten to retrace my steps. I was called away from my eager gaze at this famous island, by a summons to dinner, and after discussing a dish of maccaroni cooked with cheese which I did not relish, and a nice roast chicken which I *did* relish, I produced a bottle of my 'Lemonade Garçons' in honor of the day, and the 'pop' of the volatile fluid—while it answered instead of powder and cannon—served very well to express a '*feu de joie*,' while we drank '*notre pays*.' The fact is we have quite a little armory on board, two four pounders, half a dozen muskets, and about a dozen pistols, and if I had not been a clergyman I think I would have had them all discharged in honor of the day, for our captain has no inconsiderable idea of civil and religious liberty. Malta has quite a large city on its eastern side, which, with the spy glass, I can pretty well discern. The size and formation of the island seems about that of our Staten Island, only I see no trees.

Adieu, Malta, till my return, when possibly, after a quarantine of twenty tedious days, I may be able to give some better account of you. Though I thus bade adieu to Malta with the setting sun, I

could not for a long while after keep my eye from the cheering view of the light house, whose gentle but steady glimmering seemed to be like the distant assurances of some kind friend, who was standing there to bid us, with our last view of his countenance, 'God speed.' The evening was delicious, and while gazing at the few fleeting clouds that were leaving the west after the brilliant chariot of light had departed, what do you think I saw—or as you will say, imagined I saw—but my name, L. P. Bayard, written more distinctly than you have it here! you may believe me or not as you please, but I read it there at least as long as five times reading would admit. Oh! I exclaimed to myself, is my name written in heaven, my unworthy name! Fear not, gentle wife, I am not mad, and if I am, it is not too much learning which has made me so. Well, I walked the deck till nine o'clock, the moon being in her first quarter, but giving a sweet silvery glory to the blue waves. So, good night.

Sunday, *July* 5.—This is one of the most glorious of summer days, the heat and brilliancy of the sun being entirely relieved and refreshed by a fine wind, that is blowing right fair, and wafting us swiftly and gently to Alexandria. I began my day as I do every day, with private prayer and Greek reading; then I soon began service, went through the whole morning service, sung (to myself) the whole 34th Psalm, to a favorite tune of my dear father's, and after the ante communion, the hymn, 'Come, Holy Ghost, Creator come,' to my favorite tune, and then read an excellent sermon of Bossuet on the festival of All Saints, from the text, 'God shall be all in all.' I say it was excellent, but I must qualify this by finding fault with

his beginning by an address to the Virgin, asking her help instead of that of the Holy Ghost. There was one thought which struck me forcibly. He is speaking of the folly of sinners, who neglect or expose the more excellent part of their nature, (the soul,) while they take such care to pamper and please that part of it (the body) which is of limited existence and inferior in value. And he contrasts this insane course with the greater wisdom of the animal creation, who, when hunted and unable to conceal or protect their whole body, will, at least, conceal and protect their *head*. The fact is, I have, by the goodness of God, enjoyed this morning much, and never before realized how pleasant our Heavenly Father could make himself to the soul by the means of his precious word. O, my Bible, it does seem as if I must have died without its sustaining comfort!

After a very good dinner, washed with some very fair Smyrna wine, I went through the evening service, singing to myself two verses of the Psalm, "The floods," etc. After which I told the captain I would, with his permission, read to the ship's company a sermon, which I did, of M. Bossuet on penitence, from those words of St. Paul, 'receive not the grace of God in vain.' I had a very good congregation, and very decently attentive. After this the captain entered very freely into conversation with me, beginning by letting me know that he was not a believer in the idolatrous practices, as he called them, of the Church of Rome; and then detailing a number of anecdotes illustrative of the scientific villany which was to be found in the immediate residence of the Pope. It would seem, from his account, that at Naples there is a regular

society of robbers, known and *tolerated* by the government, who, when one of their number has robbed you, and you appeal to them for redress, restore you your property when you have paid them double its value. He gave me several examples of the acute science of these rascals, one of which I will mention. One boasted to another that he would engage to pick out the sticks of a bird's nest while the bird was setting, and not disturb her though the nest should be quite removed. This feat was to be the *ne plus ultra*, and would be rewarded accordingly. An accomplice was to be with him and see it done. He goes to the tree and mounts upon the shoulders of his fellow-robber, who is thus, as he thinks, to be surpassed by him. He goes to his work and, indeed, accomplishes it in first rate style; when he gets off of his brother thief's shoulders, he finds he has lost his shoes, so that although the first has robbed a bird without disturbing the bird, the latter has robbed a *man*, and so outdone him! Well, after some further disquisition upon the vices of men, we retired—a lovely moon shedding her gentle light upon our ship, and a gentle motion of a fair wind rocking us to sleep.

Monday, *July* 6.—It is another bright day, not much wind, but fair. After my usual devotions and reading of Scriptures, I became a tailor, and repaired some of those dilapidations which time had occasioned in my garments. This was not a work of great time, and then I went to M. Bossuet, and had a very edifying perusal of his thoughts on history, which, if it pleases God to restore me to you, I shall hope to read with dear ———.

Tuesday, *July* 7.—Our fair weather and wind continues. After my devotions this morning, or

rather to my shame be it said, before them, I went to work in the way of mending, and am now, I believe, as far as that goes, pretty well qualified to disembark at Alexandria. To-morrow evening the captain thinks, if this wind continues, we shall see Egypt, but not Alexandria for two days. Yet I am a little impatient as I approach the great object of my journey—God forgive me!

Wednesday, *July* 8.—Alas, the wind seems rather to slacken, though we have it still fair, and I feel therefore as if I had no right to complain. I dreamed last night of home—alas, how short the pleasure and how soon the reality of a dread and unknown and uncertain term of separation spreads upon the future hopes full of anxiety. The remainder of my course will be run, I can assure you, as fleetly as time and opportunity will possibly admit; and if my success should be commensurate with my impatient desires for home, this letter will arrive very little before me.

Thursday, *July* 9.—The weather fine, but the wind fails us. To say 'Thy will be done,' is not so difficult; to *feel* that true resignation, which it expresses, requires no inconsiderable stock of Christian philosophy. I awoke this morning from a dream, in which I found myself in a strange state of astonishment and bewilderment, at the sight of a Dutch dominie who, by some means or another, had got into my pulpit, and who, when I inquired by what authority he found himself there, most provokingly sought to amaze me with a disquisition upon a picture which he held in his hand, and which had the face of a man with a curious nose. Yesterday and to-day I have been reading 'Jewel's Apology for the Church of England,' in Latin,

presented me by my kind friend, Bishop Luscombe, at Paris, and it has served greatly to alleviate the tediousness of my imprisonment, and to impart and revive his valuable instruction, while it gives me an opportunity to brush up my Latin ; but my Bible and prayer book are my greatest comfort, and thank God these are unfailing, though I should be imprisoned all my life.

Friday, July 10.—We are at length in sight of the 'land of Egypt and the house of bondage,' low-lying as the calm ocean's wave, with a shore as white as if more than 5000 summer suns had blanched it. The wind fails, and though six hours good breeze might bring us into port, it will not probably be earlier than to-morrow that we shall see Alexandria. I will leave this open to say I have arrived, and any thing else that I may have time to add. Do apologize to my dear friends, for my not being able to extend my correspondence. Give my love to them all as if enumerated.

Saturday, 11*th*.—We are in sight of Alexandria, with a gentle little breeze ; but as the harbor is a dangerous one, we are obliged to slacken our speed till we see a pilot, and he comes to take us into port. Well, there he is on board—a Turk with his turban, and mustachios, and Arabic Italian—and with great dexterity, through many twistings and turnings among rocks hidden and breakers around us, showing our danger, we are at last, at about 11 o'clock, safely in port ; having performed the voyage in precisely the time it takes the steamer, notwithstanding all our adverse winds and calm. Praised be the Lord, my protector and guide. O how did my heart overflow with gratitude when the anchor was dropped, and our ship was safely

moored. I went down straight to my birth, and there a few moments poured out my soul in humble thanks to Him who had thus far brought me so prosperously on my journey, and made seeming evil, as well as all other things, work together for good to me. The captain kindly went ashore with me, and showed me the residence of the American Consul, who to my great disappointment I found was at Cairo, having left nothing but a Frenchman here, who, though very civil, was no advantage to me. In despair almost, I however happened to ask him if there were no Americans here. He said he believed there were a few, and mentioned one as residing in an adjoining apartment of the very house in which we were. I begged him to show me to him, which he did; and there, in a comfortable room, I found a Methodist minister by the name of Marshall, who is here learning the oriental languages and teaching English: and in his kind heart I found at once a friend and a brother. He would not let me go to a hotel, but said if I would share his room and humble fare, I was not only welcome, but that I would confer an obligation. As I could not be more glad to find an American than he was himself; and from that moment to the present an own brother could not be more kind or devoted to me than he has been. My baggage he went with me to the ship to bring ashore, taking his Arab servant, and saving me by that all trouble and expense in getting through the custom house, etc.; so here I am, Monday, writing this in his room, while he has gone out for an hour to give one of his English lessons. Saturday, while speaking of divine worship, I asked him if it were possible to collect a congregation to preach to, he said it was doubtful,

as it was late in the afternoon, and the chapel required airing and cleaning; but he would see—so we set off to see, and found that it might be prepared. So yesterday, at the usual hour of $10\frac{1}{2}$, I went, accompanied by himself, a Mr. Tod, and Mrs. T. and Miss Gliddon, and I found a snug little chapel as you would wish to see, with a nice pulpit, with a red velvet cushion, fine Bible and good Prayer Book, and about fifty or sixty hearers. And after, among other things, praying for the Queens, both reignant and dowager, and all the royal family, I preached the sermon I wrote in the ship. After service, the British Consul General, a fine looking man, invited me to dine with him; but I was engaged the previous day with Mr. Tod, and then we adjourned to a fine house, and had an English dinner after the manner more of home than since I left my friend Witherspoon, in Liverpool. I should tell you that on Saturday, before I had been three hours on shore, and it was understood a clergyman had arrived, I was waited on by a gentleman, who desired to have an infant *baptized*, and which, as it was not expected to live, I rose from my seat and told him I would do without delay, though the dinner was just brought in, and I was as hungry as a *little wolf*. Yesterday after dinner I was requested to perform the burial service over a person who had suddenly died of apoplexy, and that I am to do this afternoon, so that each of the *first* three days I spend in Africa is marked by the celebration of one of the offices of the Church, and I feel that I am not quite among heathen. Mr. Marshall has shown me every thing already that is much worth seeing in Alexandria. The houses of the Mahomedan part of

the town are miserable looking stone edifices, something like some of the worst looking in the panorama of Jerusalem, and their colored costume and varieties of hue, and heterogeneous collection of all nations almost under heaven is, to be sure, something very new to me. The Arab greatly exceeds here in number. The Frank part of the city, as that is called where Europeans live, is much more agreeable, the houses large and airy, and every comfort that a man need reasonably wish. I have seen Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle, which are simply huge columns of a very hard granite, covered with hieroglyphics. Nine o'clock; I am just informed there is a steamer for Beyrout, and that I may get off this afternoon. I am not certain that, after all, I shall for a long time be able to see Jerusalem, as the war is waging with great fury, 920 having been killed in a recent battle. I shall take care not to smell any such gunpowder as this, and shall, if I leave this afternoon, have a fine gentlemanly English Captain to be my kind protector. It is far from certain whether I can get a passage, as this steamer is a man-of-war, and it will be by the special favor of the Consul General, if I obtain this accommodation. I shall leave this open till the last moment. Farewell; I shall hope to be with you by the last of October or beginning of November, unless quarantined, which I am now giving up Cairo and the pyramids to avoid.

God bless and preserve you all, prays unceasingly him who loves you all, it seems, an hundred fold more than ever, and hopes to be soon restored to you all, by God's most gracious favor.

P. S. I am now obliged to close this, as the

steamer leaves to-morrow. I hope to get off to Jaffa by Sunday next. The report of so many killed is false, and it turns out that no battle was fought. My Methodist friend is as kind as ever—his musquito net he shares with me, enclosing both our beds under it. I have put him up to forming a first rate school here, and I hope he will succeed.

Farewell, again. Your ever affectionate husband,

L. P. B.

Beyrout.—Arrived Monday morning, July 20, 5 o'clock. Went ashore as quick as possible. The Consul's house is immediately on the edge of the landing-place. I thundered away at the door for some time, and at last was informed by a little coal black maid that the family were not yet up: however, I was admitted, and the Consul soon made his appearance, who received me with a hearty welcome, and has ever since shown me every attention that could be expected from a gentleman or an American. After breakfast and a little conversation, I went to see the missionaries, who were very kind and apparently glad to see me. The Austrian steamer is expected, but if she does not arrive by to-morrow, Wednesday, 23d, I am to be despatched in a sailing vessel of the Consul's. This morning (Tuesday) I rose at 8, and bathed in the Mediterranean. The water was very warm, and the effect of my bath very refreshing. My bed-room is a fine, spacious, airy room, about the size of the largest parlor at Princeton, and from it we see the harbor, with about fifty vessels of war lying in it; and then the *Mountains of Lebanon*, with snow on the highest parts rise majestically, as the eastern barrier of the view. Three times a day there is a tremendous discharge of cannon from the ships and forts, in

honor of a young Sultana born two months ago. This is to be kept up a few more days, when 4,410 guns will have been fired for this event by these people. Much more reasonable is even such folly than the destruction of human life, which is so often the result of the use of gunpowder. The Austrian steamer has arrived this morning, (23d, my birth day,) and I have taken my place in her for Jaffa. She leaves at two or three this afternoon, and to-morrow morning I hope to be at Jaffa, and the evening of the next day at Jerusalem. God be praised for all his mercies, and that thus far I am safe and well, and He has prospered me. By the Austrian steamer my kind friend and host has received despatches from Washington, abolishing the three most important consulates at the East, one of which is his—thus leaving the missionaries at the mercy of the Turk, and to be looked down upon with pity and contempt by the other foreigners, who, not half in number, nor a fiftieth part in importance, have the protection of their governments. This is a paltry piece of economy, and a most cruel exercise of power without the light of information. I shall write to our committee in New-York, (Foreign Committee,) requesting them to join their brethren here in a remonstrance against this reckless measure.

There is nothing more that at present I have to say, except that yesterday I dined with Mr. Thompson, and took tea with Mr. Wolcott, (Presbyterian ministers,) the others are at Jerusalem. At the table of the former I met a Miss Hovenden, for whom, as it happened, I had a letter directed to Jerusalem. We had a very good dinner; our wine was from Mount Lebanon, and we had plums, and

apricots, and watermelon for desert. At Mr. Wolcott's we had a real western country tea table spread, and among other things, Yankee molasses for our cakes. I visited their school, for boys and girls. They have about sixty Arabs under instruction, and some converts. A very important religious revolution is growing out of the late political disturbances: no less than this—that the Maronite Christians, to the number of about 10,000, have determined to throw off the dominion of the Pope, and to become Protestants. Several have already come in here from the mountains. Indeed, I have seen several myself. Now is the time, if we had a clergyman who could preach in the Arabic language, for they would much more likely be satisfied with a ritual than with what other Protestants can give them.

My proposed route is from Jerusalem to Damascus, thence back here by the Mountains of Lebanon; taking in my way the venerable ruins of Balbec, and the venerable remnant of that magnificent forest from whose trees the temple was indebted for its wood work. When this is by God's goodness accomplished, I shall return home as soon as possible. But, alas, there are twenty-five days quarantine at Malta, and I must be a week at Rome; then America—America as soon as possible. Yesterday, while passing through one of the streets, I saw a man with ice from Lebanon—curious extremes—while it is hot enough to roast eggs in the sand. I saw also olives and pomegranates in the garden of the missionaries—trees much larger than the peach trees in our yard. I shall write as often as possible, and shall hope, when I arrive at Malta, to receive some word from you, dear ones, sent me

by Dr. Van R., at Paris. Adieu. Remember me to my dear relatives, friends, parishioners, all who think me of any use in the world; and be assured you are all remembered most tenderly,

By your affectionate husband,

L. P. Bayard.

CHAPTER VIII.

Jaffa, site of the ancient Joppa—Present state of the town—Inhabitants, convents—Landing—Arabs—Departure for Ramlah—Dangerous route—Ramlah—State of the place, inhabitants, etc.—Departure for Jerusalem.

The journal of Dr. Bayard is resumed at the period of his landing at Jaffa, on his way to the holy city. This city, with nearly the whole coast of Sham or Syria, in which Palestine is comprehended as one division, is under the jurisdiction of the Pacha of Acre. Jerusalem, Tiberias, Nablous, Hebron, and the greater part of Palestine, are included in the pachalik of Damascus, now held in conjunction with that of Aleppo, which renders the present pacha, in fact, the vice-roy of Syria.

The present town of Jaffa is situated on a promontory jutting out into the sea, rising to the height of about 150 feet above its level, and offering on all sides picturesque and varied prospects. Towards the west is extended the open sea; towards the south spread fertile plains reaching as far as Gaza; towards the north as far as Carmel, the flowery meads of Sharon present themselves; and to the east, the hills of Ephraim and Judah raise their towering heads. The town is walled round on the south and east towards the land, and partially so, on the north and west towards the sea. Mr. Buckingham describes the approach to Jaffa as quite destitute of interest. The town seated on a promontory, and facing chiefly to the northward, looks like a heap of buildings crowded as closely as

possible into a given space, and from the steepness of its site, they appear, in some places, to stand one on the other. The streets are very narrow, uneven, and dirty, and are rather entitled to the appellation of alleys. The inhabitants are estimated at between four and five thousand, of whom the greater part are Turks and Arabs; the Christians are stated to be about six hundred, consisting of Roman Catholics, Greeks, Maronites, and Armenians. The Latins, Greeks and Armenians have each a small convent for the reception of pilgrims.*

The journal commences on the evening of July 24, 1840, as follows:

"It was about four o'clock before we landed from the steamer at Jaffa, where a crowd of Arabs were on shore ready to obtain any employment, and ready to receive bucksheesh as long as you would give it. Through this army I pushed my way to the house of the consul's agent, where, in an upper room, well provided with divans, I was desired to repose till he should arrive. Amidst various emblems of various things of which the walls were covered, I espied the Arms of the United States in one corner, and a map of our glorious country in the other. So down I sat under the wings of the old eagle, whose flight is far above all others of his kind. Mine host soon arrived, a gentleman of extensive rotundity, highly polished in his manners, and benignant in his every look and expression, which last had to be explained by a black interpreter. I soon gave him to understand that I wished to be despatched for Jerusalem; and soon after I had partaken of some soup and fish, grapes and water

* Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible, Robinson's Ed.—Buckingham's Eastern Travels—Jolliffe's Letters from Palestine.

melon, he had a muleteer ready with a horse and a mule, and off we set for Ramlah, at about five, to go on a walk twelve miles. The shape of the land as you look towards the east, is very like that across the meadows to Newark, but as you pass along, there are small declivities not seen in the distance. To an American eye it would be called destitute of interest, but to a poor pilgrim like myself, who had not seen a green field for two months, it was quite refreshing to see the parched appearance of the land in general, here and there relieved by a patch of green; sometimes I observed maize, looking like our Indian corn; sometimes some other plant unknown to me even by name, and sometimes water and musk melons, many a patch of which I saw as a solitary watcher, bringing the prophetic truth forcibly before me, that Jerusalem should be a garden of cucumbers, that is, with a solitary watcher. So anxious was I to be 'onwards,' that I could not wait at Jaffa (Joppa) to see the house of Simon the tanner, by the sea side. My ride to Ramlah was solitary indeed, for I was for the first time left to the company of a person of unknown tongue, and this in a lonely road wholly at his mercy. However, my Arab proved a good honest fellow, who, about nine o'clock, landed me safely at a house in Ramlah, where I was graciously received and hospitably entertained. After a pipe and coffee I had tea and eggs, but no wine, as I was with a mussulman, who are indeed teetotallers. This repast finished, after I had satisfied a few questions in half French and Italian, I was allowed to retire for the night; but, alas! no sooner had I fairly arranged my head on the pillow, than an attack was commenced by two armies of enemies, and kept up

with such spirit by them offensively, and by me on the defensive, that no influence of balmy sleep, 'nature's grand restorative,' could be enjoyed by the weary pilgrim. Before three o'clock I heard a thundering at the gate, and not at all supposing it could be for *me* so early, I let them thunder without waking any one. However, they succeeded in arousing the servants, and I was summoned to go; this seemed very hard, as sleep for only one hour would have refreshed me; however, up I jumped, and mine host came out to see me off. I offered him money for his entertainment, which he refused, but said, very earnestly, 'shoof, shoof;' well, what in the world 'shoof' meant I could not contrive, till at last he went into his room and brought out a common knife, and gave me to understand that it was my penknife he wanted. So my penknife had to go, and so did I as soon as I could mount my horse.

"I have said nothing of this steed, which was well enough, but the saddle was a clumsy thing stuffed with carpet, and thereby distended to the dimensions of a good sized cider barrel. On this, without stirrups, I was to ride to Jerusalem; verily, if it had not been for the excessive heat, I could have walked with less fatigue; yet onward was my word, and onward we travelled through a desolation that no tongue can express until it has been seen. Think of a day's ride through such scenery along a footpath, now leading at the foot between the lofty barriers on each side, and now twisting along the precipitous side, where a false step of the horse may dash you some hundred feet in the abyss beneath. Once, as we were going along such a place, the flies, which made my horse at times quite

furious, seemed just here to bite with renewed ferocity, and in his agony he twisted his head to reach them behind, so as to lose his foot-hold on the little edge, and if I had not whipped him up, he must have rolled down with me, I know not how far, but far enough to kill us both. After this I had serious thoughts of taking the Jacky of my Arab, but I reflected on his stubbornness, and soon felt satisfied. Trusting to the agent at Jaffa to make every arrangement for my comfort, I had not provided any thing to take by the way, and unless my poor Arab had been more provident than I was, there must have been some suffering; but as we came out of the gate at Ramlah, he spied some water melons and procured one, which, when we came to a little spot, where there were a few Olive trees, we sat down to partake of, in the shade, and I think never did refreshment seem more needed or acceptable. When I alighted at this place, and stretched myself upon the ground, I felt as if I never could get on again; but soon we were obliged to proceed. And, now, at nine o'clock, the sun was pouring down such a tremendous body of heat, that I was glad to relieve my eyes with a pair of blue glass spectacles. What to do for my back I knew not, for though I had my umbrella I could not use it, as to hold on, brush the flies, and whip, could not be made consistent with holding an umbrella. When I began, by bruises and heat and thirst, to think that I must be left along side the road, we came to a little brook, and found a company with horses and camels waiting. We alighted, and what refreshed me even more than the water, was to find that one of them could talk French, and from him I learned that two hours

more would bring us to Jerusalem. Though after this we had to pass a frightful precipice, down which we walked, and down which my poor horse had part of the way to slide, yet none of these things moved me, now that I had unexpectedly found that we were so near my grand mark."

CHAPTER IX.

Jerusalem—Mr. Catherwood's panoramic view—Dr. Bayard's first sight of Jerusalem—the Greek convent—Garden of Gethsemane—English chapel—Holy Sepulchre—Mount of Olives—Palace of Pilate, and Mosque of Omar—American Missionaries—Pool of Siloam—Armenian priests—English Consul—Bethlehem—Route to the Jordan—Jericho—Dead Sea—Communion Sunday—Departure from Jerusalem.

The city of Jerusalem is situated in 31° 50′ north latitude, and 35° 20′ east longitude; about twenty-five miles west of Jordan, 102 miles south of Damascus, and 150 north of the Eleatic gulf of the Red Sea. It was built on four hills, called Zion, Acra, Moriah, and Betheza. Indeed, the whole foundation was a high rock, formerly called Moriah, or Vision, because it could be seen afar off, especially on the south. Gen. xxii. 2—4. The mountain is a rocky limestone hill, with steep ascents on every side except on the north; surrounded with a deep valley, again encompassed with hills, in the form of an amphitheatre.

Mr. Catherwood's excellent and faithful panoramic view, the merits of which are more than once acknowledged by Dr. Bayard in his journal, has, doubtless, made most of our readers familiar with the localities and present general aspect of the Holy City. We resume the journal:

"At about half past twelve, after passing the most desolate and rocky place, far beyond Rocky Hill, near Kingston, from the brow of the mountain there was seen the Holy City of God, where

he was pleased to place his name, and where was the throne of David, and the seat of the most important events, upon which ever the sun shed his light. The reality that now presented itself, was overpowering. By an impulse strong and irresistible, I took off my hat, threw myself from my horse, and prostrate on the earth I thanked my God who had preserved me to see the birth-place of our immortal hopes, the Holy City of my God. And oh! I did fervently pray to receive his blessing in this my pilgrimage. When I entered the gate, poor sinner as I was, I felt as if I could have gone upon my hands and knees to the consecrated places which were the scene of my dear Master's sufferings and sorrows. But now exhausted nature required repose, and after patiently enduring the stupidity of my muleteer, who could not find anybody to leave me with, I fortunately met a gentleman in European dress, whom I accosted, and soon discovered, to my great joy, that he could speak English. 'Be kind enough, then, my dear sir, to show me some place where I may rest till I can have my letters delivered. Where is the English Consul, sir?' 'I am he,' says my agreeable stranger, Mr. Young. So he took me to my present quarters, the Greek convent, where I have a comfortable bed, and every thing clean, which is a great comfort.

Sunday, 26*th*.—I awoke early, much refreshed, and, after prayer, went to the garden of Gethsemane, a place so consecrated that it was lovely in my eyes. Though many other places have more verdure and more decoration, yet here the olive trees standing around, and the certainty that here the Redeemer prayed and sweat, as it were, great drops of blood in his agony; oh! it is clothed with a beauty and

interest by these recollections that art can never render. Near this spot, where they say Simeon took Jesus in his arms, a locality palpably erroneous, here, in a deep cave under ground, the Romanists have constant prayers; and although I could not there go down upon my knees, yet when I got among the olive trees of Gethsemane I did with all my heart offer my morning sacrifice, which I purpose to do every morning while I stay. I walked part of the way up the Mount of Olives, and tried to realize that there my Saviour had walked and prayed, and wept, and preached. I returned from this most interesting scene by seven. After breakfast I received a polite note from Mr. Nicolayson, the English clergyman, saying his servant would wait on me to church. He had called yesterday, and much refreshed me by his kind attentions; so I got ready and accompanied the servant. The service had commenced. There were about a dozen present, among whom was Miss L——, from America. I am to help him in the communion, and preach next Sunday. After dinner, who should come to my room but Miss L——, to take me to Calvary and to the Holy Sepulchre; so away I went with my female Cicerone, and there beneath the superincumbent pile of massive buildings, they show you an enclosed throne, with lamps burning constantly, where they say are the identical spots so venerable, and invested with such holy and affecting reminiscences. As I approached I bowed myself to the earth, and at length lay upon the polished marble, bathed in tears to think that even for my sins that precious death was borne. 'My sins gave sharpness to the nails, and pointed every thorn.' Never while life lasts shall I forget the

feelings which came like a mighty flood even over my soul, and certainly I would not, if in my power, impair my belief in these sacred places Superstition, with all her paltry ceremonies, sinks into oblivion before the sacred majesty of those holy truths which these places proclaim with a powerful and irresistible voice. Oh! how I wish my dear family could have been with me there. I think their tears would have mingled with my own, and that a united prayer would have ascended, that that precious blood might cleanse us from all sin, and give us a portion with the saints in light. After paying the insatiate Arab for this sacred gratification, and bidding Miss L—— farewell, I returned to my room to read and meditate, and to write a few lines to you ere I should sleep.

Monday morning.—I set off before breakfast for Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives. After prayer at the former, I walked up to the top of the latter, and looked upon the Dead Sea and the mountains of Moab beyond. On the top of Olivet is a circular building with a dome, into which I entered, and there was shown me the rock from which the Saviour is supposed to have ascended, and the exact appearance of the print of a foot, into which I put my hand. The whole square of the rock is about the size of a card-table, and worn as smooth as glass with the devout osculations of hundreds of ages and millions of pilgrims. Incredible as is the supposition that the print of the foot is that which the adorable Master left as he was taking his flight to his heavenly throne, yet it was enough for my devotion to know that certainly from the top of this mount, (and here is the highest point,) he did thither ascend, and most fervently did I use that collect for

Ascension Day while lying there with my lips sealed to that consecrated place. The old Turk who took me in (for it is locked) wanted "bucksheesh," and I had come away without money. I had a little twopenny snuff box in my pocket, which I handed him, with which he seemed very well contented, and I came away very much in his favor. After I had got a hundred and fifty yards or so from the place, I found I had left my blue shoes at the locked up sanctuary, and back again I posted to get them; but now he had gone into the field to work, and it was some time before I could get him back, and back with him came a herd of Arabs, who, after I had got my shoes, beset me for 'bucksheesh.' The only thing I could do to get rid of them was to pat them on the head and bawl aloud 'Americano,' and thus I again escaped with flying colors. From Gethsemane, and from the top of Olivet I gathered branches of the olive tree with the fruit, which, when I came home, I put in my bottle of spirits of wine, and shall at least see what will be the effect towards preserving them. Speaking of this 'Americano,' you must know that our country is in high esteem with the Turks and Arabs. An instance of which occurred during this walk. As I was going to the Mount of Olives, I passed by the palace of Pilate, which guards the main entrance to the Mosque of Omar, which enclosure none but the Mestims are allowed to enter. I thought, however, that I would make the attempt. So up I marched through the midst of the Arab soldiers, and pointed onwards to the object of my curiosity. They looked very cross and shook their heads, till I cried out 'Americano—hurra Mehemet Ali,' and then I took the hand of one of them and made him come

along with me, which he did, leading me up a flight of stone steps till I could almost look over from the place where Catherwood took his panorama; but when I motioned to proceed, they made such a bellowing from below that I thought it best to return, as one of them with his rifle could have very easily picked me out as a bird, and it would not have hurt his conscience to kill a Frank. Coming back and passing an arched way which led to the same beautiful spot, I tried it again. When I had advanced half way, a fine looking Turk came out from the side of the arch and motioned with his hand that I should retire. I walked up to him, took his hand, said 'Americano,' pointed to my eyes and then to the sacred place, then looked down at my feet, shaking my head to signify that I only wished to see and not to walk there. Then I put his arm in mine, and he took me near enough to see all I desired, which was to satisfy myself that Catherwood has most faithfully exhibited the whole of this venerable city and its environs. When I returned to my quarters, I was very well qualified to discuss my coffee and bread, and to lie down to rest; but had hardly so done, and taken my little Greek Testament in my hand, before Mr. Whiting and the other American missionaries called to see me, and I enjoyed their company for an hour very agreeably. Mr. Sherman invited me to dine at twelve with him, which I did in company with two others, Dr. Vandyke and Mr. Thompson, the former of whom is from Kinderhook. He has adopted the Turkish costume, and is to accompany me to-morrow to the Jordan and Dead Sea. Mr. Whiting invited me to dine to-day, and I am now preparing to go. In the afternoon I went to the Rev. Mr. Nicolayson's,

and had a very kind and hospitable reception with a glass of wine of their own making and an invitation after prayers to tea. These prayers you must understand are the regular morning and evening service of the Church, in Hebrew, at six in the morning and evening; and beautiful it is to hear them, especially the chaunts, one of which was of our own usage and acquaintance.

Tuesday.—After a sleepless night, but no musquitoes, I rose at a little after five, and set out for Gethsemane and the pool of Siloam. As I wended my way through the street called '*Via Dolorosa*,' (or sorrowful way,) through which they say our dear Master was led to his cruel death, my soul was abstracted from passing objects and I was in deep thought, singing to myself some psalms and hymns to tunes which you know are favorites, when suddenly I was aroused by the mild voice of a very good looking Turk, and I saw I had well nigh strayed into the sacred enclosure. I turned about and was proceeding away with all speed, very quietly and safely, when two little Turks, seeing my mistake, set up such a yell as I had never heard, and set on me two horrid looking wolf-dogs, who were advancing with a fierce threatening to attack me. I turned round, picked up a big stone and shouted 'Americano' at the top of my voice, and also shook my head at the boys saying 'Pasha'—'Americano,' and they soon found that their sport might be too serious, so I escaped.

After offering my morning devotions in Gethsemane, I visited the pool of Siloam, drank its crystal waters which lie embedded in a deep cave at the foot of Mount Moriah, the descent to which is by two flights of stone steps. Never was I beside so

lovely and retired a fountain — I prayed by it, washed my face and head in it, gathered some pebbles from its peaceful, silent bed, then sat down on a step and read the chapter in St. John about our Saviour's interview with the Samaritan woman. My meditations were soon interrupted by a set of ugly looking Arabs, whose noise I found would not allow me quiet, so I departed. On my way back I passed by the outer side of the lofty walls and from the corner of one of its immense old stones I knocked off a little piece, which I shall hope to bring home to show you. I am now to prepare for brother Whiting, and so adieu for the present. Dr. Vandyke very politely having offered to accompany me, we set out for Mr. Whiting's about ten o'clock. It is about two miles from the city where he has a room in an Armenian convent built over the place where it is said the tree grew of which the cross was made upon which our good Master was crucified. I had an American welcome and an American tee-total cheer. Mrs. Whiting is a daughter of Dr. Ward of Newark, so we talked about those with whom we were mutually acquainted. They have no children, but are bringing up three little Arab girls. I have returned and am rested, and now set out for another expedition in the city. I have omitted to say that this morning, returning from the pool of Siloam, I found the Church of the Holy Sepulchre open, and went in at the tomb of our dear Master and at the place of crucifixion I offered my prayers to him not only for myself but especially for the members of my dear family. Oh, may those prayers be heard, and may he direct, sanctify, and govern the thoughts of our hearts, the words of our lips, and the actions of our

life in the ways of his laws and in the words of his commandments, that so when he shall come again with power and great glory we may rise with him to the life immortal. I have just returned from a walk, the second to-day, to the pool of Siloam; to-morrow I think of visiting the lower pool. As I returned I examined the enormous size of some of the stones in the walls of the city, and I have broken off from some of them a few pieces which may be thought something desirable by some to possess.

Wednesday Morning.—Rose early and went to Gethsemane, by the way of the lower pool of Siloam, whence issues a small but pure, swift little gushing stream from the foot of an enormous rock which juts out from a spur of the mountain. I gathered some pebbles from it, drank of its sweet, cool stream, and filled a bottle nearly to the full, then proceeded to the upper pool and completed the filling with that. Here I found some Armenian priests with long white and black beards, one of whom seemed to take great notice of me when I told him in Greek that I was an Episcopal priest, and put his hand to the little finger, and then looked at my hand as if to ask why I had not on a ring. He looked at my little Greek Testament, which I was reading, and seemed pleased. When these venerables had departed I indulged myself in one of the most refreshing baths that I ever enjoyed. Thus refreshed I went to Gethsemane and prayed, and then to gratify a feeling which I fear may rather seem ultra to some, I took off my boots and barefoot ascended the way where thus so often our dear Master ascended that very Mount, and I said as I went, 'The servant is not greater than his Lord, neither he that is sent greater than he that sent him.' Returning through the city I

stopped at the quarters of the American missionaries, and found that Dr. Vandyke would not be able to accompany me in our proposed expedition. He kindly, however, sent his servant with me, and we were getting ready to start this afternoon; but the British Consul was missing when I called to see if he had, according to his promise, procured a guard from the Governor. So I must wait upon his convenience or give it up, or go myself to the Governor. This last alternative suited me best, so I took the Doctor's servant and an English interpreter, and off I went to the Governor. I had quite a polite reception in Turkish style. He was much engaged with other persons, but I uttered my talismanic word, 'Americano,' and he gave me a chair on his enclosed platform and ordered me coffee, which when I took rather hastily I burned my mouth considerably, which he perceiving ordered the servant to put more sugar in it, which cooled it and made it rather more acceptable. My request was offered and most graciously received. My spokesman mistaking what I told him to say, among other things told the Governor that the King of America was a great friend of Mehemet Ali, at which the Governor put his hand to his head in a most flourishing manner in order to signify his Excellency's high satisfaction at such intelligence. Well, to-morrow we are to have a fierce guard, and too fierce it seems it cannot well be, as I have seen this morning a woman who, though going with an escort of thirty was attacked by these savages and every article of clothing and money taken from them. I put more trust in my heavenly Father than in any arm of flesh; but on this occasion I do not feel it my duty to risk my life for a little satis-

faction such as seeing the Jordan. One word about this Consul: he seems to be quite a plenipotentiary here, having under his supervision all civil and ecclesiastical matters. Mr. Nicolayson seemed to wish a sermon from me, but said he must see the Consul. He did so, and the Consul feared it might make trouble at home. So I preach for the Presbyterian mission on the evening of Sunday next. Another instance is in the case of my visit to Jordan. Mr. Nicolayson apologized for not sending his own dragoman (servant) to the Governor who would then be sure to give me a guard; but then he did not know 'what the Consul would say.' Verily this fear of man bringeth a snare, and I thank God that I have the spirit of an American within me which spurns at the exercise of petty tyranny, wherever it is found, and despises the fawning sycophant.

Thursday.—Ten o'clock has arrived, and no guard has yet been sent by the Governor; but the mule and horse are in waiting. Well, between ten and four I could go to Bethlehem, and thither I directed them to go with me.

Most agreeably was I disappointed as to the heat of the way, which, lying over higher ground than Jerusalem, had a fine air, which threatened to take off my hat, while it refreshed me famously. In about an hour and a half Bethlehem made its appearance on a hill not large or beautiful, but interesting above almost every spot on earth, as the place where the Saviour first made his appearance in our mortal nature. About midway on the road there is a castellated edifice which they call the house of Elisha, where it is said he was fed by the ravens. I rode up and hammered off a piece of it

to bring home as a relic, and was about to leave the court-yard, when a man came running out with a vessel of water, saying that I must wash with it and drink of it, as it was supposed to have some efficacy. The virtue however was soon explained, when I heard the word 'bucksheesh;' and so after bucksheesh had been given, he wanted no more of me, and I departed. Poverty, filth, wretchedness, and dogs were the objects which first saluted my view in Bethlehem, though the surrounding country is clothed in the best garniture of green that I have yet seen in Palestine. Olive yards and vineyards, figs and pomegranates, cover the deep and wide opening ravine which slopes off from the road on the eastern boundary of the town.

The Church of the Holy Innocents, in the possession of the Romanists, and that of St. Catherine, held by the Greeks, cover the places (as they say) where the Saviour was born, and where the innocents were thrown in great numbers, after having been slain by Herod. I was shown into an extensive apartment, where I had a good trial of patience. Expecting to set out for the Jordan in the afternoon; what it was kept them I knew not, till, when the Spanish priest came, I found out it was to wait till he had 'mangare,' (eaten.) So then we were to see the manger. Several things were shown me before we came to the manger, such as the place where Jerome wrote some of his works, the place where Jesus was shown to the wise men, and the place where the bodies of the innocents were thrown. I inquired whether any bones had ever been found, to justify such a tradition, but was answered in the negative. Another priest came now who could speak French, and he

took me to a place where, shut up in a box hung round with a silk curtain, there was a triangular glass box containing a hand as of an infant, which he told me tradition ascribed to one of the victims of Herod's cruelty. Seeing another box of similar dimensions, I inquired what it contained; and they showed me the appearance of a tongue, much larger than the hand, which disparity I remarked was strange. And the priest then explained it by saying that it had been pressed in wax, and thus was enlarged. I asked him if he believed it; he shrugged his shoulders and said nothing. Well, the manger! Through a little dark winding way, hewn, as it would seem, from the solid rock, in a little recess where lamps are burning, you see a well polished marble slab, embedded as in a frame of marble. I inquired if that was the manger. No, he said, that had been taken to Rome, but here the manger has been. God only knows how near they may be to the truth, in its locality; but nature as well as art seem to conspire to give you evidence of an antiquity exceedingly venerable. The priest, when I expressed a wish to have a piece of the marble, seemed very desirous to gratify me; but not having anything to break it with, he, after looking round in several directions, by the help of an iron key, got off a piece, which I have brought. I saw the mortar; but he acknowledged the part which had been added by art. After thanking him, giving backsheesh to the muleteer who held my umbrella, and a man who waited on us, and purchasing a bowl of the stone found here, I set off to eat a lunch at a school which our American missionaries have there. Here I found about forty little Arabs, quite dirty, sitting on the floor of a considerably dirty

room, and a man standing within the semi-circle which they made. And when at my request they all began to read for me, I will venture to say you never heard the like in your life. You must know that careful for my gross corporeal necessities, I had procured a watermelon before we left Jerusalem, and now was the time to use it. After a dinner of eggs and rice, which I took sitting on this dirty floor, the melon was cut into as many pieces as it could possibly admit consistently with any thing like a taste; then if you had seen me divide it among those little urchins, it would have diverted you. After all had received a slice, there were a few broken fragments in the bowl, which I set down in the midst and allowed them to scramble for. The moment of my departure, however, was the most interesting, for without order or restraint, they all seemed, with one accord, to seek my hands, which they kissed and placed to their foreheads, after the Arab fashion. This through, we returned to Jerusalem by four, and found our guard ready, consisting of a magnificent sheick, full six feet high, and of fine dignified manners and benevolent expression. He had two others mounted and armed to the teeth, and two more on foot, who ran before as scouts. Thus our company, in all, was seven, all armed but myself and the two footmen. About five o'clock we were on our way. At the distance of about three miles we came to a fountain, where we alighted and fed the horses: and in about an hour proceeded through that far-famed dangerous road, where our dear Master laid the scene of a traveller's danger, and of a Samaritan's kindness. You cannot think how the dreariness of the way was relieved by the glorious firmament whose canopy

was radiant with innumerable worlds, spectators, as it would seem, of mortal combats and cares. Yes, it seemed as if heaven was supplying that comfort and beauty which earth denied; and I said to myself, 'I will fear no danger.' Once or twice my noble sheick rode off a little to reconnoitre, and by his keen looks there seemed to be a little apprehended danger; but onward we went, through shades and solitudes profound, now clattering over polished rocks, upon which you could hardly suppose a horse could stand, and now descending amid similar rocks—forming a steep precipice, at several parts of which the horse, though well accustomed to the road, stops to see whether he can step down without pitching over with his rider. Sometimes we were in a deep valley, which comprehended but a short horizon as you looked up, and then around the frightful steep of an adjoining mountain, you had so near a path to the edge of the steep descent, that a false step must inevitably plunge horse and rider some hundred feet over rocks into the deep ravine. However, not once did my faithful steed slip or fall, and no fault could I find with the kind good animal; but not so with the saddle, for though more civilized than that upon which I rode from Jaffa, the stirrups cut me so that when we started from Jericho I made Hassan change with me, and I had an easy ride to Jordan. At about one o'clock in the morning we reached Jericho, and oh! how well has the saying arisen, which wishes your enemy no harder allotment than to 'Go to Jericho.' American log-towns are beauties when compared with what is now called the city of Jericho. A miserable set of little squares, of about twelve feet each, surrounded with an ugly stone fence, and

covered with a shed of sticks, with a few straws thrown over, is the Arab's house, as found here. In such a place, amid vermin and filth, I passed the tedious hours till dāylight, while my company slept and snored as if all they could wish or expect of comfort was there.

At daylight I was most happy to be gone, and now we had a strong contrast of road, our way lying through a far spreading plain where, doubtless, once stood the cities of the plain. A couple of hours or so brought us to the Jordan, a small stream like Stony Brook, the waters muddy and the current rapid. Here, having all dismounted, Hassan and I went in to bathe, and after drinking of the water, and filling two bottles, we proceeded to the Dead Sea; where, after an hour's ride, we arrived and found something that looked very much like one of our smaller lakes, a sheet of beautiful water, and a shore, or rather beach, like the ocean. After picking up a few stones, I was ready to return. The quality of this water is certainly extraordinary, and its taste very peculiar; a bottle of it will, probably, if I get it safe home, convince you that I say true. Back again we posted to Jericho, and there we staid the rest of the day till dark. A very pretty Arabian woman, during the day, seemed to take great notice of me, which finding, I beckoned to her to fetch me a pipe, which she did, and then fell to calling for bucksheesh. Her arms were covered with figures pricked in the skin with india ink, she had a bead bracelet on her right arm, and three of earthen ware on her left. When I was going away she beckoned to me to come to her, which when I had done, she took away my club, and then cried buck-

sheesh, as much as to say, she would not give me my club till she had the bucksheesh. Glad indeed was the sound when I heard my sheick call out 'Allate;' and off we started for Jerusalem. About three miles from Jericho there is a hill so rocky and steep that, coming down, we walked, and then my fear at every step was that my horse would come tumbling on me. Now I was on Hassan's horse and had not dismounted, when at the highest part of the worst of it, my horse refused to go forward and began to back, which would have been the death of both of us if persevered in. I whipped, but that made matters worse, so I got off and walked, giving the mulish beast to Hassan. When we arrived at the top of the hill poor Hassan was missing, and after waiting some time he arrived, groaning and limping. We found he had fallen and was considerably bruised. The first thing I heard from him, however, was 'sare, sare,' and when I found out what he had to say, it was that my carpet bag, with the water, had not fallen. Though nothing else of adventure happened after this, our way was peaceable and uninterrupted. I had much and sweet communion with my God, whose splendid starry firmament seemed never so brilliant as then. We stopped at the fountain about two, and turned in under a broken stone arch, and there, on a heap of stones, I threw my wearied body, making my carpet bag my pillow. I slept I suppose about an hour, when I awoke under the impression that a lizard was running on me, and that a mouse was at my carpet bag, which, whether fancy or fact, had the same effect, completely arousing me. So I walked about among the sleepers, and though crying aloud, could awake none of

them. Daylight soon came to my relief, and away we pushed for the Holy City, and arrived just as the earliest beams of the sun were falling upon the dome of the mosque of Omar, and the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the site of the world's redemption. Having received a hearty welcome from my worthy little Dr., and settled with my sheick and his men, I reached my room, and after breakfast and a little rest, proceeded to see Mr. Nicolayson. After an account of my journey, the conversation took a general turn; I gave him a small donation for his new church, and he presented me with a handsome ring, with the inscription on one side, 'Peace to Jerusalem,' and on the other, 'They shall prosper who love thee.' It is a blood-stone, and I feel that it represents that precious blood which, on the adjoining Mount Moriah, was poured out by the Redeemer for a sinful world. I came here again, and, after dinner, went with Mr. Nicolayson to see some large stones in the wall at the Jewish place of prayer, and where a bridge used to be, uniting Mount Zion and Mount Moriah, one extremity of whose arch still remains. From a stone in the wall, thirty feet by seven, I broke off a piece, also picked up a piece of marble which does not belong to this country, and must have been once brought from afar. After I returned to my room, I lay down to rest myself with my clothes on. I did not wake till near eleven, I then went to bed and slept three nights in one. To-day, God's holy day, I awoke early and went down and bathed in the pool of Siloam, and read there the lessons for the day; then, at Gethsemane, read the Litany and the Psalms. After this came home, and prepared to go to Mr. Nicolayson's to

breakfast. Here I received a kind welcome from his wife, but he had been called away and was obliged to snatch a little breakfast beforehand. And now it was the day on which the Saviour arose from Olivet, in near sight of us, and it was upon Mount Zion, celebrated by the sweet singer of Israel by so many epithets, that the holy communion of his love was about to be celebrated by about the number that first in this same city, and in an 'upper room,' first did this in remembrance of Him. Deeply interesting were the holy services. My soul felt, I trust, a lively sorrow, 'working repentance unto life,' for all my sins past, steadfast faith in the one only Mediator, and ardent charity to my dear brethren of every name and nation.

The text was, 'As often as ye do eat this bread,' etc., a very pious and sensible discourse which I trust was to me good for edifying. In the afternoon, as the *Consul* seemed to think I should break the act of parliament, I, of course, did not preach for Mr. Nicolayson, but went to my American brethren, and with about the same number as in the morning, preached 'Jesus crucified in Jerusalem,' where he was crucified and rose and ascended. This was a pleasing season of devotion, and the fervent prayers offered for me by my own dear countrymen, overcame me exceedingly. I gave them an address, valedictory, in which I freely relieved my heart of that abundant love I felt for them, who, for our common Lord, had left home and friends, and parents and sisters and brothers, for the poor benighted heathen; or, what approaches not far from it, the debased Arab and Turk, the gainsaying Jew, and those who are sitting in the shadow of death; of superstition of every class. I

only could wish that the vine, which they planted, was, with a little less question, the true vine to which the Church of the Redeemer is compared by him; but God forbid that I should raise my little finger to oppose efforts made surely in the spirit of that true charity which thinketh no evil. They oppose us not, they speak no evil of the Lord's true Church, and if they follow him not in company with us, God forbid that I should withhold my hand from grasping theirs with that sincerity before God, which taught the disciples a better spirit; indeed I have been in and out among them, and have seen them at all times, and I must say, a better company of devoted whole-hearted men I have seldom seen any where.

The next day, Monday, I prepared to depart, and though I set out early in the morning to hire laborers, it was long past the eleventh hour ere the compact was concluded with the insatiate Arabs. By five we were ready, and I left my brush and medicines with the kind Doctor as bucksheesh, with a small memorial for pains he had taken for me. My hair brush I had lost at Mount Olivet yesterday. The muleteer leading the van, now made use of the words, 'Eshadith ma Ahman,' and now off we set, the messenger and I on foot, then 'Seigneur,' and then his servant."

CHAPTER X.

Journal continued—Departure from Jerusalem—Nablous—Samaria—Nazareth, Franciscan Convent—Abilene—Ptolemais—Bursa, illness, hospitality of an old man—Mediterranean—Beyrout, illness, and alarm, relief—Preparation for departure.

"We left Jerusalem on Monday evening, August 3d, at about six o'clock. The sun had long set when we reached Beeri, a miserable looking place, the approach to which is through an uncommonly rocky country. I had to choose between lying down, under cover, with some thirty Arab travellers who lay there stretched out at their ease, as if not a wave of trouble had ever rolled across their breasts, or to take up my quarters in the open air. I preferred the latter, and lay down in the dust along side a stone edifice, and if a cold wind had not risen during the night, obliging me to lift my umbrella for protection, I might have slept an hour. Amidst much pain and weariness day at length dawned. It was so cold and damp, that, on mounting my horse, I was obliged to cover myself with a bed-quilt which I had procured at Jerusalem. The ride to Nablous was very unpleasant, and there was no scenery to relieve the utter desolation of the prospect. At last, when extreme heat and fatigue, in ascending and descending rocky passes, had exhausted me very much, we came upon a green valley, with water and grass and trees looking quite refreshing to the weary traveller. We did not reach Nablous, (the ancient Shechem,) until four in the afternoon.

Wednesday, 5th.—We set off from Nablous early, and arrived at Samaria at about nine o'clock. Here I examined a venerable ruin of an ancient Christian church, and brought from amidst its walls the fruit of a flower and a stone. Near the place are the remains of a magnificent edifice; sixteen of its massive columns are standing, some fifteen, some eight or ten feet above the ground, and one prostrate in the dust. Can these be the remains of the temple Gerizim?

At about three o'clock we reached a small village situated on elevated ground, and approached by the way from Jerusalem by a pretty little rivulet, running up-hill for half a mile. I was ushered into what, I presume, is the grandest caravanserai of the place, and into one of four little stone rooms about ten feet square, from the window of which, (a hole in the wall,) I looked out upon the loveliest plain which has yet struck my view. Here I saw, in one place, the operation of treading out the grain by horses and oxen, and in another view, variegated spots of green and yellow corn, with melons, fig-trees, pomegranates, etc.

We left this place early, and passing through a succession of beautiful valleys, arrived at Nazareth at about half-past twelve. This dwelling place of our dear Redeemer is situated in a valley, and is composed of miserable houses, with the exception of a Franciscan convent, where we were hospitably entertained by the monks, and every attention paid to my comfort. I was shown the chapel built by Helena, which certainly bears the marks of great antiquity. On leaving I broke off a piece of the old stone wash basin.

Six o'clock.—We are at Abilene, and under a bush I have just finished my water melon which I procured at Nazareth, the seeds of which I have saved. Abilene is a very small town, situated on a hill of no great height. There is here a mosque, lifting up its lonely tower, but the charm is gone, as in many a place where the master-spirit has not only departed, but, apparently, desolation and a curse seem to prevail. Very little cultivation is seen—a few solitary little spots of green with scrub bushes and olive trees, make up the prospect.

After breaking up our encampment here, a short time brought us in sight of Acra, and the ancient Ptolemais. To stay long was out of the question here, as in many other places consecrated by the footsteps and miracles of our Divine Saviour. Then we journeyed along the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, so much mentioned in the Gospel, and after a very trying day of heat, I was glad to reach an Arab settlement called Bursa, where we had a comfortable protection from the night air, and a kind reception from a very venerable old man and his granddaughter. My fatigue had been so great that I was here seized with a fever as was also my guide, who, by the by, might just as well have remained at Jerusalem, for Ahman, the messenger who was sent by the American missionaries with despatches for Beyrout, has been the only one of the party whom I could make to comprehend a word of English, and I am sure that we should have taken the wrong path several times but for this faithful fellow. While I lay parched with heat, the old man came down and sat by my bed, and seemed quite interested for me, and soon after he brought me a bunch of grapes, and never did I feel a present more timely or kind.

After a cup of tea and these grapes, I slept till two o'clock, which was the end of my sleep for that night, brought to a very undesirable termination by my guide bawling out for the muleteer, supposing it was morning. My rest and restoratives had so refreshed me that I could sit by a hole in the wall and look out upon the sheet of the Mediterranean waters lying beneath. We were on the side of a mountain and could hear the roaring of the breakers, disturbing the otherwise profound silence in which all nature lay reposing.

We left our kind host about five o'clock in the morning and my spirits were elevated with the expectation that our journey was about to close, and that Beyrout would soon make its appearance. But what was my disappointment to find that another night was to be spent in a miserable ruin, a little straw on some stones for a couch, and a wide yawning arch fore and aft, letting in the view of heaven's canopy, and the sweet gentle breeze from the Mediterranean which was about a hundred yards from us. Let me not, however, repine or complain. Let me think of Him, who through all this very country performed his works of mercy, not at all considering his ease or convenience. We halted for a few moments again at Sour which is for the most part a squalid little Arab town, but, like many of the Syrian towns, boasting of two or three bazaars. You cannot think how like an old friend the Mediterranean appeared to me, but the chief charm, I confess, was its association with the near approach of the time when I hope to return to all that is prëeminently dear to me.

When I arrived at Jaida, near Beyrout, and showed my passports, every kindness and comfort

that the town afforded were at once either offered or enjoyed. Here is another instance of the importance that our government should be represented abroad. Verily, it seems to me I should have died under one night's exposure more. My fever went off about eight, when I took a little supper and went to bed, sleeping finely until three, and about five we were again on our road. There were two or three things I should have been pleased to have examined with more observation, but time and health were not allowed. The oleander grating the brooks with its deep tinged colors gave a beauty to some parts, while the rocky passes or deep sand made other parts excessively annoying, particularly as the flies tormented the horse at such a rate that every five minutes he must come to a dead stand to bite them off from behind. At the most funeral pace we thus wended our way, and not till near four o'clock did we accomplish a distance which need have taken with good horses only about five hours. My worthy friend Mr. Chassan received me with his former warmth of hospitality and said he was expecting me, and went to work with all his family to refresh the weary traveller. The next day I rose refreshed and as I hoped restored by repose, but I was soon convinced of my mistake. I took a bath in the sea and came in feeling very well, eating a good breakfast, and reading in my Prayer Book and Greek Testament. I then sat down to this journal, but before I had proceeded a page or two I felt the crawling of fever coming on, and accordingly soon had to give up to the highest degree of it I ever yet suffered. The doctor was sent for, who ordered m edicine, which had considerable effect, and to-day I feel again better, but not free

from a crawling cold that admonishes me what I must expect again to-day. God's holy will be done Yes, another and another and another day of fever, and two bottles of quinine finished, but to-day, Saturday, thank God, I feel so much better as to be encouraged to hope I shall have no more return of it. In the midst of judgment my heavenly Father remembers mercy. The whole town is in a state of great consternation, families flying for refuge to ships (our Consul's,) and others to the mountains, as there are seven British line of battle ships commanded by Commodore Napier, who has ordered the Governor to surrender the troops or he will batter down the town. The Governor says he may batter and no resistance will be made, but if he lands he must expect no quarter from his men. So that within a little while we may expect some scenes of blood, and I may be blockaded here for months. This danger I fear not, satisfied that that protecting arm which has as yet been ever over me for good will still preserve me from all evil. Sunday came and with it other great subjects of thankfulness, a great one for me that my fever did not return. All that now remained seemed that sad raising of blood, which if from my lungs I felt was the probable end of all my ministerial labors; and I fell to work to see what I would do if thus disabled, but in the night while feeling very uncomfortable in my throat, the lamp out and every soul wrapt in midnight sleep, I thought I would feel in my throat if I could perceive something that might be removed by medical skill: I did feel something like a piece of flesh and got hold of it and pulled it into my mouth. Thus far I was relieved, but the blood flowed profusely, and I did not like to proceed to cutting

it from my mouth lest it should be a blood vessel, so in this uncomfortable suspense I remained till morning. As soon as it was light I aroused Mr. Chassan who sent for the doctor, and when he opened my mouth he exclaimed, a leech! and so indeed there was a large leech that I must have swallowed in my journey without being sensible of it. The gentleman with difficulty could be persuaded to leave his quarters. However he was taken out, and now all difficulty in my throat is remedied, not however till twenty leeches were applied yesterday. I feel now like a new man, made a fine dinner and had what I much enjoyed, tomatoes and peaches. The latter, to my surprise, much inferior to ours. And now I am anxiously looking for the first ship to take me westward. I shall give up Constantinople without a sigh, and even Rome shall not stand much in my way to detain my eager footsteps.

Praised be my God who has relieved me from so great an apprehended trial. May I devote my life and health more undividedly to him than ever.

CHAPTER XI.

Illness on board H. M. S. Alecto—Death at Malta—Protracted and painful uncertainty of his friends—Rumors —Letter of B. Marshall, Esq.—Letter of Rev. C. F. Schlieuz—Letter of B. Marshall, Esq.—Extract from a letter of a passenger in the Alecto—Letter of U. S. Consul at Malta—Character of the deceased—Conclusion.

The journal of Dr. Bayard closes with the account of his arrival and illness at Beyrout, as given in the last chapter. We have now to add the melancholy circumstances attending his death, as they were furnished to his bereaved family by the letters from Alexandria and Malta, received long after the fearful intelligence reached them in December, 1840. Sudden and heart-breaking as was the calamity in itself, the blow was rendered still more intensely painful by the utter want of information, for a long period, as to the circumstances under which he breathed his last. They knew that he had died, comparatively alone and friendless, upon a foreign shore. But they knew not by what sympathy, if any, his drooping spirits had been sustained, by what ministrations his death-bed had been attended, by what hands his dying eyes had been closed. For many weary months it seemed as if no answer was to be returned to the sad and earnest questioning of affection, or to the voice of sincere and inquiring sympathy which arose from the church. Vague rumors, sometimes inconsistent, and often wholly contradictory, reached the ears of the mourners, one after another, till the anxious heart grew sick with perplexity on a subject so

sacred, and the most harrassing anticipations, almost caused them to dread to hear the reality. But at length the true tidings came, and they were such as to soften, at least, the grief which earthly allotment or vicissitude can never wholly do away. They learned that he had not been entirely without comfort and support in his illness. Christian kindness had watched over him in his sufferings; Christian charity had extended the hand of relief, and dropped the tear of affectionate sympathy upon his couch. They learned that he had died as he had lived, the true, devoted, meek, self-denying disciple of the Redeemer. The burning thirst of fever might refuse utterance to the pious words which died upon his tongue—intense pain might rack his frame, and delirium might work upon his brain, but the soul of the Christian was at peace. The smile of Christian resignation was upon his lip, and the eye that closed serenely upon the world forever, was lit up by the hope of a glorious immortality. Having "served God in his generation, he was gathered unto his fathers, having the testimony of a good conscience, in the communion of the Catholic Church; in the confidence of a certain faith; in the comfort of a reasonable religious and holy hope, in favor with his God, and in perfect charity with the world."*

Alexandria, Egypt, Oct. 16, 1840.

Madam—It is a most painful task for the writer to announce the death of your husband, the Rev. L. P. Bayard, and not being informed whether you

* Prayer in the office for the communion of the sick.

have received any information from any other part, I deem it my duty to give you such particulars of the same as have reached me here.

The deceased arrived at Alexandria on the 20th July last, and I was an entire stranger to him; however, being the only American in this place, he was introduced to me as an American, and finding soon he was a clergyman, I felt it an indescribable privilege to be favored with his company; in short, I may say, during his stay in my house, which was about a week, was entirely night and day almost taken up with something relating to the Redeemer's Kingdom. He left me for Beyrout by the English steamer, and on his arrival there wrote me, stating he should leave for Jaffa in two or three days. From thence he visited the Holy Land, and while in Syria received the fever, which is the same as the ague in the United States, and whether from an intense anxiety (which he manifested here,) of being at home with his flock, he left Syria (that is Beyrout,) thinking that he should be better, I know not, but suppose so; and before the steamer arrived at Malta, he was a corpse, and on the arrival of the steamer was interred in the lazaretto of Malta. The way in which I received my news of his death was this. One of the passengers in the steamer wrote to her brother here, stating, they all arrived safe except the Rev. L. P. Bayard, who is no more. How true, while we are in the midst of life, we are in the midst of death.

It is one of those mysterious Providences which, when I heard, produced feelings that I cannot describe. I can say, "he being dead, yet often speaketh with me."

When he was in Alexandria he preached for us in our little church, from these words, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so is the Lord," etc., probably the last discourse he delivered, and it was one which he told me he wrote in the ship as he came from Marseilles to Alexandria, and a most interesting sermon. He had one christening here and two burials.

He often spoke to me of you and his family, and felt an intense desire to improve every moment to be in New York by the 1st of November. He told me he had left his luggage, etc., except what he thought was necessary for him, when in London; the whole of his luggage with him in Alexandria was a carpet bag and a small writing desk. He further said that he had left it in the hands of Messrs. Rivington, London. I imagine that Mr. Andrews, who is the American Consul in Malta, will forward all his effects as well as write you by the first opportunity. Had the deceased lived, it was his intention to have presented the writer as a candidate for the ministry in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and to effect this I give a certificate and some letters which you will find among his effects, which I will thank you to preserve. He had another object to accomplish, had he lived, that is, to establish an Oriental Institute in this city; however, he has entered into his rest, and is now employed in the song of "Worthy the Lamb."

I have written a letter to the Bishop of the State of New York, which I enclose, not knowing his name. I will thank you to direct it for me, as I know of no means of accomplishing the above named objects, except through this medium; at the same

time, if you are in the possession of the certificates and letters I gave to the deceased when here, be so good as to give them to him. I shall feel obliged by your making every apology for my writing to the bishop, as I am an entire stranger to him; but as this is an unexpected privation, it has caused me to use this means, which has been occasioned by the deceased being taken out of this world; and, therefore, I hope all will work for our spiritual and eternal welfare. I feel more resolved to hold myself ready to obey the injunction, "Be ye also ready." I feel much for you and the deceased's family. Oh, that the Almighty may give you strength adequate to this day of affliction, and bless you in every possible way. We shall soon meet to part no more.

I hope you will excuse the liberty I have taken, and with sincere and ardent prayers to Almighty God I conclude this letter, that he may support you and enable you to bear it with Christian fortitude and resignation.

I remain, Madam, yours sincerely,

B. MARSHALL.

MALTA, February 17, 1841.

DEAR SIR—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your respected lines of this morning; and beg to answer, as follows, the respective queries it contains, regarding the death of the late Rev. Dr. Bayard, whose remains I attended to the grave on the 3d of September last. You ask: "How long I remained on board H. M. S. Alecto, after her arrival in September?" To which I have to answer, that the Alecto arrived the last day of August, late

in the evening, and that Mrs. Schlieuz, together with myself, did not leave the steamer previous to the evening of the 1st of September, at a late hour. All the other passengers had left before us. Dr. Bayard was taken on shore in the morning of the same day. I was present when he was taken up from his cabin, and let down into the boat in a hammock, the commander himself being present. It was done with the utmost care. The Rev. gentleman had been reduced to a state of the greatest weakness. You ask again, whether "the late Rev. Dr. Bayard was in the same building with me?" to which I have to answer, no, he was not. He was in a room of the range of buildings in the Lazaretto, which stretches itself to the west, and we were in that toward the east. The report from the Superintendent of the Quarantine, which you have received this morning, "that I was present at the moment when Dr. Bayard expired," is nearly correct, and according to his persuasion, may amount to perfect correctness. Namely, on the morning of the 2d of September, when at breakfast, a messenger was sent to inform me that Dr. Bayard was on the point of death. I immediately went with the messenger, but on my arrival I found him already expired. The man who had waited on him told me that he had expired just the moment before I entered the room. I remained some time there, feeling his pulse and watching his countenance, but there was no sign of life observable. I inquired of the man who had been present when Dr. Bayard expired, as to the state of the deceased previous to his death. They said, that they had given him some refreshing draught a few minutes before, but without any salutary effect. His frame had been reduced,

during the preceding night, to the highest degree of exhaustion and feebleness. His speech had failed him. I think you must have either misunderstood me, or I did not express myself distinct enough on this subject in my conversation with you the other day. All that I could have said, by way of regret, must amount to this: that I had no opportunity of conversing again with Dr. Bayard after his having been landed. I now learn, from Mrs. Schlieuz, that the medical gentleman who came with us as fellow passenger from Alexandria, and whom I mentioned to you as having been very attentive to Dr. Bayard when on board, together with the surgeon of the Alecto, informed her, that the day previous to Dr. Bayard's death, when we were not yet on shore, he had called several times on him, and that Dr. B. signified to him his grateful acknowledgment.

I have to express extreme regret, that, partly from my own bodily and mental weakness, to which I was reduced last summer in Syria, and partly from the fatal influence which the fever soon obtained over Dr. Bayard's intellect, I was unable to administer to him, more of spiritual comfort during his sufferings. I had first the pleasure of meeting him on board H. M. S. Alecto. The first day after our departure from Beyrout, I had some conversation with him, respecting the American Missionaries in Syria. I then learned that he was a minister of the Episcopal Church of America. He showed much regard for antiquity, and the monuments of the Church of Christ of ancient days. He also seemed to be acquainted with a great many respectable persons; some of them are known to myself. He spoke of them with great esteem. I afterwards had but very little conversation with him; neither did he con-

verse much with any other person, as he was soon after taken dangerously ill, and conversation with him was rendered almost entirely impossible. I learned from him, too, that he had suffered in Syria from the fever and ague, which I am afraid reduced the state of his health more than he was aware. I saw him sometimes on board the steamer, whilst suffering under the fever, but the effects thereof were so strong, that he only made some signs to me with the moving of the head, but did not speak.

I feel, dear sir, that whilst it must affect the sorrows of a bereaved family and dear relatives, not to get more satisfactory information respecting this affecting and mournful event, than I am able to give, yet I trust, that considering the religious character of their departed husband, father and friend, and the purpose of his earthly pilgrimage, they will not have to mourn as those who have no hope, knowing that the Lord's people are his, whether they live or whether they die, and have therefore comforts administered, which no human eye can observe, by the unseen, but not the less really gracious presence of that Almighty Saviour, in whom they have put their trust both for time and eternity.

Believe me, with every possible esteem,

Dear sir, yours most truly,

C. F. Schlieuz.

W. W. Andrews, Esq., Consul U. S. A.

Alexandria, April 22, 1841.

Dear Sir—A month ago I wrote you in reply to your letter dated Dec., 1840, and then promised I would obtain all the information possible in respect to the death of your beloved father, and my much

lamented friend. I think the best way I can do it is to give you the copies of the letters received. The first, which you have as follows, is one from a young lady who is the sister of a friend of mine here, who was some time ago employed as a teacher among the Missionaries in Syria, and which letter, I think, is one which may be relied on, as she was a passenger in the steamer along with your late parent. She writes: "All I know of, respecting poor Dr. Bayard, is, that I never saw any thing of him after you left me on board the steamer the morning we started, until the 1st of September, the day we entered the Lazaretto Harbor; he was quite insensible. I saw him brought up on deck in a hammock, and lowered gently into the boat, accompanied by the physician of the Alecto, who had been very kind and attentive to him all the way, (he was also attended by Dr. Jarvais whilst on board.) About the same time on the following day, he was a corpse—it was about three o'clock in the afternoon of the 2d: Mr. Casolani came to Mr. Schlieuz, and begged of him to go with him, as he thought the poor man was dying fast; whilst Mr. Schlieuz was getting ready to go, the guardiano came in to say that it was of no use, as he was already dead. The next morning all his things were brought to Mr. Schlieuz, who took a note of them; he had very little either of clothing or money with him; what there was, however, (I believe) was delivered over, or was to be, after the expiration of the quarantine, to Mr. Charles Curry, the then acting Consul for the United States, together with a list. In the afternoon (i. e. of the 3d of September,) he was buried at the place of interment in the Lazaretto, by the Rev. C. F. Schlieuz; all the gentlemen passengers

that were able, attended. This is all the information I can give you about it."

"The steamer Alecto left Alexandria on the morning of the 27th or 28th of August last, and arrived at Malta on the last night of August. The passengers were landed in the Lazaretto on the 1st of September. Mr. Bayard died on the 2d, between 3 and 4 o'clock, P. M.; was buried on the 3d, in the afternoon. Dr. Jarvais was a passenger in the Alecto." Signed "R. THORN."

The above gives every particular, and if there is any thing which I can add, it is this, that the steamer Alecto only stayed here two or three hours on its return from Beyrout. If I had known my late friend was on board, I should have gone to see him, and should have persuaded him to have stayed with me until he was better—but the first I knew of the affair was his death, and that several weeks after.

Another letter I received from the American Consul at Malta, who writes as follows: "Dear Sir, I have before me your letter of the 22d, (March,) and immediately on its receipt, sent the enclosure to the Rev. Mr. Schlienz. I would enter more fully on the subject of these letters, had I not long since written to Mr. L. P. Bayard, of New York, and sent on the effects of his lamented parent. Having done this, I conceive it will be unnecessary to state more. Mr. Schlienz desires me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, which would have been answered by him, but that he has written to America, to the family of my late friend Dr. Bayard.

"Very respectfully,

Signed "WM. W. ANDREWS, Consul."

I am not aware of any thing more which I can state to answer more fully the inquiries you have made,—thinking that with the Consul's, Mr. Schlienz's, and the above, you will be able to know all that can be expected. If there is any thing that I can do more, write, and it shall have my prompt attention. I shall expect a letter from you, giving me all particulars, for I feel very anxious to hear from you and your dear family; for though, unknown as to a personal acquaintance, the recollection of my late lamented friend is sufficient to kindle within every sympathy for your great and inexpressible loss. Present my respects to your dear mother and every branch of your family, and always think you have a friend in Egypt who can drop a sympathetic tear.

I remain, dear Sir, Yours very truly,

B. MARSHALL.

L. P. BAYARD, Esq.

Thus died, in the vigor of his days, and in the midst of his usefulness, one who seemed peculiarly fitted to adorn, through a long life, the sacred and self-denying profession to which God had called him. Thus suddenly and mysteriously was a strong and intrepid watchman summoned from the walls of the earthly Zion, to join the hosts that tread the courts of the New Jerusalem. While he was buckling on his "armor of proof" for renewed exertion in the glorious contest, a cloud of providential dispensation came down upon the place where he stood, and suddenly, the post of another valiant soldier of the Cross was vacant! The anxious eye of affection that watched for his returning footsteps, saw only a dim yet ghastly image of Death, and the many hearts that

throbbed with the anticipations of the joyous arrival and the ardent welcome, grew still at the tidings that the mortal remains of their friend and pastor had long been slumbering peacefully on a foreign shore.

Deep and wide-spread was the sorrow that followed these melancholy tidings. At once, from every quarter of our communion, there arose the voice of grateful remembrance and respectful regret. The Church which had been benefitted by his labors, guided by his counsels, and animated by his example, delighted to honor his memory for the sake of the Divine Head whose "good and faithful servant" he was. The world bore willing testimony to his exalted moral worth, for his character was everywhere honored, and his virtues appreciated, as a sincere, honest, warm-hearted man. The men of every religious name, who had known him as "the warm heart and the free hand; the good man; the ardent friend; the firm churchman; the humble-minded Christian;" seemed anxious to relieve the misery of his bereaved family by the most generous and unqualified tokens of respect and sympathy.

The character and virtues of the Rev. Dr. Bayard need no eulogium from the humble pen of the editor of this volume. These have been most feelingly and touchingly portrayed by others amply qualified by eminent ability, personal friendship, and intimate knowledge of the man, to do justice to his memory.* He feels that it might be presumptuous, as it certainly is unnecessary, for him to add anything to words so eloquent and emphatic. The best memo-

* The editor would particularly refer the reader to the Sermon of Bishop Onderdonk, and the Addresses of the Rev. Dr. McVickar and Floyd Smith, Esq., as given in the Appendix.

rial of the deceased is in the hearts of those who knew him,—in the affectionate veneration of that pure branch of the one Catholic and Apostolic Church, to whose interests his life and all his powers were consecrated, and whose holy and honored name as the true spouse of the Redeemer, was the last to linger upon his lips. Great as has been the loss of his family, his numerous friends and the Church, we know that death has been a gain to him. We would not therefore mourn his loss in the language of vain regret or fruitless sorrow. We would rather cherish his memory, and strive to emulate his virtues, as one who, "having finished his course in faith, now rests from his labors." With the departed venerable dead, he has taken an honorable place. He has left an imperishable legacy to the Church—a brilliant, consistent example to the world. The voice of sorrow, therefore, may well be exchanged for the tones of Christian resignation, and the language of fervent praise :

"Praise! for yet one more name with power endowed,
To cheer and guide us, onward as we press ;
Yet one more image on the heart bestowed,
To dwell there, beautiful in holiness!
Thine, Bayard, thine! whose memory from the dead
Shines as the star which to the Saviour led."

The editor refers with peculiar satisfaction to that part of the appendix which contains the resolutions passed at a meeting of the Wardens and Vestry of St. Clement's Church, on the receipt of the intelligence of the death of Dr. Bayard. These, with the gratifying testimonial of respect and gratitude furnished by the resolutions passed previous to his departure, "are sufficient," in the words of a member

of that Vestry, "to refute the groundless charge, which, after his departure, was more than insinuated, that his Vestry wished to get rid of him, and sent him abroad for that purpose." Those who originated this rumor, and those who thoughtlessly gave it currency, have reason, we think, to feel rebuked at the thought of such an unjustifiable attempt to do discredit to the memory of a good man. A sense of justice to the deceased, to the Church at large, and the vestry and congregation of St. Clement's forbids him to pass over this point in silence.

An elegant tablet has been recently erected in St Clement's Church, bearing the following inscription:

LEWIS PINTARD BAYARD, D. D.,
A native of New Jersey;
the first Rector, and for ten years,
the faithful Minister of this Church,
Died September 2d, A. D., 1840,
on his homeward passage from Jerusalem,
at the island of Malta,
where his remains were deposited,
In the 50th year of his age,
and the 29th of his ministry.
Firm and consistent in his love to the Church,
he consecrated to her service,
his time, talents and learning;
while zeal, benevolence and primitive simplicity
characterized his whole course of life—
Justly endeared to his people
by an affectionate devotion to their best interests.
They have erected this tablet to express
the grief with which they mourn the loss
of their beloved Pastor.

APPENDIX TO THE MEMOIR.

Servant of God! well done;
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,
Enter thy Master's joy.
The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear,
A mortal arrow pierced his frame:
He fell,—but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him in the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms
Beneath his red cross shield:
His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight;
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

MONTGOMERY.

APPENDIX.

FROM THE CHURCHMAN OF DECEMBER 26, 1840.

It is with deep grief that we announce the loss to this Church of one of the most eminently worthy and primitive of her clergy. The Rev. Dr. L. P. Bayard, Rector of St. Clement's, in this city, expired on board a steamer, on his homeward passage to Malta. We have not yet been informed of the particulars of the melancholy event, and must, therefore, defer the proper obituary record to another occasion.

No man loved the Church from purer principles or with more single and devoted affection, than Dr. Bayard. Our sincerest condolence is tendered to his bereaved and afflicted family and parish.

ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH.

Extract from the Minutes.

At a meeting of the Wardens and Vestrymen of St. Clement's church, New York, on Tuesday evening the 22d December, 1840, called for the purpose of expressing the sentiments of the Vestry, on the melancholy bereavement of this church, in the death of its late Rector, the Rev. Lewis P. Bayard, D. D., about August last, of Syrian fever, while on his homeward passage from Beyrout to Malta, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS it hath pleased Almighty God, in His wise Providence, to remove from His Church on earth, the Rev. Lewis P. Bayard, D. D., Rector of this church, the Vestry deem it a duty incumbent on them to express their feelings on the melancholy event.

Resolved, That while we adore the Sovereign Providence which has thus suddenly smitten to the dust our beloved Pastor, in the very prime of life and usefulness, and left his desolate flock in tears, we cannot but lament and deplore the irreparable loss of much that was excellent, pure and lovely, whether we call to remembrance his high social virtues ; the candor, dignity, and simplicity of his character ; his zeal and fervency in the ministrations of the sanctuary ; or his indefatigable labors and arduous duties in the parish and Church at large.

Resolved, That in his death, we feel that society has lost one of its brightest ornaments ; the Church an able and efficient support and pillar ; his people a kind and ready counsellor in all their trials and afflictions ; his family a most worthy head, father, and guide ; and we a pleasant, cheerful companion, a most faithful, tried, and ardent friend.

Resolved, That we do most respectfully and sincerely sympathise with his afflicted widow and children, whose overwhelming grief testifies to the preciousness of what, in the full tide of happiness, they have been so suddenly deprived of; and while our tears flow freely with theirs for the loss of the guide of their youth, we would refer them to his blessed precepts and holy example for their best consolation.

Resolved, That our most worthy and excellent bishop be respectfully solicited to preach a funeral

sermon in this church, on occasion of this our heavy affliction, at as early a period as will suit his convenience.

Resolved, That as a further testimonial of respect for the memory of our late Rector, the church be hung in black until the festival of Easter, and that the members of the Vestry wear the usual badge of mourning, for sixty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented by the Secretary to Mrs. Bayard, and to the Bishop of the Diocese.

[Attest,] ANDREW POLLOCK,
Secretary of the Vestry.

FROM THE CHURCHMAN OF JAN. 2D, 1841.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

A meeting of melancholy interest was held at St. John's chapel, on Monday evening last, for the purpose of expressing the sense of the bereavement which the Church has sustained in the death of Dr. Bayard. There was a mournful interest in listening to the praises—not less true than grateful—which were bestowed on the character of the deceased. There was a large representation, both of the clergy and laity, assembled to testify their grief on the occasion, and their respect for the memory of the deceased.

A joint meeting of the Standing Committee of the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, the Executive Committee of the General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union, and the Trustees and Managers of Protestant Episcopal Society for promoting religion and learning in the State of New York,

the New York Protestant Episcopal Public School, the New York Bible and Common Prayer Book Society, the Protestant Episcopal Tract Society, the Education and Missionary Society of the Diocese of New York, and the New York Protestant Episcopal City Mission Society, was held in the Sunday School Building in the rear of St. John's chapel, in the city of New York, on the evening of the Festival of the Holy Innocents, Monday, December 28, 1840, at seven o'clock.

The meeting was called by the Bishop of the Diocese in consequence of the intelligence of the recent death, at sea, of the Rev. Lewis P. Bayard, D. D., Rector of St. Clement's church, New York, and a member of the several bodies above mentioned.

The Bishop having taken the Chair, opened the meeting with appropriate devotions.

John Stearns, M. D., was then appointed secretary of the meeting.

The Rev. John M'Vickar, D. D., from a committee, previously appointed by the Bishop, rose and said: "I rise, Mr. Chairman, in obedience to the will of the committee whose resolutions I hold in my hands, not simply to offer them, but in their name to preface them with such enlargement as may serve to express their sense, at least, of the melancholy occasion that has called us together. I do this, I must say, with no ordinary feelings, oppressed not merely with the sense of common sorrow, which fills the hearts of all at our sudden and unlooked for bereavement, but also, from the conviction of my unfitness to do justice on this point, either to your feelings or my own. My only comfort is, that as there can be but one sentiment in regard to our deceased brother and associate, I have all your sympathies with me; they, at least,

will interpret my words into what I ought to say. In obedience, therefore, to the will of the committee, I proceed:

"Not only is the event, we deplore, one of sorrow, but its attendant circumstances are such as awaken our deepest sympathies as men and Christians; not only do we miss from among us one whom I may well describe as the warm heart and the free hand; the good man; the ardent friend; the firm churchman, and the humble-minded Christian—under any circumstances, the removal of such a friend and brother, must have awakened our deepest feelings; how much more then, when we learn, that far from home, and family and friends—no affectionate hand to soothe, no Christian friend to console, no covenanted sacrament to strengthen him for the last struggle; in a foreign land, nay, harder yet, on foreign seas—where even if the will were present, the power was wanting, to give comfort to a sick bed and a dying home—under these circumstances was our friend called; and when to this picture we add, concurrent domestic afflictions, a heart broken wife and dependent children, I am sure there will be but one response, to the warmest language in which our resolutions can be drawn.

"I have alluded to the general circumstances of our friend's death; the details are not known. That he died of the Syrian fever, on his return from Beyrout to Malta, and within one day's sail of that island, where, on the vessel's arrival, his body was interred in the burial ground of the lazaretto, is all the knowledge we have of the event; and that, communicated to his widow in a touching and beautiful letter from his former host at Alexandria, in Egypt, unto whom the information had been

remitted from Malta. I would, Mr. Chairman, that I had that letter here present. It would awaken many tender thoughts, and exhibit our departed friend as ever laboring in the service of his blessed Master. Of this I would mention, as what rests in my memory from that letter, how he publicly labored in Alexandria, in preaching the Gospel and privately instructing his host (an American by birth,) in the truth as maintained by the Church, of which no farther evidence, surely, is needed, than the fruit already exhibited, viz., that inclosed in the letter communicating the fatal news, was another undirected (not knowing even the name of our Bishop,) making application to be received as a candidate for Orders in our Church and Diocese.

"On quitting Alexandria, Dr. Bayard proceeded, by the steamer, to Beyrout, whence is dated his last letter to his Egyptian friend, stating his course to the Holy Land by the way of Jaffa. By rumor alone is the rest known. He visited Jerusalem, and returning to Beyrout, was seized with the Syrian fever, (not the plague, but a species of intermittant,) yet set sail, under an 'intense desire' (to use the words of the writer,) to keep his promise to his church, of being with them by the first of November. That desire, as we have seen, was not granted him, and we now bow to the will of a mysterious Providence, in recording his decease, as he was returning with enlarged powers of Christian usefulness to his family, to his church, and to our common labors.

"But, Mr. Chairman, though our painful story is told, I may not close, in justice either to myself or those I represent, without attempting to say something of the leading traits of his character, as a man, a churchman, and a Christian.

"As a man—I look round and see many here present far better fitted than myself, by intimate acquaintance, to do justice to his merits. I cannot pretend to have known him intimately; my opportunities of personal intercourse, saving those of our official meetings, were few and infrequent; but, however few and rare, Mr. Chairman, they were yet sufficient to leave an indelible impression upon my mind, and one for the truth of which, I would and might say, I pledge my life. It was that of a true hearted man, the rarest and the noblest picture which our formalized degenerate days can exhibit. There was in him a certain honest simplicity and right-mindedness, which gave fearlessness to his whole character—the union I might almost say, of the child and the lion. But what I may well say, is, that it was, in human measure, 'that single eye,' which our Lord hath blessed—and of which the promise was, in our friend, in due measure fulfilled —that 'the whole body should be full of light.' His heart it was that doubled the powers of his head, and the sincerity and directness of his speech went home to the conviction, even beyond his argument. Now, Mr. Chairman, far beyond all intellectual power, do I honor, nay, reverence such a man; for, inasmuch as the primal curse of our nature, was the severance of the conscience from the reason, and of the heart from the head of man, so too, do I seem to see in every such instance of true hearted character, the type of man's better nature appearing, the anticipated restoration rather, through grace, of the once defaced image of God in our souls. I have said that sincerity doubled his powers. The assertion reminds me of the reply of the celebrated Mirabeau, in reference to one whom

he feared, 'I stand in awe,' said he, 'of that man, for he believes every word that he says.' Now, such was our lamented brother. He spoke not the word he believed not; therefore, were his words living words, and had power—for they came home to our inner and better nature. He ever spoke what he thought, and he thought what his conscience made him feel to be true, and right, and just. No man, therefore, doubted him, no man distrusted him, no honest heart ever feared him, and no kind and good heart that knew him, but loved him. Such was our lamented friend in my eyes; and in the course of an experience now not a short one, never have I met with a man who bore more visibly stamped upon him, what, if with reverence I may term Heaven's broad seal—the stamp of truth.

"As a churchman—I have, perhaps, better right to speak, for on these points his course was open to all. Dr. Bayard was then, to use the good old set term, 'an old fashioned churchman.' He knew little of, and cared nothing for, novelties in religion. He was content to walk in the good old paths, and willing to follow apostles and martyrs, whithersoever they led. He had little faith in a vague Christianity—the Gospel without the Church; and as little in those who set up individual fancies against the teaching of the Church Catholic. He was content, both for doctrine and discipline, to go back to the primitive age—to the 'first,' whom he, therefore, esteemed the best teacher—to the early Fathers of the Christian Church, and in a later age, to the earlier Divines of the Reformed Church of England. Such, as we all know, was Dr. Bayard's churchmanship, nor in the honesty of his belief could he abide the notion, much less, approve it,

of the Church being whatsoever man thinks fit to make it, or the ministry such as men may choose to originate, or the sacraments entrusted to it but barren memorials to operate on our human sympathies. Not such, Mr. Chairman, but on these points he was a churchman of Bishop Hobart's stamp—a churchman, I might say, after Bishop Hobart's own heart.

"But the mention of this venerated name recalls what might well be termed a trait of Dr. Bayard's character. I mean his love, his reverence, his devotion, to the name, the fame, and the dear-bought influence of him from whose Episcopal hands he received that sacred deposit of power and grace—the Christian ministry. We all know how sensitive he was on this point. Not a word, not a whisper, could arise that seemed to threaten Bishop Hobart's memory with insult, but what his heart, his tongue and pen were at once in arms. Aye, Mr. Chairman, and we have seen how effective too they were; we have seen recantations painfully wrung from those who counted themselves far wiser and stronger than our friend—exhibiting the noblest of all pictures unto man, the power of truth in giving vigor even to an ordinary arm, when wielded fearlessly for the defence of an injured brother. I have said that, next to the primitive Church, Dr. Bayard looked for guidance as we all do, to our Mother Church, the Church of England. But in him it went beyond the ordinary. He loved that, our nursing Mother, with no common filial love—as, it may be too, he did the ancestral land it still blesses. To visit that land—to see that Church from which our own has been hewn—to gaze on

the sacred monuments of our forefather's munificent piety—the cathedrals and cloisters,

Which the old faith made there to stand ;

to see her even in her present beleagured state—struggling alike with foes and false friends—this was for years a passionate wish of his heart ; and it is pleasing to think it was gratified, and that it disappointed him not. He saw, and gloried in seeing, not only what the Church of England once was, but what it even now is ; and formed the acquaintance of many that realized, perhaps, his highest thoughts of her oldest sons—the union of the scholar and the gentleman and the churchman, with the scriptural humble-minded Christian. Among others, by one of the first of her bishops—the Bishop of London—was he kindly and respectfully received; and in one of his latest letters alludes to an engagement (whether of official or personal courtesy,) he was about to fulfil with that dignitary, on his expected return to England.

"But, in the heart of our lamented friend there was yet a dearer and deeper wish to be gratified by his travels. If as an old-fashioned churchman he longed to tread the aisles of the cathedrals of England—as a tender-hearted Christian, and, it may be, one imaginatively susceptible, still more did he long to visit the Holy Land ; to fill his eyes with gazing on the earthly Jerusalem ; though now brought to bondage with her sons, yet still the sacred subject of Christian prayer and prophecy. He longed to tread the soil his Saviour trod, to walk in his steps in body as well as spirit, and to fill his soul with all its deepest spiritual thoughts, on the very hill of Calvary, whence first came, and alone can come,

comfort to the mind that thinks those thoughts. How filled was his heart with this desire, is touchingly evinced by the text given by his Alexandrian friend of the last sermon he there wrote and preached: 'As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth, even forever.' (Psalm cxxv: 2.)

"Let no man, Mr. Chairman, venture to deride, under the name of enthusiasm, still less of superstition, such holy aspirations when awakened by the power of sympathy and the monuments of our historical faith. We are all familiar with the reproof of the great moralist. 'I envy not,' says Johnson, 'the man whose patriotism is not awakened on the plains of Marathon, or whose piety does not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.' But what, I ask, are the claims of Marathon over the spirit, to those of Palestine? What the ruins of Iona to those of the Temple of Jerusalem? No, Mr. Chairman, I honor the man whose heart is filled with such burning thoughts as dwelt in that of my friend; and I envy the man unto whose lot it falls, like him, to be enabled to gratify them; still more, may I add, do I envy—not in malice, but love—the feelings which those sights must have brought forth in a heart so tremblingly alive to them. When I remember him in all his warmth and tenderness on occasions of minor excitement—how his eye, and tongue, and swelling chest, would speak forth the throbbings of his heart, awakened by some touch of sorrow or generous indignation—in remembering this, what limits can I set in imagination when I picture him to myself on the sacred Mount of Calvary, gazing up at the not unseen cross, and in thought, transporting himself to the scene there

enacted! what torrent of feeling, can I but imagine, must then have rushed in upon his ardent soul, relieved but by what, I doubt not he there shed, an equal torrent of thankful tears.

"Yes, Mr. Chairman, I envy him his feelings. I envy him his tears, and I envy not the man who makes light of such sensibilities. To him, I doubt not, they were blessed, there, and thereafter; and that when so soon afterwards called to yield up his spirit in solitariness and destitution—a stranger among strangers—that then he was tempest-tossed by the waves of the restless ocean—that his spirit was at peace, and that among its most peaceful and happy thoughts, were those deep imaginings of a present crucified Saviour, which the hill of Calvary had, with burning tears, awakened. But I must not further trespass on your time.

"To his dearest wish—'the intense desire' that sent him on his way, feeble and fever stricken—the desire of home, and country, and friends—and the duties of life that were more than life, to this—under a wise and mysterious Providence, no answering fulfilment was given. He lies, as already said, on a foreign shore, and in the burial place of strangers, but not forgotten nor unwept, as this night exhibits, at home and among his kindred both in flesh and spirit—those who knew best his virtues, and feel most his loss.

"The lesson the news impressed on his Egyptian host, let it deepen also upon us: 'Being dead,' says he, 'he yet speaketh to me—be thou also ready.'

"Hard, my friends, is it, to poor sinful humanity, to bear as it ought its last sad burthen—a sick and dying bed. God grant we be not tried with it as our friend was, far from home and the covenanted

consolations of our faith; but God grant, too, that, like him, we may be prepared for it, whether it come in the tempest or in the calm of life, at home or abroad."

He then read the Report of the Committee, as follows:

The undersigned committee, appointed by the Bishop, with a view to draft and report suitable resolutions to be submitted to the meeting called, of clergy and various church societies, of which the late Rev. Dr. Bayard was a member, for the adoption of such proper marks of respect to his memory as they might deem advisable, do report the following resolutions for the approbation of such meeting:

1. *Resolved*, That we have heard with sincere sorrow of the decease, abroad, of our beloved brother and highly respected associate, the Rev. Lewis P. Bayard, D. D., and that we deeply sympathise with the Church, in this Diocese, in the loss of a faithful and zealous son, and more especially with the parish of St. Clement's, in this city, in this sudden and unlooked for removal of their affectionate and devoted Rector and Pastor.

2. *Resolved*, That as representatives of the various incorporations, and other Church societies, of which our lamented friend and brother was a faithful and influential member, we would hereby express to the Church, at large, our sense of the value of his services as a member of the same; and also of his virtues as a man, and his example as a churchman and a Christian.

3. *Resolved*, That, in a deep sense of the bereavement sustained by his afflicted family, we hereby tender to them the expression of our sincerest sympathy and condolence, commending them,

in their sorrows, to that all-gracious Being, who visits not in judgment but in mercy; and whose especial promise it is, that He will be "a Father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow."

4. *Resolved*, In further manifestation of these our feelings, that a copy of the above resolutions be respectfully transmitted, by the secretary of this meeting, to his afflicted family, to the Vestry of St. Clement's church, to the Secretaries of the various incorporations and other Church Societies here represented, and to the Editors of the Church papers in this diocese, with a view to their early insertion in the same.

WM. BERRIAN,
JOHN M'VICKAR,
FLOYD SMITH.

St. John's Chapel School Room, Dec. 28, 1840.

The above resolutions, having been seconded by Mr. Floyd Smith—on rising, he made substantially the following remarks:

I know not, Mr. President, that any one among my lay brethren, here assembled, can more properly claim the melancholy privilege of seconding the resolutions now offered for the consideration of this meeting, than myself. Having been long and intimately acquainted with the deceased—on terms of familiar personal friendship—and for a long series of years most intimately and confidentially associated with him in the business of the various societies, associations, and corporations here assembled, by their respective representatives;—none, I am persuaded, knew him better, or can more fully appreciate the solid and sterling worth of our deceased friend.

I knew him well, and loved him much. When the melancholy intelligence of his death was announced in St. Peter's Church, on the Sunday before the last, by its worthy Rector, the Rev. Dr. Smith, it was done in a manner calculated in itself to move and excite the Christian sympathies of the congregation. A family in deep affliction desired the prayers of the Church—their beloved head, their affectionate and devoted husband and father, had sickened and died in a foreign land—far removed from the sympathies and kind attentions of family and friends, while on his return to that family and those friends—an event by which the Church in this Diocese has been deprived of a faithful son, and its ministry of a devoted, affectionate, and well-beloved brother, the Rev. Dr. Bayard. Oh, sir, up to the moment of pronouncing the name, that of my valued friend, Dr. Bayard, never came into my mind. My sympathies were running out, I knew not whither—but what a revulsion! Most truly can I say, sir, that never—no, never—since the death of our late lamented and never to be forgotten diocesan, Bishop Hobart, did such a torrent of emotion—such a flood of feeling overwhelm my heart. Until then, I knew not how much, how deeply and sincerely I was attached to him. I think, sir, I may say with truth, that it was perhaps more my privilege to be frequently and most intimately associated with our deceased friend, than any other lay gentleman belonging to our different societies and associations. Often have I acted with him on special occasions—on committees to which had been referred the consideration of subjects and business involving sound church principles and pure Christian doctrine—and most truly can I say, Mr. President,

that on no such occasion have I ever found him untrue or unfaithful in either of those particulars—let him once be fully satisfied of the truth or justness of any proposition, tested by the sound and evangelical principles of the Church, and no man proceeded in his course of duty with more unflinching firmness—more undeviating consistency—with more honesty and directness of purpose. Thus honest, frank, and sincere, he could not fail, and, sir, he did not fail, to secure to himself my warmest friendship, my highest regard, my most cordial esteem, for the Christian simplicity and moral integrity of his character. But I will not attempt to sketch the character of the deceased: my worthy friend, Dr. M'Vickar, in the remarks with which he has favored the meeting, has presented a portrait true and faithful, not only in its general outlines, but so strikingly and minutely just and accurate in the delineation of every feature thereof—that the attempt on my part would be presumptuous, and would but mar the beauty of the delightful picture he has drawn, with the admirable skill and ability of a master's hand. I will not, therefore, be thus presumptuous. Well do I know, Mr. President, that in seconding the resolutions now submitted to the meeting, I do but perform an ordinary and formal duty—a duty required by the orderly usages of business. But, sir, if when you put the ordinary question required by the same usage, Are these resolutions seconded? could you have read the hearts of those present, you would have found there a warm, spontaneous and unanimous affirmative response, gushing up in each and every one of them—for they too, the persons here present, have known him long, esteemed him highly, loved him well, and have been for many years

associated with him in carrying forward the benevolent designs of our institutions, and of promoting, through their agency and instrumentality, the great interests of the Church, and of the Christian religion, which, in the judgment of our deceased friend, were ever inseparably connected with the Church. From the expression of that warm response, by the unanimous adoption of the resolutions, I will not longer detain them.

The resolutions were passed unanimously.

The meeting then having united in singing the 124th hymn, joined the Bishop in prayer, and received his benediction.

Adjourned sine die.

BENJAMIN T. ONDERDONK, Chairman.

(Attest) JOHN STEARNS, Secretary.

FROM THE CHURCHMAN.

THE REV. DR. BAYARD.

Shortly after his ordination, the Rev. Dr. Bayard was chosen Rector of Trinity Church, New Rochelle, and St. Thomas' Church, Mamaroneck; and it was during his pastoral charge, that a congregation was gathered in the church erected in Mamaroneck, which was consecrated in the summer of 1823, by the Right Rev. Bishop Hobart. The following tribute to his memory is an extract from a sermon delivered on the first Sunday of the present year, by the Rev. Mr. Curtis, who now occupies the early scene of Dr. Bayard's pastoral labors, and numbers among his parishioners not a few by whom the memory of their former pastor is affectionately cherished. The admonitory lessons which never fail to cluster around the expiration of one, and the

commencement of another year, return this season with a deeper shade, from some touching recollections connected with our early history as a Church.

"It is now about eighteen years since this house was dedicated to the worship of Almighty God; and He placed his name to dwell here. Those whose piety and zeal contributed most liberally and essentially to the erection of this edifice, have gone to offer their praise and homage in a far nobler temple, and so also he, the zealous and devoted minister who first officiated at this altar, and led your devotions as a pastor, has been taken to the upper sanctuary. It was not my happiness to be acquainted with the Rev. Dr. Bayard, but the affecting circumstances attending his late death on a distant sea—his praise so widely diffused among the churches—and his merits, so readily confessed wherever he was known—adding to the circumstance, that you were organized as a Society, and erected this church during his ministrations, rendered it proper that I should pay a passing tribute to his worth, and add a stone to that monument which all are emulous to build to his name. After officiating here and at New Rochelle for more than two years, with what fidelity you can testify—he went to Geneseo, in the western part of this diocese, and was there equally useful in extending the Church. Shortly afterwards we hear of him in a spiritually destitute portion of the city of New York, and that his untiring labors and active piety, and amiable qualities, had there drawn around him a numerous and attached congregation. They also erect a church to the Most High, and with such exemplary diligence did he devote himself to his charge, that I have heard it said, that for twelve years he was never absent from

his duties half as many Sundays. Such fidelity met with a grateful return from his parishioners, and they gratified a wish which he had long indulged, in giving him the time and means to visit those countries in the east, whose memory has been embalmed in the pages of the Bible, and whose soil has been consecrated by the feet of Jesus Christ, and by patriarchs and prophets, apostles and martyrs. He first sailed for England, as the land where the Gospel, most "truly preached, truly received, and truly followed," exercises her design and legitimate influence. Having seen the land where the church is emphatically "the pillar and ground of the truth," the "chiefest witness and keeper of holy writ," he embarked for the country of the Pharaohs; intending, after witnessing the customs, and examining the crumbling and time-worn monuments which strew the borders of the Nile, to travel in the path of Moses and the Israelites, to the Holy Land. After he had kindled his devotions at Mount Calvary, and sublimed and purified his affections on the sight of the temple, which had been hallowed by a "greater than Solomon," after visiting Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Galilee, and dipping his hands in the Jordan, and thus gratifying the most natural impulses of faith, and the most laudable feelings of the Christian, he set out for his family, the home of his affections, "most anxious to be with his people before Christmas." But a hidden fever was lurking in his veins—he was enfeebled with fatigue and hardships. He embarked at Beyrout, at the head of the Mediterranean Sea, with a malady increasing upon him; and alone, untended, with no friend to soothe his care-worn spirits; no well-known faces to cheer him by their presence, unless, perchance, his

wife and children came in his feverish dreams; deprived of the sacramental elements of the Saviour, whose place of crucifixion he had so lately contemplated—without an acquaintance to whom he might unbosom a heart filled with fond messages and tender thoughts—parental advice and priestly council—his soul took its flight to the bosom of Abraham—leaving his friends to imagine all that he suffered—all that he needed—all that he would have said. His remains, the next day, were landed at the island where Paul was shipwrecked, and interred in the burial-ground of the Lazaretto—to await the resurrection of the just.

> "By foreign hands his dying eyes were closed
> By foreign hands his decent limbs composed;
> By foreign hands his distant grave adorned;
> By strangers honored, and by strangers mourned."

By those who knew him best, and those who best knew him, esteemed him most; Dr. Bayard was considered as a man of warm affections and ardent friendships—as a firm churchman and humble Christian. He was, as might be expected from such an one, a man of undisguised sincerity, ever speaking that which he thought, but seldom thinking what was not just, right, and true. The image and superscription, most conspicuously enstamped upon him, was a zeal for religion—religion as it is explained and inculcated by the Church; however, for he chose "to walk in the good old paths," and thought little and cared less of the many novelties taught by vain sectaries. An old-fashioned churchman, he believed only in the one Catholic and Apostolic Church—however others might be originated by men, who had a zeal "not according to

knowledge." He had but little confidence in the extension of the Gospel without the Church, or the Church without the ministry—nor did he account the means of grace as a barren heritage to the priesthood or the laity—but he looked upon the sacraments as something more than visible emblems to affect our memories and sympathies. Herein he followed the doctrines and the teaching of a primitive age—indulging in no individual fancies or crude speculations, contrary to the faith of the Church Catholic; he read the lively oracles as they were illustrated by the early fathers of Christianity, and in a latter age by the earliest divines of the Church Catholic, reformed—that is, the Episcopal, accounting her no less the nursing mother of learning, wisdom, and piety, than of Christian gentlemen and nobles, confessors and martyrs. With such devotion to the Church of his faith and affections, he, of course, took an active part in those various societies and institutions, by which her limits and influence might be extended. The words of the Psalmist were truth in his lips: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth—if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." Being dead, my brethren, he yet speaketh unto us. Blessed is he whom his example shall guide and influence—blessed is he whom his Lord, when he cometh, shall "find thus watching."

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. DR. L. P. BAYARD.

A mournful sound has reached our ears from a far distant clime,
That one whose voice we loved to hear, has left the shores of time:
A shepherd, by whose tender care, his flock was gently led,
Mid pastures green and beautiful, now sleeps among the dead.
Upon that memorable wave, that bore the saints of old,
To Gentile cities far and near, to feed the Christian fold,
A spirit like to theirs has fled, to meet its kindred throng,
And now with them united, joins in hymns of heavenly song.
Blest spirit! thy first earthly wish was granted at thy will,
Thine eyes did'st gaze upon the scene from Calvary's holy hill,
Thy prayers ascended from the spot where thy dear Master's blood
Flowed from his wounded side for us, a precious crimson flood.
Jerusalem, thy ancient walls did hear the pilgrim's prayer,
And purer strains to heaven, I ween, were never offered there,
Thy ever memorable courts held not a nobler guest,
Than him who sought thy hallowed shrines, now numbered with the blest.
The winds that o'er old ocean's caves first bore the solemn sounds,
That a dear friend we loved to meet, his last great rest had found;
Of one bright jewel gathered, where stern pagan darkness lowers.
A pastor has been called from us, a husband, father, friend,
A mourning Church, a weeping throng, in sad submission bend;
A happy home is now o'erspread with deep and solemn gloom,
For one who was their firm support, now sleeps within the tomb.
Yet though thou hast bereaved us, Lord, we will not love thee less,
But trust thy mercies will not fail, our needy souls to bless:
The widow and the fatherless, thou surely wilt protect:
The flock without a shepherd, may thy spirit now direct.

ANONYMOUS.

A

FUNERAL SERMON,

ON OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF THE

REV. LEWIS P. BAYARD, D. D.

RECTOR OF ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH, NEW-YORK.

PREACHED IN SAID CHURCH, ON THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS, JANUARY 3, 1841.

BY BENJAMIN T. ONDERDONK, D. D.
Bishop of the Diocese of New-York,
And Professor of the Nature, Ministry, and Polity of the Church, in the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

SECOND EDITION.

PREACHED AND PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE WARDENS AND VESTRYMEN OF ST. CLEMENT'S.

1841

SERMON.

In proceeding, beloved brethren, to the melancholy office asked of me, on this occasion, by the wardens and vestrymen of this parish, my mind is absorbed with emotions of the most solemn and peculiar character. To do justice to the deceased is the obvious dictate of duty, and of an affection around which cluster reminiscences, both personal and official, to which every day, and almost every hour, make additions of the deepest interest to my heart. Your late pastor was known and loved by very many, and indeed known only to be loved. Certainly, however, there are but few, probably not any, present, whose recollections of him are anterior to those of him who now addresses you. There can be none whose recollections embrace events of such sacred interest as do mine. It is now some six and thirty years since, as school-fellows, we enjoyed together the benefit of the instructions of a beloved and honored minister of Christ,* who, numbering among the Bishops and Clergy of our church, no small portion of those who have the privilege of looking back to his instructions as an important part of the foundation on which, by God's blessing,

* The Rev. Edmund D. Barry, D. D.

were raised whatever of qualification for their holy functions they may have been allowed to exercise, is still with us, active and useful among the people whose privilege it is to have him as a pastor, and the youths who wait on the instructions, and are favored with the counsels and monitions of a faithful, devoted, and conscientious teacher; and respected and beloved by the brethren and friends who appreciate the perpetually strengthening claims of worth and excellence which length of time serves but the more fully to illustrate.

But the holiest and most interesting of the reminiscences of my departed brother, are furnished by the facts that there were completed, during the last summer, twenty-eight years since, kneeling side by side, and within a few days of the same age, we were together admitted, by the great and good Hobart, to the order of Deacons; and twenty-five years since, also together, we were raised by the same venerated hands, to the Priesthood.* It will not, therefore, be surprising that my feelings on this occasion should be peculiarly solemn and interesting. And the peculiarity thus imparted to them has been rendered still more heartfelt, by the perpetually recurring claims upon my personal affections and official love, respect, and confidence, which have marked our long series of personal and official intercourse. And now that it has pleased God that that intercourse should be known no more on earth, that my brother is taken, and I am left to mourn his

* Dr. Bayard and the author were ordained Deacons in Grace Church, New York, Aug. 2, 1812, and Priests in Trinity Church, Newark, New Jersey, July 26, 1815, Dr. Bayard being then the minister of that Church, and Bishop Hobart--the Diocese of New Jersey, being vacant---acting by request of the standing committee thereof.

loss, and turn my mind back on the melancholy recollection of his virtues and his worth, and am come to speak to the beloved portion of my flock which constituted his parochial charge, as our common bereavement, and I trust mutual sympathy, may lead me to speak, I ask myself how it were best for me to speak. My mind fastens at once on that genuine christian *disinterestedness* which was among the most prominent evidences that he was a christian indeed, an experienced christian, a man whose piety was of the most vital stamp. Where he had one thought for himself, he had many benevolent plans, intentions and desires for others. For one purpose that he formed, having for its object aught of his own, present or future, his mind was filled with many, and all for good, towards the cause of Christ and the Church, his parish, his family, his friends, and indeed all who sustained to him the relation of fellow christian and fellow man. And when I ask myself, how shall I speak on this mournful occasion? How shall I most do justice to his memory? Methinks I hear a voice from the holy happy rest of paradise, which says, Say not much of me: think rather of my people and my friends: give them words of consolation, and O give them words that may profit: seek what was ever nearest to my heart, their spiritual good: strive to make my death, through God's blessing, subservient to the great object for which I labored and prayed among them. O I would not that one of them should be wanting in the number of my companions in this blessed state of joy and hope, or in the heavenly inheritance that will succeed it, when our Saviour will call the blessed of His Father to

the kingdom prepared for them from the beginning of the world.

Brethren, I must listen to this voice, and ceasing for a while to speak of my beloved friend and brother who has been torn from us, and humbly beseeching God to direct and bless the undertaking, call you to thoughts which may tend to the proper improvement of this heavy day of sadness and of sorrowing.

But sadness and mourning though there are, in the very core of our hearts, it is not the sadness and mourning of those without hope. O no, there is a hope, a blessed hope, which chastens all sorrow, and overcomes all fear. I would not be so ungrateful to the Father of mercies, and God of all consolation, as to be insensible of it. There is much to cheer, much to animate, much to bring indeed joy and gladness to our hearts, that penetrates even to the very depth of our affliction. I would be governed by this blessed consideration in selecting the portion of Holy Writ from which to invite you now to draw your reflections. I know of none that more richly embodies the various considerations that may be considered proper to this mournful occasion, than the following portion of the first chapter of the first Epistle general of St. Peter.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which, according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you who are kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time: wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, (if need be) ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations; that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be

*found unto praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ; whom having not seen ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory, receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.**

Be this eloquent and impressive strain of address now the subject of our solemn consideration. It is fraught with those essential principles of christian faith, those pure motives of christian holiness, those rich sources of evangelical consolation, and as a just consequent from these, that wholesome warning to the thoughtless, the ungodly, and the unprepared to die, which your late pastor, were he on earth, would desire to enlist in the improvement of such a providence.

The passage is perfectly characteristic of its author. Great zeal and earnestness were ever St. Peter's ruling emotion. Instances, indeed there were, in which—the influence of religion being, for the time, cast off—these emotions produced rash impetuosity, and even boldness and hardihood of offence. More generally, however, they signalized him as a devoted and zealous apostle. In the discharge of his high functions, he addressed an epistle "to the strangers scattered throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia and Bithynia," who had been converted to the faith of Christ.

After the usual apostolical salutation, he enters, with an abruptness indicative of his zealous interest in the theme, on the ascription of glory to God for the inestimable blessings connected with the resurrection of Christ, and the brilliant exhibition of them afforded in the text.

In considering this passage, we are first led to

* 1 St. Peter, I, 3---9.

reflect on the *greatness* of the mercy which it celebrates—Which hath "*begotten us again*"—hath regenerated—hath created us anew—"to a lively hope."

All the purity, holiness, and happiness, attached to human nature, as it first proceeded from its Maker's hands, were lost by the fall. That, removing the perfection that characterized our species, removed it from the state of favor with God, into which He, as an infinitely pure and holy Being, could not admit creatures sinful and corrupt. Alienation from God, despair of His mercy, and exposure to His wrath, which himself could not change, became the state of man. Dying to his pristine purity, innocence, and happiness, he could attain again to the spiritual life, only by the interposition of that power and love, which first brought him from the dust of the earth to the capability of enjoying the delights of paradise. That power and love were thus exercised. The latter *prompted*, and the former was engaged to *execute* a stupendous plan, whereby the justice and holiness of God were to be satisfied, so that His mercy, consistently with His infinite perfections, might be extended to man.

According to this plan, the Second Person in the Trinity, God the Son, took the human nature, that by sufferings and death, rendered, by His divinity, infinitely meritorious, He might make atonement for that first transgression, and for the unnumbered sins that must be its inevitable consequence, if the race was suffered to remain, which could thus inherit but a depraved and corrupt nature. By the merit of this gracious atonement, man is again admitted into that covenant with God from which he wilfully withdrew. From that loss of spiritual,

and forfeiture of eternal life, which were the dread anathema pronounced on the sacrifice of his primeval innocence, and thus from death to all his spiritual privileges and hopes, he is "*begotten again*"—not to the joys of an earthly paradise; for God, in His justice and wisdom, is pleased to order that man's earthly pilgrimage still bear dreadful testimony against the heinousness of sin, and exhibit mournful revelation of the wrath of Heaven against all unrighteousness of men; nor to the pristine purity and perfection of his nature here—but "unto a lively hope" of "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in Heaven."

Through the "abundant mercy" of "God," manifested in the redemption that is in "our Lord Jesus Christ," the faithful christian is rescued from spiritual and eternal death, and "begotten again unto a lively hope" that after this frail, sinful and suffering life, "an inheritance" awaits him which is "*incorruptible*"—unlike the riches of the world, which moth and rust corrupt, which are tarnished by possession, and which perish in the using; "*undefiled*"—ministering nothing to impure and unholy affections, nor tending to the baneful consequences of excess and abuse; "and *that fadeth not away*"—unlike the mere temporary durability of earthly good so often, with mournful suddenness, and heart-rending disappointment, blasting earthly hopes, *eternal*, for ever yielding unabated joys.

The "hope" of this is sealed to the faithful christian "by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." For that great event is incontestible proof of the justness of His claim to be the Mediator between God and man; and of His possessing

that divinity which fitted Him to be an all-sufficient Saviour; is an evidence of the Father's acceptance of His atonement; and therefore encourages us to hope for the pardon and favor purchased by that atonement. It brings good tidings of great joy from the grave, and the world unseen, and is a pledge and earnest of our deliverance from the hands of death, and the custody of hell.

The contemplation of this "abundant mercy," begetting "us again unto" this "lively hope," displays an infinite condescension of divine grace in behalf of man, which, if ought else could have availed, we cannot suppose would have been manifested; and which stamps with the character of the hardiest presumption a claim to that hope on the ground of our own merit, or as of our own procuring—a claim, not more hostile to evangelical doctrine, than to a dispassionate view of our own hearts and characters.

The glorious "inheritance," to the hope of which we are begotten by the resurrection of Christ, is "reserved in heaven for" those "who are kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation." not by their own power, or their own righteousness, but by *the power of God*—by that almighty grace which is promised to those who are humbly sensible of their need of it, who diligently seek it, and who faithfully improve it; and "who are kept by the power of God *through faith*"—faith in a divine Saviour, the Mediator between God and man, our Advocate with the Father—a true and living faith, placing all hope on His merits, as the only procuring *cause*, and working by love, in diligently applying to the duties which are the *conditions* of our justification. To this faith is annexed the promise

of that "power of God" which will keep its subject "unto salvation," support him under trials, deliver him from difficulties and dangers, strengthen him against temptation, comfort him in the hour of death, raise him up at the last day, enable him to stand before the Son of man in judgment, and bear him to the inheritance of the saints in light. "Unto" this "salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time"—the close of the dispensation which places man in trial for eternity,---the power of God will keep His faithful people.

In this, brethren, "ye" who are God's faithful people should "greatly rejoice, though now, for a season (if need be), ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations"—though in your mortal pilgrimage trials press heavily upon you. For they are the chastenings of a Father's hand, inflicted only "*if need be*"—if He sees them to be necessary for your good. They are but "*for a season*," as "the trial of your faith" and of the sincerity and perseverance of your allegiance to your God. Let them draw you closer to Him, and produce that holy superiority to a disappointing world, that sincere devotion to the only Source of unmixed and permanent delight, that disrelish for the corrupt and corrupting ways of sin, that removal from scenes of temptation, and that holy longing for another and a better world, whereby "the trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold, that perisheth, though it be tried with fire," may be found unto praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ."

Filled with the lively hope, and cheered by the unspeakable consolations, of your religion, the Saviour who procured them for you, though "hav-

ing not seen, ye love." In Him, "though now ye see Him not, yet believing,"—believing Him to have made peace by the blood of his cross, overcome the sharpness of death, opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers, and thus provided rest from all their toil, and remuneration for all their sufferings,—"ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." For what can harm you? Let temptation assault, or afflictions come, "you are kept by the power of God." "Your faith" is undergoing a "trial," which, if it endure, will "be found unto praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ." Steady then in your perseverance, again I say, Rejoice. Ye shall receive "the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls." At last to attain to this, for what trials, sufferings, and exertions is it not an abundant recompense?

My brethren, we who would be among the happy number to whom may be addressed the words of the apostle that have now been considered, must remember that in order to do this we must have that "faith" to which is annexed the promise of the preserving "power of God." This comprises an acknowledgment of Jesus as our Divine Redeemer, who, in the human nature taken into union with his divinity, shed his blood to atone for our sins, and intercedes for us at the right hand of God; and without whose mediation we could have no hope of pardon or of the Divine favor. This faith, therefore, is opposed to the idea of our own merit, or our own power to obtain salvation, and supposes undivided trust in the efficacy of his atonement and intercession.

This faith must not stop at the conviction of the

understanding, but must warmly and thoroughly interest the heart, producing in it a deep sense of our need of the Saviour, a sincere embracing of him in all his offices, a living union with him, and a controlling solicitude to experience the blessings of his grace. It should manifest its sincerity by working by love, and drawing us into habitual devotion to his service and observance of his laws. It should lead to the grateful improvement of those *preventing* influences of his grace, which, given by virtue of the universality of his redemption to every man to profit withal, by the due direction of his moral agency, enable us to commence the work of a religious life. It should lead us also diligently to seek, by the use of the appointed means, and faithfully to improve, that *furthering* grace which is the merciful exercise of the power of God, essential to keep us unto salvation.

Our faith, too, should be sufficiently strong to lead us to prefer spiritual and eternal to all mere temporal good, and to make the glory of God and the welfare of our souls the objects of our chief care, anxiety, and exertion. It should lead us to despise the sneers and ridicule of the profane, and to rise above whatever in the opinions or practices of the world is hostile to the spirit of our holy religion. It should direct our view, with convincing clearness, to the hand of God, ordering and controlling all events, and thus produce willing and cheerful submission to whatever he may suffer to befal us. It should be of that thoroughly practical character which will bring the whole man under the influence of the religious and moral precepts of the gospel, should lead him in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord, and should

fashion his life after that pattern which would be owned as the genuine work of the Spirit, in the first and purest days of the gospel.

To any character short of this, the word of God will not suffer us to address the consolations of religion. But we must warn him to beware, lest, in an hour when he thinks not of it, he be called to answer for his deficiences to a just and jealous God. His is not the inheritance of the saints in light. It must, therefore, be that only other everlasting portion, the heritage of the devil and his angels.

Those who have commenced the walk of the religious life, and are anxiously striving to proceed, feeble and faltering as may be their steps, we would encourage to persevere, to put not their trust in themselves, to rely for help on the power of God, and to seek His grace, in faith, by all the appointed means. It will be granted; for He has promised it. He may see fit to try them by delay; but their humble and faithful perseverance will be fully recompensed.

To those who may hope that they are progressing in the divine life, and through the aid of grace going on unto perfection, we would address the voice of sincere congratulation. But we would mingle with it that of friendly warning. *Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.* Beware of presumption. Beware of spiritual pride. Remember, not unto yourselves, but unto God, is due the praise of any advancement which you may have made in the Christian course. If He withdraw His grace, you must fall back. And distant, awfully distant, then, will be the probability of a recovery.

And remember, that grace is promised only to the *humble*, and to those who, in humility and sin-

cerity of heart, faithfully *exert themselves.* It is a sad abuse of the comfortable and supporting doctrine of spiritual influence, and introduces inconsistency into the gospel scheme, to imagine that therefore human agency is less necessary or important. The offers of divine grace are made to direct and aid, not to supersede, our moral agency. And as man slackens his own endeavors, so, proportionably, will God withdraw His grace. The power of God unto salvation will be exerted in their behalf only who cherish that true and living faith which is manifested by sincere devotion to the great duty of *working out their own salvation.* Without divine grace, indeed, that work cannot be performed. But it must be attended to, and that with an earnestness, solicitude, and diligence, proportioned to its infinite magnitude and importance; because God requires it at our hands, and because He has promised to enable us to do it, and to accept and bless it, when faithfully performed.

Preserving, then, ye who are engaged in this great work, your faith, humility, and diligent and devoted perseverance, you may depend upon being "kept by the power of God unto salvation." In all your troubles and difficulties, you will have cause still "greatly" to "rejoice," assured that they are but a Father's kindly "trial of your faith, unto praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ." And at last, you will receive "the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls;" and be admitted to the eternal vision and enjoyment of Him "whom, having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet, believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." What then must be that joy wherewith they will rejoice

who will see Him in the glory which He had with His Father before the world was!

Delightful, my brethren, as it is to hold up, for the encouragement of the faithful, the blessed rewards promised to them in the word of God, the painful reflection not unfrequently presents itself, that there is no small danger of this important branch of the ministerial commission being wrested to selfish purposes by those who have in it no part nor lot. It behoves us, therefore, carefully to guard the exhibition of the promises of the Gospel from the abuse which would make them speak peace to those to whom there is no peace, saith our God. An utter contempt of the blessings of grace and salvation is not often really felt, however it may be sometimes strongly indicated in the character and conduct. But that light estimation of them which regards them as worthy of but a very small effort, is far from being uncommon. A profession of Christianity, a decent compliance with some of its religious duties, a tolerably correct moral deportment, and all in perfect subserviency to main devotion to the world, is the height to which a lamentable proportion of those who name the name of Christ, carry their compliance with the principles and precepts of His religion. And yet they presume to think that they may apply to themselves the gracious promises which He makes to his people. This miserable delusion not unfrequently lulls them into fatal security.

If Christians would inform themselves better of the nature and obligations of their religion, this inconsistency would be far less prevalent. But they make religion quite a secondary concern. The pursuits and pleasures of the world occupy

much time, care, and exertion, and what remains, after no small abatement for mere indolence and sloth, is given to the infinitely momentous concerns of their souls. Presence, once or twice a week, at the services and instructions of the sanctuary, and then as much attention to them as is perfectly consistent with the convenience and humor of the moment, and an occasional appropriation of a short time to a careless perusal of a portion of the Bible, or some other good book, and this, principally, on parts of the Lord's day not occupied with business or recreation, or wasted in sloth, are—may I not appeal to the consciences of many of my hearers for the truth ?—the amount of the heed which is given by multitudes of Christians to growing in that knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation. And will *they—dare* they—apply to themselves the blessings of the Gospel ? Is this the fulfilment of the demand, *My son give Me thy heart ?* Is this loving God with *all* the *heart*, *all* the *mind*, *all* the *soul*, and *all* the *strength ?* Their intellectual must have become as enfeebled as their spiritual part, if they see not, at once, that this will not do; that they have not the true faith of the Gospel; that they are Christians but in name; and that, deceive fellow-men as they will, and delude themselves as, in thoughtlessness, they may, in the all-searching eye of God, that eye which looks into their hearts, and sees their ruling dispositions, affections, and motives, they are still in that miserable state which will fully justify His awful denunciation, *Depart from Me, I never knew you.* O ! may they think of this in time ! The time to think of it is fast passing by them. Another short, another very short delay, and it may have fled forever.

Beloved brethren, I have done what I know your late pastor would have wished—may I not say more —may I not say *has* wished—in the state of happiness in which we cannot think it is denied him to have a continued interest in your welfare—should have been done on this occasion—called you to a practical improvement, consoling to the righteous, but full of warning and threatening to the wicked, the worldly, and the inconsiderate, of the solemn occasion in which our hearts now mingle in mournful sympathy. But O how imperfectly! Could my dear brother, with the blessed experience which has now been vouchsafed him, have been by me, how would he have exhorted me to more plainness and more point in endeavoring to draw sinners by the persuasive terrors of the Lord, from the error of their ways! May God forgive me wherein I have been remiss, and vouchsafe, in aid of my imperfect endeavors, the effectual workings of His Holy Spirit!

That Divine Author and Giver of all good in man, is pleased to act by His blessing on means and instruments, and on human sympathies, sensibilities, and motives, tending to the purposes and ends of faith, holiness, and virtue.

No appeals are more strongly made in God's word, or from that more beautifully or forcibly transferred to the Liturgy, than to our affectionate recollections of the counsels and examples of the faithful departed. And surely never could such appeal come home to our hearts with greater interest and force than now. Counsels and examples drawn from God's pure word, animated by the vivifying breath of His Blessed Spirit, and fraught with all the practical excellences of the beauty of

evangelical holiness, are now present to your minds, maintaining there an interest warm in the warmth of love, and strong in the strength of conscientious conviction of duty.

To remind you fully, beloved brethren of this parish, of the counsels which you have been wont to receive from this sacred place, would be to present you with the Gospel in detail; the purity and integrity of its faith; the momentous agency assigned to its Church; the divinely established principles and order in subservience to which that agency is to be fulfilled; and the practical holiness and virtue of heart and life which, in the cherishing of that faith, and in union and communion with that Church, are appointed means and conditions of the full and eternal benefits of the grace of God which bringeth salvation through Jesus Christ. O! how have these counsels been heeded? Will it, in the day of final account at the bar of God, appear that they have been improved to the blessed everlasting purposes of love and mercy, for which they were imparted, under the high and holy commission of the ministry of God? Or—But, brethren, need I put the dreadful alternative? you know full well that the labors of the ministry cannot be without effect. If they tend not to salvation, they must to condemnation, and that for all eternity. You have not seen your pastor for the last time. You are to meet him at the bar of God. Shall he there witness for you or against you? If heretofore your characters and conduct have manifested your choice of the latter hard and dreadful alternative, O still be wise in time. Humble yourself in penitent search for that mercy which still waiteth that it may be gracious. It may yet wait but a very little

while. Your opportunities have been great, and your privileges precious. Proportionably horrible must be the punishment, if you suffer them to have been all in vain.

But those of that good shepherd's flock who, knowing, have heard and heeded his voice, and conscious that its counsels where those in which he had been instructed by the great Inspirer of all truth, have earnestly prayed for the grace of God, and diligently and solicitously endeavored to improve that grace, that they might profit by his holy labors—*they* derive from those counsels the purest consolation in this their hour of sorrow and of mourning. They have informed their understandings, and interested their affections, in those pure doctrines and holy precepts of the Gospel whence flow the most genuine comfort and the firmest support under all trials and afflictions. O, brethren, feel you not now that consolation and support? Though dead, does not your pastor yet speak to you in words of holy import, to which this sacred desk was long familiarized, and which fond and faithful memory presents as even now sounding in your ears? And gather you not from those words comfort for this hour of trial, which the world can neither give nor take away, and a support of strength sufficient to banish all fear, and bring in the blessed influences of that perfect love of God, which doubteth not that all is for the best, and even rejoices in full confidence of that far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory which will follow, as their issue, to the true Christian, the sufferings of the present time? Yes: and those counsels, rich in the monitions and instructions of the word of God, have treasured up in your hearts principles and

precepts which, for your perpetual guidance in the paths of evangelical holiness and virtue, wait, a standing monitor, to guide and warn you in your search for true wisdom's paths—*This is the way: walk ye in it.*

Nor only in this hallowed place of public preaching were those councils given. They blest you in his visits from house to house. When walking by the way, they made your hearts to burn within you. They have brought comfort to your firesides in hours of distress and mourning; made it good for you to have him in your domestic and friendly circle; and edified and consoled your dying relatives and friends, and yourselves in the loss of them.

And both in public and in private, when the unhallowed ingenuity of man's fallen mind perplexed you by the multitude of shapes and forms in which it has cast what should be the one profession of all the followers of Jesus, and you sought counsel of your pastor how you should judge and determine for yourselves, you found him not unprepared. Meekly submissive to the will of Jesus, he asked what that was, looking for the reply to the inspired pages, and to primitive catholicity as their best interpreter. And as he found it, so he imparted it to you, undisguisedly, uncompromisingly, fully. He knew nought of that pride of human intellect which erects human judgment into a guide where divine determination is to be found. Thither, therefore, he sought to lead you; casting aside all fear of man, and love of man's favor and applause, and knowing and owning only the authority of Christ. And perfectly satisfied, not by force of early training, for that was adverse, but by subsequent deep, deliberate, conscientious, enlightened conviction, that

Christ's counsel was embodied in the standards and institutions of the church to whose ministry he was so long devoted, he drew from them his counsels to his people, and gave them clearly, unhesitatingly, fearlessly, and faithfully.

And O, see that ye forget not, brethren, any of those counsels of this man of God with which you have been blessed. They will doubtless be his also whom God, by the due order of His Church, may send you in the place of him whom He has removed. Ever cherish them with faith and prayer; and ever affectionately remembering him who so faithfully spoke unto you those words of life, let none of the opposing influences of this wicked world draw off your care, solicitude, and exertions, from the great end which he ever had in view, the salvation of your souls.

Nor in the prosecution of that end has he left you only those counsels which are uttered by the mouth. His ministry was richly fraught with that nobler and more convincing monition which a good life affords.

But here, my brethren, you among whom he so long went in and out, as a pastor, a neighbor, and a friend, anticipate all that I could say. "Ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily, and justly, and unblameably" he "behaved" himself "among you," as well "as how" he "exhorted and comforted, and charged every one of you, as a father doth his children, that ye would walk worthy of God who hath called you unto His kingdom and glory." You felt that in his presence, you were in the presence of a true and consistent Christian, and therefore of a faithful friend, and of a man of unflinching integrity, of sound principles, of virtuous

affections and sensibilities, of the most expansive benevolence, disinterested almost to a fault, and in whom the love of the truth and of the right yielded to nothing; and were it tried, would show the firmness of adamant, where, as long as principle allowed, kindly sensibility rather showed the ready impressiveness of the yielding wax. You saw, when there was no compromise of Christian seriousness, dignity, and purity, with what cheerfulness and hilarity he ministered to the joys of social intercourse; and yet, when danger of such compromise was near, how inflexibly he maintained his Christian integrity. You saw how beautifully he illustrated the practical influence of that law of Christian sympathy, rejoicing with those who rejoice, and weeping with those who weep. Yes, brethren, here you have seen among you under circumstances of peculiar tenderness, the good and faithful Christian friend. The poorest and humblest have herein had experience equal to that of any; the happy have found their joys increased in him, and in him the suffering have found every grief alleviated.

Thus, brethren, in holiness, disinterestedness, and love, love to God and man, did he manifest the genuineness of his Christian faith, the fulness of his Christian experience, and the true vital piety which pervaded and formed his character and life. His were a holiness and virtue which it was for others duly to appreciate. They were too sound and too genuine to be much thought of by himself. Their soundness and genuineness included, as they ever will, the cardinal Christian grace of humility—thinking not more highly of himself than he ought to think—in lowliness of mind, esteeming other better than himself. This greatest of Christian vir-

tues, enlightened in its character, and deepened in its influence, by the true faith of the gospel, marked his intercourse with fellow men, and his waiting upon God in the appointed ordinances of His religion. It led him to feel the necessity and appreciate the value of those ordinances, and apply to them as that necessity and value prompted.

Such, dear brethren, was the example by which your pastor enforced the holy counsels which he imparted, and showed you how they should be improved. See you not how great weight of obligation and responsibility is thus laid upon you, and what bearing all this must have on the account that you must render at the bar of God?

Brethren, I have condoled with you in this your heavy calamity, and this has been accompanied, in the strictest sense of the term, with *sympathetic* affection; for mine too has been no common loss. Doctor Bayard was a Presbyter whom any Bishop might rejoice to have, and whose official and general personal qualifications had, in his case, the increased interest of old and faithful friendship. I never knew him false. I never knew him wavering. He had a true Churchman's *heart*, a thing too rare in these our days. We have many among us who can give in fullest force all arguments in favor of episcopacy and a liturgy, who are as regular as canons and rubrics can require, who would feel wounded were their churchmanship suspected, who are pious and exemplary in their characters, and as far as their principles go, honest and duly zealous. But there is a want about them which can better be appreciated than described. It is the want, in all its true bearings, of the churchman's *heart*—of a quick and lively sensibility to what is right, and a

thorough drinking, so to speak, into the very spirit of the Church. This my beloved departed brother had. He felt towards the Church as a son towards a mother; nay, more, as a devout Christian towards the spouse of his Lord and only Saviour Jesus Christ. His first thoughts were ever towards her. His constant fear was, lest in aught he should be untrue to her, and his constant effort to let her in all things be honored, and her sacred interests in all things promoted. Once convince his understanding—and he was not ashamed that even that should have a bias towards CHRIST and the Church—that her interests, and fidelity to her principles, required a certain course; and there you always found him. He felt that he was not his own; and freely gave himsef to the cause which was dearer to him than life. Such were his principles in his daily intercourse with brethren and fellow members of the Church; and such the principles which he brought into her counsels, and into the various institutions in aid of her legitimate peculiar work of promoting the cause of her divine Lord and Head, in which he so faithfully labored. We were never at a loss where to find him. None, I believe, were ever disappointed in him. All admired his consistency, though there may have been those who could not in all things sympathize with his principles and views.

Brethren, it is forbidden me to speak of the last days of him whose loss we all deplore. The details for which, be they what they may, affection longs, have not yet reached us; and conjecture would here be obviously out of place.* But with the

*Up to the time of penning this note (January 8) we are still uninformed of the particulars of this melancholy event. All that we know is, that he died at sea, probably in August last, on board a steamer, on his homeward passage from Beyrout to

word of God, and our knowledge of the character of the departed for our guide, we may cherish the delightfully consoling assurance, that no matter under what circumstances his last sickness was suffered, and his last breath drawn, *the end of that man was peace*. His life was a life of faith in the Son of God---faith pure in its principles and holy in its influences, because in both its principles and influences truly evangelical. Therefore it is that we have no occasion to weep for him. His, we doubt not, has been a glorious and a happy change. But for ourselves, there is great cause to mourn; for you the beloved and loving people of his charge; for the Church in this diocese, which has lost a friend, true, honest and sincere, as friend could be; for the Church at large, whose interest is great in every good and faithful pastor; and for the whole circle who knew him as friend and neighbor. With all I sympathise as one who feels, indeed, that their loss is shared largely by himself. But there are others who sorrow with a grief which none besides can feel. For the widow and the fatherless let our prayers ascend to the Gracious and All-Merciful Protector, who declares in His holy word that He does not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men, but punishes them for their own good; and that the afflictions of the present time are graciously designed to be so received and improved as to work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. May the Father of the fatherless, and the Protector of the widow, be their strong consolation and their support!

And let us all, brethren, lay to heart, for our

Malta, about a day before the vessel reached the latter place, and that he was there buried at the Lazarette.

comfort in our present trial, and in all our afflictions, and as our guide in the momentous duty of considering our latter end, and preparing for the great change which awaits us, the message which the beloved divine received in the revelations that were made to him on Patmos, and which the Church so beautifully introduces in the hallowed service for the burial of her dead :---" I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, write, from henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors."

THE OFFICE OF THE CHURCH.

COMBINING THE LABORS OF THE CLERGY AND LAITY.

A SERMON,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE DIOCESE OF NEW YORK, OCTOBER 2, 1834.

BY THE REV. L. P. BAYARD, A. M.

RECTOR OF ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH, NEW YORK.

1835.

SERMON.

Ps. xc. 17.—"*And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us: Yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.*"

That Moses was the author of this Psalm, appears to have been the opinion of many eminent critics of antiquity. All the versions ascribe it to him; and yet the limitation of the average term of human life to the span of seventy or eighty years, renders it so improbable that it should have been penned at an age when they often reached one hundred and twenty, that many judicious writers have referred its authorship to some inspired person who wrote it during, or after, the captivity—probably when they were engaged in rebuilding the temple at Jerusalem; and this may be the work of their hands, which, in the text, they pray God to bless and prosper.

Whatever uncertainty may rest upon the occasion which called forth this sacred elegy, which so pathetically sets forth the fragility of human life, there can be but one opinion as to the appropriate use of its concluding strain, on the present occasion.

It is with a mingled variety of strong and anxious feelings that the office is undertaken, to which your preacher is quite unexpectedly called, and at a notice indeed far too limited for such a calm and deliberate view of the duty imposed, as its importance so

justly demands, or, as the present solemn convocation of the church has so just a right to expect. Casting himself, therefore, wholly upon the indulgence of his respected auditory—and placing all his trust in that Divine assistance and encouragement which the text invokes, he will solicit your attention, for a short time, to a consideration of the WORK before us which combines, in its required agency, the judicious and zealous exertions of the clergy and of the laity.

For this work, all the revelation of the law and of the gospel, shed forth the light of divine truth. For this work was bespoken at Heaven's high behest, the labors of redeeming love which were engaged "in gathering together in one, the children of God that were scattered abroad;" and thus called out from the midst of an apostate world, they become a chosen generation, a peculiar people, who should show forth the praises of their divine deliverer. The name which is given to this company of faithful people, is the CHURCH OF GOD. "Feed the church of God," (says the great apostle,) "which he purchased with his own blood." And it would hence seem obvious that it cannot be an institution of man's device, or subject to his will or caprice, to choose, to change, or reject. It is "of God," and like all the works of his hands, we are to consider it perfect of its kind. It is "of God," and claiming his protection, it is assured of indefectibility in the promise, that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," and "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," that is, with those who "continue in the apostle's doctrine, and fellowship, and in breaking of bread and in prayers;" with those who "hold to the one

body, the one spirit, the one hope of our calling. The one Lord, the one faith, the one baptism, the one God and father of all." Various are the names by which the church of God is recommended to our attention, in holy scripture, and from these names we learn its nature and use. It is represented to us, as a *kingdom*, a *city*, a *household*, a *body*, and as the *pillar* of the *truth*.

As a kingdom—it has Christ, the Prince of Peace, the King of Kings, and the Lord of Lords, for its heavenly Sovereign—to whom all power is given in heaven and on earth.

It is called the city of the living God: and Christians are said to be fellow-citizens with the saints. It is a family, of which Christ is the master, of whom the whole family in heaven and on earth is named, and into which, being admitted by baptism, we receive the spirit of adoption, whereby we are allowed, and enabled to call the great Lord of heaven and earth, our father. It is a body having many members, whereof Christ is the head; and it is called the pillar and ground of the truth, thereby to represent the service it is ordained to render, in the support of those gracious designs, which are developed in the revelation of God. In all these epithets, we observe that the church is considered as an outward and visible society, unequivocal and undisguised—possessing all the powers and privileges, and imposing on its members, all the relative duties implied by these allusions.

As a city and kingdom, the church must be governed by its proper officers, deriving their spiritual power and authority from that heavenly Sovereign, who is the blessed and only potentate, the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. As a

household must not be divided against itself, that it may stand and flourish, it must be upheld in unity and order, and by such a reasonable submission to wholesome discipline, as in the institutions of human appointment is considered necessary to be imposed on all who are admitted to their privileges and fellowship.

As a family—the almighty Father must, in all things, direct and guide his children, appointing for them approved teachers and masters, and training them up in the way of life eternal, from which they are never to depart.

As a body, all the members must be joined to the head, and to one another, that they may receive life and motion for the discharge of their several functions—and as the pillar and ground of the truth, is evident that the stupendous structure of grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ, is thus declared to be sustained by the Christian Church, its appointed keeper, and that the pillar and the structure must stand or fall together — illustrative of which is the fact confirmed to us by all past history, that we can hardly point to any considerable error that has invaded the church, but by an infraction made upon the Episcopal authority. When from a consideration of these epithets and allusions, we observe the state of the world, wrapt, as to a considerable portion of it, in moral darkness, obscured by superstition and convulsed by sin—when we reflect how by nature "we all as sheep have gone astray," and that it was the benevolent design of the great shepherd and bishop of souls, to gather us to his fold, we are then instructed not only in the nature, but in the use of his Church. In a combined view of all the epithets which have been

applied in holy scripture, it is the great authorized agent of heaven for the preparation of a guilty world for the pardon and bliss of heaven, through the atoning merits of Jesus Christ. This magnificent work is the work of that church which we profess in our creed to believe as holy, catholic and apostolic. A divinely constituted ministry in three orders, presents the government of the Church as "evidently appearing unto all men diligently reading holy scripture and ancient authors;"* and upon these true and lawfully appointed servants of Christ, in conjunction with the people committed to their charge, is devolved the great work for the success of which the prayer of the text is fervently breathed.

"Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us!—and establish thou the work of our hands upon us. Yea, the work of our hands establish thou it." The important work which is incumbent with high and holy obligation upon all who profess and call themselves Christians, combines the ardent and persevering exertions of the Christian ministry, and of the people committed to their charge. The subject then divides itself into two general heads of discourse.

I. The work of the ministry.

II. The work of the people.

Under the first head, the work of the ministry, we have offered to our consideration, the responsible trust, the difficulties, and the consolations of the ministry.

To illustrate the nature of that trust which God has committed to the ministry, the scriptures employ a variety of terms descriptive of their office and

* Preface to the Ordinal.

duties — and the Church, in her office for the ordering of priests, has an especial reference to these terms in the solemn charge to the candidates who are presented for ordination.

They are styled watchmen, ambassadors, stewards, and pastors—now all these indicate responsibility, and imply a trust. As watchmen, they are to stand upon the battlements of the city of the living God, and warn men of approaching danger. As ambassadors, they are despatched, as it were, from the court of heaven to bear to a guilty world, the glad tidings of grace and salvation. As stewards, they have committed to them the mysteries of divine mercy, of which they are to dispense to the people their respective portions in due season. And as pastors they are to feed the flock committed to their charge, with that bread of life which cometh down from heaven.

From all these, there arises responsibility. If neglecting to warn the sinner, that if he remains in a state of enmity with his God, he must perish everlastingly, he suffers the adversary to approach and take possession; "If the watchman see the sword come and blow not the trumpet, and the people be not warned. If the sword come and take any person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity—but his blood will I require at the watchman's hand."* As ambassadors, they hold in their hands the propositions of mercy and the treaty of reconciliation.

But if intimidated by the persecution of the world, or allured by its blandishments, they concede to the sinner what they are expressly forbid-

* Ezek. xxxiii. 6.

den; if they dishonor their heavenly Sovereign, by fearing to maintain the sanctity of his laws—or if, courting popularity, they treacherously compromise the truth, and agree to terms derogatory to his majesty, disgrace must be their portion, and the shame and contempt of their heavenly judge their miserable punishment. As stewards, they have entrusted to them, on the one hand, the souls of men, which by their kind and watchful care are to be improved in the graces of the Christian life—and on the other, the mysteries of divine mercy, the sincere milk and meat of the divine word, which is to be assigned to each his portion in due season. But if they neglect thus to dispense to the people these bounties of divine grace; if they make the ministry merely the stepping-stone of their own elevation, an awful condemnation awaits them in that day when they shall be called to give, in the presence of an assembled universe, and before the bar of an insulted God, an exact account of their stewardship. Finally, as pastors, they are to feed the flock. They are then "to seek for Christ's sheep, that are dispersed abroad, and for his children who are in the midst of this naughty world, that they may be saved through Christ forever."* How great a treasure then is committed to their charge. The people whom they serve are the sheep of Christ, which he bought with his death, and for whom he shed his blood. Why should any of them perish while the shepherd is in the midst of them, gathering them to the fold of the Church, and preparing them for heaven? But if ignorant of that love for the souls of men which the chief shepherd

* Office for ordaining of priests.

evinced by laying down his life for the sheep, the hireling fleeth when the wolf cometh, he must expect at the great assize to receive from his abused master, the malediction of a hireling. Thus *responsible* is the work of the ministry. But I have said it is also a work of difficulty.

How various is the mind of man! What a diversity of opinion! What strange and conflicting passions that agitate his bosom!—what prejudices! —what interests! Amidst all these the ministry of reconciliation must hold its undeviating, inflexible course; uniting in its spirit, the wisdom of the serpent, with the harmlessness of the dove. Still, however, the possession of these heaven-born qualities will not always insure a universal respect and approbation. He that spake as never man spake, thus describes his reception by that people for whose salvation he unceasingly labored, "All the day long have I stretched out my hands unto a disobedient and gainsaying people," and his advocates have often found great reason to express themselves in terms of similar import.

Sound learning, heart-felt piety, uniform prudence, ardent zeal, affectionate and persuasive address; a deep-rooted desire for the eternal salvation of the souls committed to his trust; these are qualifications which seem necessary to be combined in the character of the Christian Pastor;—and without the possession of the chief of which, it is worse than in vain that the vows of the priesthood are upon him.

A city set upon a hill cannot be hid; the eminence of the sacred character exposes it to the most minute investigation, and those infirmities which are the lot of humanity, and which are more or less

numerous in other men, are too often, in the judgment which the world passes upon the reprovers of its folly, magnified to the denomination of vices. Certainly, when considering only the responsible trust and peculiar difficulties of the work of the ministry, it would seem as if the dignity and excellence of an arch-angel should be combined with the holy and flaming zeal of cherubim and seraphim to qualify for a station so high, so difficult, so dangerous, so important. But from the responsibility and difficulty of this work, let us turn to its consolations. Here let me be understood, as presupposing entire faithfulness in the discharge of duty, for to any other than a faithful pastor, the Christian ministry, so far from affording consolation, becomes the most irksome task, and most grievous burden that can be possibly imposed.

Observe, then, my brethren, the Christian pastor, in humble imitation of the chief shepherd, leading the flock of his charge with tender solicitude, beside the fountains of celestial comfort. From the moment he consecrated himself to the service of the altar, he has become crucified to the world, and the world is crucified to him. He drives from him secular cares, and holds sweet communion with the Father of Spirits. The law of the Lord is his peculiar delight; and "in his law doth he meditate day and night." This is the sacred armory from whence he takes those weapons which are mighty through God, to the pulling down the strong holds of sin, Satan, and death—and he is "not ashamed of the gospel of Christ," convinced that it is "the power of God unto salvation to them that believe." He knows it to be "profitable for doctrine—for reproof —for correction—for instruction in righteousness."

Applying, therefore, its salutary influence, first, to his own great deficiencies—and by persevering prayer, imploring the divine grace to give efficacy to its precepts, he endeavors, in simplicity and sincerity, to recommend to others, the holy comforts which he himself enjoys. Innocent and exemplary in his life and conversation; every persuasion he addresses to the people of his charge, comes with demonstration of the spirit and with power. His people know their minister is all they wish him to be, and he requires of them no greater sacrifices than he himself is ready to make.

When on the Lord's day, he leaves the closet of his devotions, for the public services of the sanctuary, with what joy does he embrace the occasion of drawing near the throne of the divine majesty; a holy awe possesses him, and he exclaims with the Patriarch, "surely the Lord is in this place."

When on bended knees he prostrates himself with his people before the mercy seat, and offers up the sacrifices of a contrite heart, with what tender solicitude does he bear them to the presence of their God. How earnestly does he ask for them the things which are requisite and necessary, as well for the body as the soul. With what elevation of devout feeling does he join in the offerings of praise, and in the voice of thanksgiving. He considers the worship of God the primary part of that work for which the assembly of the people is convened. This is more literally and emphatically, the word of God—and his house is therefore called in scripture, a house of prayer, and not a house of preaching. The exercises of the pulpit, though secondary to those of the desk, he still regards with that concern which their importance requires. When he enters

the pulpit, he considers himself as transacting the business of an ambassador from heaven, as though God did beseech the people by him, he prays them in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God. He considers the capacity of his people, and he endeavors to adapt himself to it; he considers their wants, and he endeavors to supply them; he considers their errors, and he seeks to correct them; he considers their sins, and he warns them to escape from impending wrath; he considers their immortality, and the account to be rendered at the bar of God, and he puts forth all his strength of persuasion to induce them to a preparation for the judgment scene; in one word, he anticipates the awful solemnities of that eventful scrutiny, and he leaves no exertion untried "that he may rejoice in the day of Christ, that he has not run in vain, neither labored in vain." That he may be able to say, "Behold, Lord, thy servant," and the people "thou hast given him." If you follow the Christian pastor from the pulpit to the altar, and observe him standing before the consecrated symbols of the body and blood of the Saviour, you will remark a new and most interesting communion of affection with the people of his trust.

Here he sees those dearly beloved in the Lord, whose hearts beat in unison with his own, high with a hope full of immortality.

With a thankful remembrance of the exceeding great love of their master, and only Saviour Jesus Christ, who died for them, they lift up their desires for the arrival of that blissful day, when these emblematical representations shall be exchanged for the fruition of heavenly delights in the courts of the church triumphant, when these occasioual refreshments shall be superseded by the fulness of joy in

the presence of God, and pleasures forever at his right hand. Oh, hallowed festivals! consecrated commemorations of redeeming love! how closely do ye bind together the Christian pastor with the people of his charge; how sufficient the consolations ye pour into his bosom, amid all the responsibility and difficulty of his work.

If leaving the sanctuary, you attend him in his more retired intercourse, you find him bearing to the sick and the afflicted, the balm of divine consolation, binding up the broken heart, and teaching the bereaved and disconsolate, the language of submission.

To the poor he bears the alms of the rich, and the free-will offerings of the benevolent, and he teaches them that "God hath chosen the poor in this world, rich in faith, and heirs of his kingdom of glory." The Christian pastor mingles with the world, but he mingles to purify it. The blameless example of his virtue, speaks a perpetual, though silent reproof, to the profane. It can scarcely occur that the faithful exercise of the sacred office should not be marked with some evidence of the divine blessing. This, however small it may be, refreshes the soul of him who watches as one that must render an account. He looks up to heaven with humble gratitude if he should be so happy as to be the instrument of bringing one immortal soul to the enjoyment of heavenly bliss, well worth a life of vicissitude and suffering—well worth all his cares, all his labors, all his sacrifices.

But my brethren, if his success allows him the hope of extending the number of these trophies, what a sublime and interesting anticipation has he then, of the judgment day. How shall it fill his

soul with bliss unspeakable, to know that there was joy in heaven over many, many more than one sinner that repented, through the instrumentality of his humble, unworthy exertions. That such may be the result of your ministrations my Rev. brother,* and of yours my friends,† who are now about to be admitted to your respective orders, in the ministry, is the sincere hope and ardent prayer to the great Head of the church, expressed and offered for you by him who now addresses you. Dearly beloved in the Lord, you have my soul's fervent aspirations that you may thus joyfully accomplish your eternally important work, and thus finally rest from your labors, amid the benedictions and the bliss of heaven.

But before you may taste the fruits of that celestial paradise, you must prepare yourselves for many toils, many trials, many tears.

It is taken for granted, that long before this, you have duly considered the difficulty and high responsibility of the sacred office which has just been made the subject of discourse. It is taken for granted that the preparation of heart and mind has been made by you, with all that fidelity and sincerity of soul which the church expects, and which God, the searcher of hearts, will infallibly require of you. The office of a deacon, such as that so faithfully executed in the primitive church by St. Philip, St. Stephen, and others, is in no portion of holy scripture so plainly or fully declared, as in the chapter from which is chosen the epistle for the ordination service.

" Likewise must the deacons be grave, not double

* Rev. Louis Thibou.
† Willie Peck and Marmaduke Hirst.

tongued, not given to much wine, not greedy of filthy lucre, holding the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience, and let these also first be proved, then let them use the office of a deacon, being found blameless." The same ordinal teaches us, "That it appertaineth to the office of a deacon in the church where he shall be appointed to serve, to assist the priest in divine service, and specially when he ministereth the holy communion, and to help him in the distribution thereof, and to read holy scripture, and homilies in the church, and to instruct the youth in the catechism in the absence of the priest, to baptize infants and to preach, if he be admitted thereto by the bishop. And furthermore, it is his office, where provision is so made, to search for the sick, poor, and impotent people of the parish, to intimate their estates, names and places where they dwell, unto the curate—that by his exhortation, they may be relieved with the arms of the parishioners or others." That you will do all these things, the Lord being your helper, the church expects of you, and you will, it is trusted, most faithfully use your own endeavor to fulfil.

If the angels rejoice when one pardoned penitent is written in the Lamb's book of life, as a newly added trophy of his redeeming grace—shall it move their celestial company with no interest or joy, when at the altars of the church on earth, there are seen those who offer and present themselves, their souls and bodies, to be a willing sacrifice to the service of the great Redeemer, and of the church, which he purchased with his own blood. Henceforward, then, dear friends of the Saviour, you have your conversation with the things of heaven and eternity. Henceforward, you are sepa-

rated from secular cares and interests, and you are consecrated to the service of God. Distinguished above all earthly honors is the service upon which you enter. The crown of mortal fame, is but a chaplet of withering flowers; but the crown which is laid up for the faithful soldier of the cross, sparkles with a lustre reflected from the light of God's own countenance, and is eternal in its sure reward, as God's own truth. Go forth then, brethren, in the service of our dear master—trusting not in your own strength, but in the omnipotent aid of the Lord of Hosts. Spend much of your time in prayer—public, domestic, private, stated and occasional, in season, and at all seasons. "Prayer," says a foreign prelate,* "is the ornament of the ministry, the leading principle of our character; without prayer the Christian minister in vain seeks the good of the church, or the improvement of mankind. He sows, but God gives no increase. He preaches, but his words are only like the sounding brass or the tinkling cymbal. It is prayer alone which gives the whole strength and efficacy to our different administrations; it is prayer which supplies us with consolations in all our labors, and enables us to rejoice through the tear of affliction."

Go forth then, dear brother, to your holy calling—and may the blessing of Almighty God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit be with you and rest upon you for ever.

The ordination service in the rubric which precedes it, requires of your preacher, that his sermon or exhortation, shall set forth how the people ought to esteem the ministry in their office. Thus speaks

* Massilon.

St. Paul: "We beseech you brethren, to know them which labor among you and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you—and to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake." And in this exhortation, a wide field of interesting acquaintance is offered to our view. For we have not only conveyed to us the meaning, that the people should be able to distinguish their pastor from other men by his outward appearance, but they are to know him as the spiritual father of an extensive family which looks up to him for advice and counsel in the important concerns of their souls everlasting happiness. A family who from the most sacred of all intimacies, have found reason to respect him for the interest he ever manifests for their happiness; a family who with the confidence and sincerity of children, have recourse to him, and invite him to rejoice with them in the day of prosperity, and weep with them in the days of their sorrow. Such an intercourse produces a knowledge very widely differing from a ceremonious acquaintance. There is no formality about it, but on the contrary a freedom which delights to communicate the most sacred joys and griefs of the soul—to lay before him, all their doubts and their fears, confess to him their faults, and earnestly engage of him an interest in his prayers. Observe, brethren, the expression just quoted, and you see what idea was entertained by an apostle of the work before us. He teaches us that it is *laborious*—now no mistake can be more egregious than that which would consider the sacred office as a sinecure. But there are many in the world who are in the habit of attending only occasionally the services of religion, who, looking at the mere mechanical circle of duties which the Christian minister is called to perform,

estimate his labors simply by these, and then proceeding to compare them with many other offices of public life, consider them as incurring but little toil, and sometimes recompensed far beyond their value. To all such, it would be a difficult task to produce any other conviction, unless they *knew them* that labor among them, as I have just described that knowledge. There would quickly arise from such a knowledge, a conviction that the mechanical routine of outward duties, was the smallest part of those cares which weigh upon the pastor's heart—that his most anxious thoughts were turned to the spiritual and eternal results of his labors, and his heaviest sighs were heaved in reference to that final account which must be given to the Judge of quick and dead, for the precious and immortal souls committed to his trust. Look at some of these results, as seen in the life that now is. How many careless sinners who have come to the sanctuary to fill up a vacant hour, hearing some word of exhortation which suits their case and fixes conviction on their minds, attend the holy worship and soon learn the language of penitence, and taste the sweetness of the divine pardon. How many errors are corrected by the plain interpretation of God's holy word? How many consoling truths delivered, which serve to bind up the broken heart, and teach the afflicted the spirit of resignation. Brethren of the laity, the Christian pastor mingling with you in all those delightful charities of life which sweeten its cup, and alleviate its severest trials, claims a home in every heart, and when faithful to his trust, may I not say he claims it not in vain, and with such an acknowledged claim, how powerful shall be the influence of such an intercourse? The trifling of the man of

the world is by degrees laid aside for a conversation at once reasonable and edifying, which it is his pleasure to hold with his pastor and friend.

There is an inward self-reproach if he should ever, by indiscretion, unintentionally wound the feelings of one who he is convinced seeks only his true and eternal happiness. The exhortations of the pulpit are fastened upon his heart by the kind interchange of friendly offices, and thus step by step the servant of the altar introduces the long lost sinner to an acquaintance with his divine master, and is made the instrument of everlasting comfort to the prodigal, who though once "dead" in trespasses and sins, is "alive again," though "lost," long lost to virtue, is once more "found" in Christ. You see, from what has been said, brethren of the laity, how great is the work which lies before us—and how jointly and severally we are interested in its present labors and duties, and in its future and eternal results. Esteem then, "very highly in love," those "who watch for your souls." It is not your praise which is here invoked. Alas, what can avail us the praise of men when we come to stand before the eternal God. No, it is for the great *work's sake* in which we are mutually engaged. And by this *esteem*, there is something more to be understood than the passing ceremonial of those common courtesies which good manners may require. Nay, something more than the mere approbation of sincere good will. It is an esteem which has God for its object and source. An esteem which your hearts are made to feel by a realizing sense of spiritual and eternal benefits, which the pastoral office has been the instrument of conveying to you. Esteem very highly in love, the spiritual guide who has led your

steps to the city of refuge. Esteem him in love to God, who has been so gracious to you, in love for the spirit of all grace, who sanctifieth and consoles the people of God.

Thus shall you strengthen the hands and encourage the hearts of those who watch for your souls. No trouble can much prevail when the people thus esteem the Christian pastor, for when he unburthens his sorrows before them—when he makes them acquainted with his griefs, he knows there is a responsive sympathy in every heart. If there is any rest for the clergy on this side the tomb—here, here it is, next to the approbation of God and of conscience, the "esteem" of the people for the "work's sake." Here, brethren of the laity, once more your warm cöoperation is invoked. Here let the clergy never meet a disappointment. Nerve their arm by this holy and cordial "esteem." Aid them in subduing your every thought to Christ. Give them your strong, and vigorous, and generous support, in the promotion of Christian knowledge and piety. Consult now in delightful concord for the interest of that portion of the Lord's vineyard where our work more immediately lies. Pray earnestly to God for his blessing upon our imperfect services.

And now may his abundant blessing succeed the feeble effort that has been put forth by your unworthy fellow-laborer. May the God of all grace, infuse a spirit of ardent, well directed zeal, into the heart of every true son of the church—a spirit which shall for ever redeem the character of that church from all imputation of indifference to the high destinies of her calling—and place that branch of it which belongs to this diocese at least, upon the footing of

the most favored churches in Christendom, favored by God's own divine and eternal benediction. "And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish thou the work of thy hand upon us; yea the work of our hands establish thou it."

THE HIDING OF GOD'S POWER.

A SERMON,

PREACHED IN ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH, N. YORK,
ON TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, 1839.

BY REV. L. P. BAYARD, D. D.,
RECTOR OF SAID CHURCH.

1839

SERMON.

HAB. iii. 4.—"*There was the hiding of his power.*"

THESE words form a part of that sublime picture of Omnipotence which is drawn by the pencil of the inspired poet in the chapter of my text, apparently with the purpose of making it an historical memorial of those remarkable acts of Divine Providence wherein his almighty arm had interposed for the safety and happiness of his peculiar people; teaching to all generations his faithfulness and truth, no less than his supreme, resistless power. The manifestation of the Divine Majesty, to which the inspired author has reference in the beginning of this chapter seems to be, that on Sinai, when, amid the flashing of the vivid lightning and the crash of tremendous thunderings, and while earthquakes shook the venerable mount from its lowest foundations, He proclaimed His law unto Moses and His statutes unto the children of Israel. Great was the advantage which Moses enjoyed in the near revelation which God thus granted of His nature and perfections. He published the Divine law to the people of Israel in the immediate presence of the Divine Legislator. He could say, "This law which I give you proceeds from God, who, upon the top of this mountain, has chosen to reveal His power, and from this mount, as from His throne, to

declare His law. The lightning's glare—the rolling thunder—the trembling earth—proclaim the presence of the great Creator. He is here!"

The ambassador of God at the present day can claim no advantage such as this. In vain he appeals to the same authority, and declares, "Thus saith the Lord." You see only one of your perishing fellow-creatures; you hear only the voice of a fellow-mortal and fellow-sinner. God has committed his treasure to earthen vessels, and you estimate the treasure by the frailness of the vessel, instead of overlooking the frailness of the vessel for the sake of its treasure. How often is the message heard with cold indifference; and no advantage is derived by fastidious and disappointed hearers. But if here, in His temple, we could, like the great legislator, show you a near manifestation of Him in whose name we address you; could you hear Him from heaven, authorizing our voice by his approbation and presence; could you feel that indeed His searching eye was upon you, examining with what disposition you hear His word; who of you could resist the appeal which this would address to your heart? who of you could fight against God, and find courage to refuse His great salvation?

But is not God present here? Surely God is everywhere. He is in this church, while in the body He is invisible, for God is a spirit; with spiritual and not corporeal sight must he be, therefore, seen. As while we are tenants of this frail, corruptible body we are unable to see the great Creator, so also should we be entirely at a loss to comprehend any portion of His vast perfections if He had not, in compassion to our infirmities, condescended to represent himself in holy scripture by

such attributes as belong to our own inferior nature. Yet even in the employment of these attributes His spirituality is declared, for He gives them so vast a magnitude, that we at once perceive that they are not to be literally understood. Is it said by the inspired writer that God hath hands? they are, then, hands which weigh the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance; which measure the waters in the hollow of His hand, and mete out the heavens with a span. Is it said that God hath eyes? they are such as penetrate all space, and see the very thoughts of our hearts. Is He said to have feet? while, then, heaven is said to be His throne, earth is called His footstool. His voice is as the sound of many waters, breaking the cedars of Libanus, and making Mount Sirion skip like an unicorn. Thus, then, we see that God is a spirit. "God came from Teman," says the writer of my text, "and the Holy One from Mount Paran. His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of His praise. And His brightness was as the light. He had horns coming out of his hand, and there was the hiding of His power." The mysterious context requires illustration.

When, in the counsels of His will, God was pleased to select his servant Moses to be the deliverer of His oppressed people, Moses requests that he might know the name of Him who thus condescended to honor him with so high and responsible a commission. And God said unto Moses, "I am that I am. And He said, thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I Am hath sent me unto you." The eternity of God is here declared; and by the burning bush, God dwelling upon earth and manifest in the flesh is supposed to have been the

doctrine taught. The horns coming out of His hand is an expression which gives an unfortunate translation of the Hebrew. The same word in Hebrew means horns and rays of light; this latter, then, is the expression which should have been here used by the translators. He had rays of light coming out of His hand. Hand seems frequently used to represent the power of God. Thus we are said to be the work of His hand. God is said to open His hand, and to fill all things living with plenteousness. The rays of light would seem to show forth the revelation of His will. "And there," says my text, "was the hiding of His power." But how is this? If from His omnipotence proceeded a revelation of His will, how could this be said to be the hiding of His power? Did it appear the hiding of His power when the vivid lightning glared upon the top of Sinai, or when the tremendous thunder appalled the stoutest heart? No! But was it only fear that God would have us learn from the revelation of his name and will? Was it to terrify His creatures into a servile submission to his sceptre that the law was given amid the demonstrations of Omnipotence? or were not those demonstrations, so grand and so impressive while yet so harmless, more properly the mere outskirts of the most excellent Majesty, and in great goodness displayed, that men might be taught to stand in awe of terrors far more fearful than these, which would be the infallible consequence of offending so great and holy a God? And might it not be said of these, in the language of my text, *there was the hiding of his power?* When God was pleased to direct a temple to be built for the celebration of His worship, it is known to the reader of

the Bible that an inner apartment of that temple was called the Holy of Holies, or most holy place, into which no man was permitted to enter but the high-priest only, and he but once a-year, on the solemn day of atonement. Here was the ark of the covenant, containing the memorials of judgment and mercy; the manna which had fed their hungry forefathers in the wilderness—bread from heaven—angels' food; displaying the great power of God, directed by his mercy, saving the starved multitudes from perishing by hunger.

Aaron's rod that budded was also here preserved—a memorial of God's fierce wrath against schism—shewing up the danger which awaits all who, like Korah and his company, presume to set up human inventions above divine institutions. This ark, be it observed, was a box or chest overlaid with pure gold, and had a lid or covering which was called the propitiatory or mercy seat; and may it not be said, in reference to these symbolic memorials, in the language of my text, "There was the hiding of his power." The power which, at one period of the Jewish history, sent bread from heaven, and from the flinty rock made streams to break forth in the thirsty desert, was directed by a tender consideration of his people's wants, and a tender compassion for their sufferings. A memorial of this was, with great propriety, preserved, and to be remembered with especial reverence and lively gratitude, by their united tribes, when assembled to worship the great King.

Not to be gazed at by a curious multitude, were these sacred relics of past transactions. But hid from view, they taught that in the secret recesses of the soul, in the most holy place of the heart's affection, must be preserved a remembrance of

God's surprising mercy to his perishing creatures—and it could not but thus be considered by every pious Israelite when, before the ark of the covenant, the high priest, once a year, appeared with the blood of the atonement—and he reflected upon this sacred depository of these ancient memorials, that "*There was the hiding of his power.*" But the mercies of God appeal in vain to many a rebellious heart. In vain for thousands have they experienced the daily bounties of God's most gracious Providence. The still small voice which speaks by all those repeated evidences of the Divine love, which every hour makes known—how is this gentle monitor unheard and unhonored.

There is then a memorial of the Divine Power, as exhibited in fearful judgment upon presumptuous sinners. Korah and his company invaded the priesthood—all the congregation is holy they cry—that is, any man has a right to assume the priesthood, any man has a right to make a church of his own; ye, Aaron and his sons, ye, take too much upon you. And, now, the slumbering fire breaks forth against these daring men; these men who thought to be wise above the wisdom of God; these men who assumed a prerogative which belonged alone to God, and thousands of victims testify whether, with impunity, man may thus presume to venture upon forbidden territory. Each tribe is commanded to bring their rod to Moses, to be laid in the tabernacle of witness, and the rod which budded should show the man whom God should choose. When the trial is made, Aaron's is found to be the chosen one: and this is ordered to be laid up for a perpetual memorial, and of this memorial of Divine Judgment it may be truly said, "There was the hiding of his power."

But the Jewish history and the Jewish church is so far from embracing all the memorials of the Divine mercy and judgments, that they may be truly said to be the mere shadows of those good things to come, which did come, and will yet come by the still clearer revelation of the glorious Gospel.

What the law could never do, and never did propose to do, that Christ did effectually. The blood of bulls and of goats could never take away sin, but the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. No offering of a sinful creature could propitiate the majesty of offended Holiness; but God, manifest in the flesh, could make such offering infinitely valuable, and, in the nature of sinful man, the beloved of the Father could assume the whole penalty of a violated law. The death of man was the penalty. The soul that sinneth it shall die. Jesus offers himself, the just for the unjust. Jesus says, "Lo, I come to do thy will." Jesus bears his cross to Calvary, and there he pours out that blood of atonement which, before the mercy seat of heaven, is accepted. There he exclaims, "it is finished," and there we may truly say, "*is the hiding of his power.*" For what withheld the fires of Divine indignation when, before the mock tribunal of Pontius Pilate, the beloved of the Father was buffeted, and reviled, and spit upon, and crowned, in derision, with a crown of thorns, what but the purpose of his own unparalleled love —what but the tender compassion for us, miserable sinners, restrained him from taking swift vengeance upon these foul accusers of innocence; these sacrilegious offenders of immaculate purity; these murderers of the Prince of Life! "Thinkest thou not," says the meek and uncomplaining sufferer,

"that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels?" But how, then, shall the Scriptures be fulfilled that thus it must be? "Thy counsels of old," says the Psalmist, "are faithfulness and truth." Of old it had been spoken in Paradise of one who should "bruise the serpent's head," and here he stood, bruised as to his heel by that serpent, bruised as to his human nature by that sin which brought death. Wounded for our transgressions. Bruised for our iniquities—a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. But in all that humiliation, in all that suffering, nay, in his cruel death itself, we may truly say in the words of my text, "*There was the hiding of his power.*"

As upon this great atoning death the hopes of all the ends of the earth depend—wisely did the author of our faith ordain memorials of that his precious death and sacrifice, until his coming again—for in the night in which he was betrayed he took bread; and when he had given thanks, he brake it and gave it to his disciples, saying, "Take, eat; this is my body, which is given for you. Do this in remembrance of me." Likewise, after supper he took the cup, and when he had given thanks, he gave it to them, saying, "Drink ye all of this; for this is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. Do this as oft as ye drink it in remembrance of me." As often as ye do eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show forth the Lord's death, till he come. Yes, Christians, till the day when the Lord of the whole earth shall come to judge the world in righteousness, the Holy Sacraments of Baptism and the Supper of our Lord, shall preserve a memory of

that his amzing love to us miserable sinners Simple indeed, are the symbols used, and easily accessible by all. The water and the blood flowing in the veins, indispensable to this our mortal life, are not less significant and appropriate memorials than the bread, so necesssary for daily food and daily existence.

Devoted to Christ in baptism, signed with the appropriate mark of Christianity—a deliverance is recorded, and its memory perpetuated by the water which flows down the face of the young Christian. A deliverance—yes, a deliverance, far more glorious, than from the armies of Pharaoh or from the waves of the Red Sea. To Jesus, the captain of the heavenly host, is the new recruit devoted, and as long as life lasts, by every holy motive that can urge a generous heart is he bound to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant. Simple and easy is the sacred ceremonial appointed by the high authority of heaven; and shall we with presumption ask why appointed? I answer, as a test of our willing gratitude, which seeks to obey our great Benefactor to the utmost of our knowledge and ability—and do you still ask why? I answer in the words of my text, "*there is the hiding of his power.*" Under the veil of these outward and visible signs he conceals that inward and spiritual grace, which, raising us from the death of sin, progressively advances us from the weakness of infancy to the strength of full-grown Christians; and, as the one ordinance places us in a state of justification, the other, the holy banquet, which is even now prepared for us, gives us continually those sanctifying helps of Divine Power that renew us daily in righteousness and true holiness.

There is too much light and knowledge in our Protestant assemblies to apprehend any danger from the supposition of any immediate charm as connected with the sacraments. The well instructed Christian is taught by the Church to consider the sacraments as outward and visible signs of an inward and invisible grace, given unto us, ordained by Christ himself, as a means whereby we receive the same and a pledge to assure us thereof." They are "*a means*"—not the only means—prayer is a means, preaching is a means, reading the word of God is a means. Divine grace is received and promised, upon the faithful use of these means.

The end of all is a holy life here and an endless happiness hereafter; remarkable, instantaneous effects we are not to expect from the use of these means. They are simple and easy; but they are not therefore to be despised—they are plain to the humble understanding—they are attended with no signs from heaven of God's concomitant influence; but "there is the hiding of his power." The power of his grace, speaking in a still small voice to each penitent son, says: "Son, daughter, thy sins be forgiven thee—be of good cheer, it is I; go in peace." The power of his grace, from these significant emblems addresses even the reluctant heart of the impenitent and unbelieving, saying: Behold ye despisers and wonder and perish—ye now cast contempt upon the high authority of heaven, and disputing with Omnipotence, presume to say—why must we worship thus? Are ye then offended by the simplicity of these means, for the attainment of an end so great? But is not simplicity a law which pervades all nature? What more simple than bread and water, and yet after all the dainties of food which human art can invent, what so essential as

these to the support of all God's wide spread family? "There is the hiding of his power." The weakest instruments, as well as the most simple, are used by the great master builder, that He may thus speak confusion to the shallow pride of man, and show forth his excellent greatness. When the world was to be revolutionized and the banner of the cross was to be planted upon the ruins of obsolete rites and the superstitions of Paganism—what is the character of the instruments employed? Are they the learned philosophers who are chosen? No. Are they rich and powerful? No. But they are the poor fishermen of Galilee, who were to cope with the wisdom of the most acute geniuses, and to preach a crucified Saviour before the bristling spears of a world in arms against what was called the superstition of the Nazarenes. Why was this? The truth of God has declared the reason. "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise," and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are, that no flesh should glory in his presence.

Finally, in the varied scenes of this transient life, in trouble or in joy, how constantly, with graphic accuracy, do we see the deep and far-reaching wisdom of our unerring Ruler, directing the events of our life by paths that we have not known—paths full often dark and mysterious—paths leading at one time by the edge of some fearful precipice; at another, beside the dark rolling waters, whose swift and dangerous current our frail bark is called to cross—paths sometimes winding through deep vales

of adversity, and at another, raising us to some prosperous mountain-top—mysterious to us full often—heart-rending at many a place where we are compelled to sink, faint and discouraged, to the dust, and to sigh for a rest from such sorrows, and a refuge from such ills. But, brethren, how often have we seen that "behind a frowning Providence he hides a smiling face." How often are the golden beams of the brilliant orb of day obscured by some passing cloud, and yet there is no harm done to the onward march of his glory. So to the Christian who has set his face like a flint towards the heavenly work of his high calling, the trials and troubles of this short course are passed without detriment to his future and immortal hopes. Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. In every woe that wrung his heart, he could not but acknowledge the just penalty of Sin, and if the wages of this hard master, so disgusting, have had the effect to open his eyes to see the hideous deformity of vice—if the smarting of those wounds which a father's hand has inflicted, has driven him from the abyss of sin and misery into which he might have otherwise recklessly pushed, may he not with great reason adore the wisdom of such a discipline, and with gratitude kiss the rod which broke the charm by which his soul was deluded—and set the prisoner free from the galling chains of his cruel bondage? And may he not, when, in thought, he reflects upon the wondrous ways of God's mysterious providence, with great reason feel the striking truth of my text, and say, "*There was the hiding of his power?*"

Thus, brethren, has the great Ruler of heaven and earth seen fit to deal with his creatures in the dispensations of his providence and grace; and we

may truly say of all this arrangement of his infinite wisdom, so simple and yet so efficacious for its grand and ultimate end—"There is the hiding of his power."

Let us, then, while we admire and adore this wisdom, so worthy of our utmost admiration—while, in the holy ordinance now to be administered, we with reverence contemplate the stupendous power which lies hid beneath symbols of such small comparative importance—while we rejoice that to us is offered a share in those benefits which our good Master has purchased by his own most precious death—let us examine our hearts, and see that there we maintain a fixed, unalterable and supreme love for Him who hath so loved us—a lively gratitude for all his unmerited favors—a sincere penitence for all our past transgressions—a lively faith in his great atoning death, and a universal charity for the whole far-extending human family. Thus what in one sense is the "*hiding of his power*," shall be to us a "*manifestation*" of his power. Our life, though hid with Christ in God, shall be a manifestation of the power of God unto salvation, and thus after all symbolical representations shall cease to be needed as communications with the author and finisher of our faith. In the great day when he shall come with his angels—when he shall come to judge the earth—when Christ, who is our life, shall appear—then shall we also appear with him in glory.

GOD IN THE MIDST OF HIS CHURCH.

A SERMON,

PREACHED IN ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH, NEW-YORK, ON THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, 1836.

BY REV. L. P. BAYARD, D. D.,
RECTOR OF SAID CHURCH.

1836

SERMON.

XLVI. Ps. v. 5.—"*God is in the midst of her---she shall not be moved. God shall help her, and that right early.*"

The title prefixed to this Psalm in our Bibles, teaches us its subject—it is "The confidence which the Church hath in God." It is evident from the writings of this inspired author, that when speaking of the Church, he generally looks through the avenue of ages, and by prophetic vision contemplates it under the new, as well as under the old dispensation. With any other than such a view the words of the text would seem inconsistent with history, for the temple is destroyed and the people of God are carried into a seventy years captivity. The people are restored under Nehemiah, and the Temple is rebuilt. Again the people reject their Messiah, and the Temple is again destroyed—but upon its ruins rises the Christian Church, which after ten successive and fierce persecutions, falls into a captivity of centuries to the mystic Babylon, till once more emancipated at the era of the reformation. Now the commotions and changes attendant on each of these respective eras, could not be reconciled with such a confined view, as would restrict the meaning of the text to the Jewish Church only. They were doubtless those to the end of time,

which should afflict the Church, and which are referred to in the second verse. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be removed into the midst of the sea—though the waters thereof roar and be troubled—though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

Many are the afflictions which the Church at various periods has suffered. Mournful the scenes which present themselves frequently in the sacred territories of God's heritage.

Troubles, by false doctrine, heresy and schism—troubles by that wrath of man which worketh not the righteousness of God—troubles sometimes by reason of the removal of burning and shining lights, from the midst of the faithful—when the luminaries are extinguished, which by their bright and shining examples led on the Christian pilgrim to the place of his heavenward destination—are such troubles the devout Psalmist had probably in view, when he looks up with confidence to God as the only refuge in these times of need, and applies himself to the source of all grace and consolation—and shall not we, who are sending up our mournful supplications to Jehovah, in the present affliction with which it has pleased him to visit his Church.

Shall not we seek for succor to this same God? Shall we not turn with more earnest solicitude towards that Church, which was the field of labor in which our beloved diocesan delighted, above all things, to be found? where his whole heart and soul devoted the energies of his nature to the advancement of evangelical truth and apostolic order? And shall not this Church, purchased by the blood of our own beloved Redeemer, and watered by the

tears of martyrs and confessors, engage our best services and our warmest affections ?

Let us then listen to the substantial ground of confidence, which the Church presents to the Christian's hopes—and from such a view let us be stimulated to more vigorous, and decided, and ardent exertions for her welfare and prosperity. All the tribulations which should be permitted to afflict the Church, however, the pious author of this Psalm teaches us shall not prevail essentially to hurt it. God, he says in the first verse, is our refuge and strength—a very present help in trouble. And in the text, " God is in the midst of her—she shall not be moved—God shall help her, and that right early." This is the substantial consolation for Christians in all ages. This is agreeable to other declarations of the same divine word. The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath mercy on thee. And our Saviour himself says, just as he was leaving this world for his heavenly habitations : " Lo ! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

It shall be my object in this discourse to show,

I. What is the Church.

II. How God is in the midst of the Church.

And lastly, the means which God has promised to bless for the prosperity of the Church.

Now in order to know what is the Church, we are not to go among the various contending societies of men at the present day, for satisfaction concerning this important point, for we must expect each will be clamorous for its own pretensions to this sacred title. Each one will tell us, Lo, here is

Christ, and lo, he is there. But this is a question of immense importance, and should be considered with cool and impartial deliberation. It should be brought to the touchstone of Scripture, and neither our personal convenience, nor any other mere worldly accommodation is to be consulted, for our own convictions and satisfaction.

In the very outset of our inquiry, then, it is very certain and very evident, that the Church is not a human institution. It is expressly said to be of God. The Church of God which he purchased with his own blood. The Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth. These two texts are sufficient to establish the divine institution of the Church. It is a society of people joined together by Christian bonds, governed by rulers appointed by Christ, regulated by the laws which his divine word contains, and intended by his goodness for our preparation for another and a better world of life and glory.

That it is a society of people joined together by Christian bonds, is plainly taught us in Scripture, when we read, that there were daily added to the church of such as should be saved; and when we read that injunction of our Saviour, when speaking of offences, "That we should tell it to the Church." That it is also a visible society is evident from its having rulers to govern it, laws for its regulation, and sanctions for its laws. The object of God in establishing a Church will give us a more distinct view of its nature. Man had fallen by his iniquity, and there was promise made to him that he should be recovered by a Redeemer who, in the fullness of time, should make complete atonement for his sins. Towards this great consummation of Divine mercy,

the types and prophecies, the miracles and sacrifices of four thousand years, were from time to time continually directed. There were doctrines which God was pleased to reveal from the earliest ages, there were duties to be performed, there were dispositions of the heart to be cultivated, and there were virtues to be practised. Now, all these, in order that they should be generally obeyed, it was necessary should be extensively published, and this we find wisely accomplished in the revelation which God hath given in his Holy Word, the Bible, those Scriptures which are able to make us wise unto salvation. But as the world, by transgression, had departed from God, it was thought necessary that the will of God, contained in this revelation, should be committed to faithful persons, who, teaching men these divine commands, should preserve from age to age the knowledge of the only living and true God and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent, and should call out their fellow-creatures from the world, from their sins, and from a state of alienation with their God, and should warn them to enter into the ark which God had provided for their eternal safety. From this calling of men out of a state of sin into a state of salvation, the word church, in the Greek language, takes its name; and that Noah's ark was designed as a type of the church we have the authority of St. Peter, who declares, concerning the long suffering of God, that it waited, in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing wherein few, that is eight, souls were saved by water. The like figure whereunto even baptism doth also now save us, not the putting away the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience towards God by the resurrection of

Jesus Christ. As then in baptism, which is the door of admission to the church, the mere washing or sprinkling with water does not cleanse the soul from inward impurity, so also the mere circumstance of belonging to the Church of God cannot cleanse us from sin, or save us from wrath, without the attendant power and spiritual benediction of God himself; and although in the dispensation of his spiritual blessings, even in his church, his power is omnipotent, and does work in us both to will and to do, yet we are exhorted to work out our own salvation. We are not to understand as purchasing our salvation by any works of righteousness which we can perform, but as merely exercising those earnest efforts which manifest the sincere desire of the soul after universal holiness. The works of man are only the outward manifestation of inward principle, and however between man and man there is relative merit, before God human merit shrinks to utter insignificance, and all the glory of man is but as the flower of the field. The church is the school of God. The first rudiments of Divine knowledge are here taught. The whole plan of redemption is here developed, from the rudiments of Christian learning to the highest and most mysterious of Christian doctrines, all the stupendous truths which belong to our eternal happiness, are here presented to our view, and demand our utmost reverence and most unreserved obedience.

Imbued with Divine truth from his earliest days, the Christian, in this school, is trained up in the way he should go; he is taught to remember his Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier in the days of his youth, and thus as he grows in years he is enabled

to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. But let us look more particularly into those means which the church uses thus to bring up her members in the love and service of God, and thus we shall learn the second point of consideration, which was, "How God is in the midst of the church."

God is in the midst of his Church,

I. By a valid ministry.

II. By Scriptural ordinances.

III. By a pure, reasonable, and yet affecting mode of worship.

The ministers of God are styled ambassadors and stewards, either of which titles, among a vast number of others, indicates a necessity of being authorized to act in His name, whose business they are commissioned to transact. As ambassadors it would surely be esteemed among men an inexcusable exhibition of folly and presumption for any to assume so responsible an office without having been duly appointed thereto by the constituted authorities of his country, and appearing at a foreign court without the credentials of an ambassador, would not his pretensions be treated with derision, and justly regarded as the ravings of insanity? And does not the Christian ambassador require credentials quite as unquestionable in their authenticity as those of the political? and are not the concerns of eternity, which are entrusted to his care, quite as important as those of time which engage the secular representative of a nation's interests? The secular ambassador presumes not to act in his own name or authority, but strictly follows the instructions of his government; and shall the ambassador for God thus forget the tre-

mendous responsibility under which he acts when he deviates from those instructions which the word of God so plainly has given him, to direct his course through all the trials and duties which belong to his station. Again, the steward, who is placed by the householder in charge over property not his own, acts in the name and for the benefit of his employer, and has no right to apply to his own convenience or benefit that which belongs to another. He would be strangely forgetful of his duty if, like the unjust steward in the parable, he assumed to himself a line of conduct dictated by convenience, and suited to obtain for him popular favor rather than the honest and faithful discharge of the sacred trust committed to his vigilant attention. "God," then I say, "is in the midst of his Church," and one of those sure marks by which I know this, is by the presence of a valid ministry—a ministry duly authorized according to holy Scripture for transacting the concerns of God with man. Such a ministry, I say, is to be found in the Church, brethren, to which you profess to belong.

For do you wish to appeal to the credentials which declare their respective offices, then observe the Apostles exercising all the functions of the sacred office, baptism, confirmation, the holy communion, and particularly ordination, which, with confirmation, we observe, belongs to them alone. To them alone, I repeat it, for where do we find any others but apostles ordaining or confirming; and do not the bishops in the Church at the present day thus execute this high and responsible trust of Episcopal supervision of the Churches?

Again, for presbyters or elders do we not see the same duties assigned and the same duties performed

as with those who occupy this station in the Church of our choice? And in the still lower order of deacons do we not see the strict adherence to scripture which our Church has observed? The elders and deacons of the gospel were evidently preachers of the gospel: they were solemnly ordained by the laying on of hands, and the sacraments by them were administered. Stephen died preaching as a faithful minister ought to die, and Philip baptizes the Samaritans and the eunuch. And are not these truly and properly ministerial acts, and not the business of laymen? To these three orders, then, we hold as an institution of God; these are the only authorized ambassadors as taught us in His holy word, and such as these we assert, and we appeal to ecclesiastical history to substantiate the assertion, such as these for fifteen hundred years were considered by the Catholic Church as the only negotiators with man in the business of his salvation. If discordant opinions on this subject have, within a little more than two centuries, been spread through the world, these are not to be supposed as affecting the great foundations of Christian truth; they are rather to be resolved into the infirmity of human nature, and they should have the salutary effect of only rivetting us with more fixed, and serious, and persevering attachment to an ecclesiastical government so clearly scriptural, and therefore valid in the authority which it communicates, through a succession distinctly traced to the apostles' time. God, then, is in the midst of his Church by the valid or authorized ministry who appear at her altars and who act in His name.

II. I have said God is in the midst of His Church by the scriptural ordinances which are here admin-

istered. Of these, baptism is the first. By this ordinance, brethren, you are made members of Christ, children of God, and heirs through hope of the kingdom of God. Precious privileges! Privileges such as, when we piously consider them, it is perfectly amazing how any who have been neglected in their infancy can remain a single hour satisfied until they can call them theirs. God is in the midst of His Church, offering to His children, infants and adults, the inestimable benefit of initiation into His school, and adoption into His family. And if parents will not secure for themselves the favor of God by a faithful observance of His divine commands, can they consent that their children should be denied these privileges, or can they answer it to their consciences when they are absolutely the instruments in depriving them of these privileges? My brethren, although God is in the midst of His Church offering to you this ordinance, fearful is the reflection how little it is regarded by too many, I must say it, in this congregation! Will you then, parents, not only stand afar off from God by a neglect of this ordinance, but also, with criminal indifference, see your children growing up to mature years without God and without covenanted relationship with Him? O, how will you bear, at the day of final account, how will you bear to hear the expostulation of reproach from the lips of a beloved child—"Cruel, cruel parents, if you had devoted me to Christ in my infancy—if you had trained me up in the way I should go—I should not have found myself in this place of hopeless misery!" How different from this will be the appearance of the pious parents before the dread tribunal—clothed in the robes of redeeming righteousness, they shall

also appear with their children, but they shall say, "Behold, Lord, thy servants, and the children thou hast given them." Ah! to a parent's bosom how inexpressibly consoling the reflection that they are all safe—they are all safe—all eternally safe.

Do not mistake me now, my brethren, as endeavoring to teach you the absolute essential nature of baptism. God *can* dispense with this—His will is the divine law, and His will is supreme. But because he can dispense with baptism, and save the penitent who sues for His mercy at the last fluttering moments of life—is this a reason for a prudent man to neglect a duty of which he has spoken in these terms: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; arise and be baptized and wash away your sins, and except ye be born of water, and of the Spirit, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Parents who have never yourselves received baptism, I warn you to neglect this duty no longer; you see it is plainly commanded by your God. You know the duty is not a difficult one to perform—you must admit that God will require it at your hands, when He comes to reckon with you. Prepare, I say, then, for your account, by performing this duty, in having them brought to Christ, that He may bless them by their incorporation with his holy Church; that he may give them the kingdom of Heaven and everlasting life; for, observe, brethren, the rule is, "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it" If, then, you see exceptions to this rule, do not persuade yourselves against the excellence of the rule. Let not the enemy beguile you by so miserable a subterfuge as this, against the convictions of your conscience, and the express injunctions of the divine word.

But let the voice of God your Saviour prevail over every other suggestion that may be offered to your mind, and delay no longer to take away so heavy and unanswerable a reproach, that though God is in the midst of us, offering to us this inestimable privilege, any should have to lament throughout eternity that they had in vain heard the most urgent appeals to their hearts, and had as often turned away with contempt from the holy commandment which was delivered unto them. Another of those Christian ordinances by which we know that God is in the midst of us, is confirmation. This apostolic rite, practiced by St. Peter and St. John, and continued ever since in the Christian Church, shows us very plainly the presence and protection of God. For while this pious usage of apostolic origin has been thrown off as needless by some, though Calvin himself acknowledges its primitive origin—and while it has been exalted by others unscripturally to the dignity of a sacrament—our Church, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, has preserved it as a most valuable means of impressing the young mind with a deep sense of the solemnity of their baptismal covenant, and has to record scarcely an occasion when it is administered without some lasting benefit and permanent good results, not only to the recipients, but very frequently to mere spectators of the solemn ordinance. But I hasten to another ordinance, where eminently we are to see the steppings of divine grace, and this is the Supper of our Lord. Ah, who but he whose heart has been warmed at that holy altar, can fully enter into the Christian's blessedness? From the altar where the precious symbols of redeeming love are exhibited, there seems to proceed a voice to every believing penitent

who draws near with humble spirit and meek and unaffected devotion of soul. Son, daughter, thy sins be forgiven thee. Peace I leave with you—my peace give I unto you—not as the world giveth, give I unto thee. O, when with the eye of faith sparkling through the tear of contrition, we look upon those memorials of redeeming love—and when we lift up our subdued hearts to the magnificent hope which through that atoning sacrifice we are permitted to indulge, is there any paltry trouble of earth that can shake the holy composure of our souls. From the sublime eminence upon which we stand, when holding thus communion with the Father of our Spirits, we may look down without alarm at the lightnings which play around the foot of the holy mount. The small dust which we see agitated by human contentions, is scarcely discernible in its insignificant careering; and the fury of the oppressor comes not nigh to that consecrated territory. O, from this green mountain summit of Zion, to be able to catch a glimpse, however distant, of that promised land of everlasting life and glory—to realize that there our Captain has entered triumphantly, and has taken possession of our destined inheritance, and has prepared our mansions, our happiness, with his own right hand and holy arm—that there he waits to receive our spirits as soon as they have passed the ordeal of a sorrowful life like his own. O, to realize all this in the banquet of that most heavenly food which his benevolence has prepared for us in the midst of all our trials and sorrows! May I not be justified in pointing particularly to this sacred festival, and in saying, here is satisfactory evidence that God is in the midst of his Church, "God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved."

III. I have said, God was in the midst of His Church, by the pure, reasonable, and yet affecting worship which is here celebrated; and may I not point with confidence to that book which you use in the temple of God, and ask you to mark well if you can find any thing unsound in its doctrine or unreasonable in its directions, or cold or unaffecting in its fervent exercises. See it, composed chiefly of selections from the most interesting portions of scripture, and embodying these in its prayers and praises —see its order concerning the reading of portions of scripture for every day in the year, and ask yourselves where you will go for religious instruction, and find more of it in quantity, or purer in quality. Look at its reasonable appointments of particular days for the consideration of some of the great and most interesting subjects of redemption—see its decent ceremonies and its comforting offices of devotion from the first days of young life, through the offices for the sick, the prisoner, the var ed states and changes till it comes to the closing and burial service—and let me ask, are there not great claims in that little book to our love and reverence? and shall we not place it by our Bible as a meet companion, and near our heart as a suitable and well-tried trusty guide to the throne of grace? And in considering our mode of worship, may we not exultingly exclaim of our Church, "God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved. God shall help her, and that right early." But how shall He help her? This I was lastly to consider. The means which God has promised to bless for the prosperity of the Church, is the religious improvement of Christian advantages, conspicuous in the exemplary characters of Christians. For what avails it, my

brethren, to boast that our Church is founded upon Apostles and Prophets, if the spirit of neither Apostles nor Prophets is to be found in our members—what avails it to have a valid ministry, if we obstinately choose to remain invalids ourselves, while Christ stands ready to heal us of all guilt? Depend upon it, brethren, the most effectual means of promoting the prosperity of our Church, is by every individual's cultivation of a spirit of sincere piety. All other prosperity I should look upon with caution, not to say with suspicion—but this, this is solid, substantial. Give me a congregation of pious, enlightened, and devoted Churchmen, and I cannot picture to myself anything on earth more beautiful or admirable—for I look not merely at the lovely picture which they exhibit upon this frail stage of action; I look not at the praises they may receive for the works of mercy and of goodness which they perform on all hands—O no, but I see them gathering around the throne of the Lamb in the day when the trumpet has aroused them from their dreamless beds, and they rejoice, knowing that their redemption draweth nigh. O then I see their pale faces changed, and illuminated with seraphic fire. They are placed on the right hand of their Redeemer Judge, and enter into those joys which he has prepared for them from the first of time.

Thus adorn, then, dear brethren, the doctrine of God your Saviour, and you shall also thus adorn the Church which He purchased with His own blood. Be kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you. Be firm and consistent in your love of truth in every form, but especially when it comes to you in the simple but engaging form of

scripture truth. Bend your proud wills to the humble yoke of the Gospel before you are obliged to bend under the insupportable burden of divine wrath. Earnestly wrestle at the throne of grace for a blessing on your own souls and upon the souls of all for whom it is your business to pray. Let prayer become the habit, and posture, and language, and life, and joy of your soul. Living thus near to God, dear brethren, God would be very near to us; nay, God would be in the midst of us. We should not be moved. God should help us, and that right early.

THE CHRISTIAN MAN.

A SERMON,

PREACHED IN ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH, N. YORK,
ON THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER, 1836.

BY REV. L. P. BAYARD, D. D.,

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1836.

SERMON.

1 Cor. xvi. 13, 14.—*Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong. Let all your things be done with charity.*

The Church of Corinth, it is well known became at an early period the seat of division and disorder. The Philosophy of the schools, which constituted a great portion of the Pagan theology, had so imbued the minds of the people, that when converted to Christianity many of them brought into the Church an admixture of secular views and feelings far removed from the simplicity of the gospel. That which was highly prized among men was an abomination in the view of a pure and Holy God, and hence, the ambition, the pride, the vanity of these half made Christians introduced errors of faith, disorders of practice. The apostle who speaks in the text, as soon as he finds such a state of things prevailing, addresses himself to the work of cleansing the Church from these blemishes, and with authority he denounces error, rebukes the gain-sayers, cautions the unwary, strengthens the feeble hearted, and seeks to promote a spirit of peace and love. To any age or situation of the Church, the charge contained in the text, addresses itself with authority and force. "Watch ye—stand ye fast in the faith—quit you like men, be strong. Let all your things be done with charity." Here are five grand Christian duties—

watchfulness, steadfastness, manliness, courage, and love. Let us give them a serious consideration, brethren, and may that God from whom alone cometh all power and grace follow with his blessing the words of the speaker. First, then, we are taught that the duty of watchfulness is a Christian duty. This duty is frequently urged in various places of holy scripture. Thus our Saviour: "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation," and again, "Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour when the son of man cometh; what I say unto you I say unto all, watch." The duty of watchfulness teaches such a scrutiny of the heart, and such a circumspection of conduct, as preserve the Christian in the path of prudence and guard him against the assaults of temptation. That there is the utmost need of watchfulness in all the Christian life, can be questioned by none who consider the state of the Christian, his state by nature, and his state in relation to the world.

I. His state by nature. "By nature man," says the ninth article of our Church, "is very far gone from original righteousness and is of his own nature inclined to evil. The scripture whence this article derives its authority speaks the same language. All we as sheep have gone astray, there is none that doeth good, no, not one; God hath concluded all under sin; all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. The heart is deceitful above all things, says the Prophet, and desperately wicked. Out of the heart, says our Saviour, proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, falsewitness, blasphemies. The works of the flesh are manifest, says the apostle, which are these, adultery, fornification, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witch-

craft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings and such like. Such are tenants of the human heart by nature ; and until they are brought in to subjection by the renewing of the mind, they are liable to be acted out, as opportunity offers, and as temptations solicit.

It is very evident, therefore, that having such a host of enemies, domestic, that is, dwelling in our hearts and minds, watchfulness is a primary virtue, without which all others may be considered unavailing. The enemy is at the gates of the fort, and the moment of surprise, when vigilance is relaxed, delivers an easy prey to the cruel adversary. But, in addition to this fearful liability to fall, in which man finds himself by nature, he is placed in the world, with others of his race, who, possessing the same nature, are exposed to the same temptations. The influence of the multitude to do evil, operates upon the unrenewed mind, with far greater power than that of the few to do good ; the solicitations of his own heart are strengthened by the solicitations of the wicked, who, finding him not initiated in all the mysteries of corruption, hasten to instruct him in the science of hell, and add to the suggestions of his own heart the persuasion of example. Wit and revelry, the viol, the harp, and the tabret, the delirium of the bowl, the fascinations of corrupt pleasure, in various fantastic forms, all unite to make a willing captive of the man who has not yet been taught the truth as it is in Jesus; at the very outset, then, of the Christian life, must the disciple, who desires to be instructed in the way of life and happiness, learn to practice the virtue

of watchfulness, without which he is in imminent danger, at every step, to make shipwreck of his faith.

Take watchfulness first, my brethren, in your heavenward journey. Look into your hearts by a strict self-examination. Consider there how much pride is unmortified, how much, of all the variety of evil, lies latent, and waiting, as it were, only the opportunity to offer which may give it liberty to range licentiously, through all the excesses of its inclination. Take watchfulness first, and look how much business lies before you, how many foes to bind in strong subjection, what faith you must exercise, what graces you must cultivate, and what virtues you must practice. Ah, you must watch unto prayer if you expect to do all this, for by prayer alone you can obtain that grace which alone is able to give you the needful strength.

Ask fervently for God's holy spirit to change those natural hearts and minds, into your spiritual mind—the mind that was in Christ Jesus—that is a mind filled with such love and reverence for the commands of God, as makes it the supreme delight of the soul to perform those commands. But, if you expect to be heard in your applications to the throne of grace, you must ask in faith, without which it is impossible to please God, and without which prayer must be wholly unavailing, and this faith must be enlightened, for your case is not like that of those who are sitting in the darkness of pagan superstition, or Mahomedan imposture, but the clear light of revelation now shineth, and if you shut it out from your dwellings, and choose darkness rather than light, you cannot charge God

with injustice. At the great final assize, if he gives you your portion with the unbelievers, you must ask, therefore, with an enlightened faith—a faith which has a clear scriptural view of the nature and perfections of God—his redeeming love, the atoning merits of the Saviour, the sanctifying influences of the Holy Comforter, the perishing need in which man stands of that atoning blood, and this renewing grace. The judgment which is to come, and eternity upon which we enter at death. About these things our faith cannot be too strong, and we must exercise it in prayer, and apply its help to the duty of watchfulness.

II. The text teaches us steadfastness, steadfastness in the faith.

Perfectly in vain is that faith which is not steadfast, which having no sure foundation at first, is swept off like the building of the foolish man in the Gospel, by the first rain that descended. The ingenuity of man may rack invention for excuses, to palliate a want of steadfastness, but the true, the only reason is to be found, in the character of that faith—it must be a scriptural faith—it must bear the strictest scrutiny—it must bear the clearest light—it must delight to have the foundations of its confidence investigated—it must fearlessly appeal to the Searcher of hearts for its sincerity—it must be productive of good works, or it is not the faith of the Gospel. It is dead and unscriptural if it cannot come up to this standard, and any thing short of this will be unavailing in the business of salvation. The blind credulity of superstition or fanaticism is not faith, for faith is free, but this base servility is a tyrannical thraldom more biting and cruel than fetters of iron. It bows before the slightest breath

like the ever moving aspen leaf, and like the restless waves of ocean, it is tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine. In the opinion of your preacher there is great occasion, at the present day, of experiment, and innovation, for the exhortation of the Apostle, Stand ye fast in the faith. To ensure steadfastness in the faith which you profess, I am in no doubt, brethren, what to recommend. You all of you have the Bible, or at least you are able to have it. That is the charter of your immortal hopes. Read that divine record of grace, mercy and truth—examine your hearts while you read it—make a devotional application of its truths to your heart—offer up your fervent believing prayers—for a blessing on your sacred readings. On the important question, where is the Church as handed down from Christ and His Apostles—again examine your Bible, and hear your Saviour say to his Apostles, "Lo, I am with you alway even to the end of the world." See the orders of ministers as there described—Deacons, Presbyters, and Bishops—look at the duties of these respective orders—how exercised in the lifetime of the Apostles—how exercised afterwards—read the history of the Church, mark the rise of anti-christian errors; read with attention the history of the reformation—see whether the pure Apostolic truth has not been transmitted with the utmost care and precision—compare the formularies of the Church with the great and holy standard, and see whether anything essential to the Christian truth is omitted, or any thing added. When you have done this, and have convinced your understanding that your faith is enlightened and sincere—you will take the best means for insuring that steadfastness which the Apostle here recommends—and is not this a subject which deserves that you should take these pains to be well

established? Are your hopes of heaven so small that you cannot undertake for its holy and eternal rewards, what you are in the habit of doing for some subject which involves merely a temporal interest?

III. The Apostle says: "Quit you like men." He recommends manliness in religion—a term synonymous with dignity and bravery. Act with dignity—descend not to low arts of cunning or hypocrisy—be not children in understanding, howbeit in malice be ye children, but in understanding be men. Now the meaning of all this is very plain. The wayward mind of a child would dispose it to listen with credulity to every thing related. The wariness of manhood, in mature years is not so easily captivated. The mind of a child can be deceived by appearances, or easily drawn aside from its path by the most trivial object, but age does not so easily receive things by their mere appearance—but it investigates, it weighs well the evidence, and it passes assent when a sound judgment has approved. Now transfer these reflections to religion—be men in religion—be manly—debase not the noble service of God by the whinings of an unmeaning cant, nor by the grimace of an unfelt and affected sanctity. By all means humble yourselves before the divine majesty—humility is not inconsistent with dignity, but reflects upon it its brightest lustre. When was ever greater humility than that of our Saviour?—yet behold his dignity before the judgment-seat of Pilate—never was there a more perfect illustration of undaunted dignity than he then and there displayed. Though reviled, he reviled not again—and though he suffered, he threatened not, but committed himself to Him who judgeth righteously. Thus also, my brethren,

taking our copy from this divine example, should we transcribe into our characters the same divine virtue—for if we profess to follow Christ, we ought to aim as far as possible at a perfect imitation of his life and conduct; and is it more difficult to be manly in religion than in anything else in life? Must a man be childish to be religious? In malice, he must be a child, says the Apostle, but in understanding he must be a man.

Quit you like men! Now this is the religious character which I wish to see in you, my brethren. Go to work in religion as if you considered it, as it really is, the most important subject which could demand your attention. I do not call on you to lay aside all worldly business, for the same commandment which says, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy," says also, "Six days shalt thou labor"; "and he," says the apostle, "who will not labor, should not eat." But my meaning is best expressed by the words of one whose unerring wislom could ever silence the cavils of his enemies, ınd administer a reproof while he asserted an unleniable truth,—"Render unto Cæsar the things :hat are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

IV. The apostle says, "Be strong." There is scarcely a distinction between a good and bad man more strongly marked than this, that the good man is courageous and the wicked are cowards. By this courage I do not mean mere physical courage, though in some instances it partakes of the nature of this, but what I particularly mean is moral courage; for instance, the good man has courage to bear up under affliction, vexation, and difficulty, and in all these scenes to utter no complaint, relax no

exertion, and resort to no unhallowed means of relieving himself; while the wicked, fearing the idle talk of the day,—fearing even a look or a gesture,—will use unwarrantable means for their relief.

Thus Saul sought to excuse his disobedience by saying he feared the people. Thus also Pilate feared to lose his favor with the people, and released Barabbas the robber, while he delivered the innocent and holy Jesus to his clamorous murderers. "I can do all things," says the apostle, "through Christ who strengtheneth me." Here is the strength which the apostle intends in the text, and he expresses it in definite terms on another occasion, when he says, "Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might;" and he then proceeds to show how the Christian soldier should be equipped when he goes forth to meet the adversary: "Put on the whole armor of God: the shield of faith, the breastplate of righteousness, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit." Clothed in the mild graces and virtues of the Christian's life and character, so shall you, my brethren, be best fitted to encounter those who may seek to cross your path or oppose your progress.

"Be strong." Let your faith be strong. Being confident of this very thing, that He who hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Christ. Be strong in faith, giving glory to the Lord. How should we know light without the contrast of darkness, or what is virtue without trial? Let, then, your strength be derived from the reflection that God is with you, and though an host were set in array you may meet them as David met the Philistine, and say, "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield,

but I come unto thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied."

Thus the scripture asserts, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous is bold as a lion." The satisfaction of a good conscience is an impregnable tower of defence to the Christian. Thou, Lord, knowest. The sweet testimony of God's spirit, speaking approval to his mind, is better than the acclamations of the universe. Thus, my brethren, "be strong." Be not afraid to do your duty. Let whatever come, God will kindly order it for the best, if you hold fast integrity, and make not shipwreck of faith and a good conscience.

V. The apostle concludes these exhortations by a very important one,—"Let all your things be done with charity." The word here and elsewhere rendered charity ought, by all means, to have been translated love. Thus that beautiful eulogium of Christian love in the xiiith of 1st Cor. should, throughout the chapter, have been rendered love; for one of the things that we might do without having charity is there said to be, that we might give all that we had to feed the poor, and yet be wanting in charity, that is, in Christian love, supreme love for God. "Let everything be done with Christian love," is, then, the meaning of the apostle. "Love," says the apostle, "is the fulfilling of the law," and it may almost be also said that it is the fulfillment of the gospel. Look into the nature and character of this holy principle. What can you ask of him who loves God supremely but what he will be willing and ready to do for the honor and service of God?

What is there too painful for such a one to bear?

What is there too arduous for him to attempt, or too grievous for him to suffer? Look at the benign effect of it in regard to our intercourse with our fellow men. Love, says the apostle, worketh no ill to his neighbor—therefore, love is the fulfilling of the law—for the whole law and the prophets is expressly said to consist in the two commandments of love to God, and love to man.

Ever then, my brethren, cultivate this divine and eminently Christian grace. Let it shine as the brightest gem in your crown—and he who is emphatically said to constitute love in his very nature and essence, will own you as his children, and promote you to the glory which he has in reserve only for them that love him.

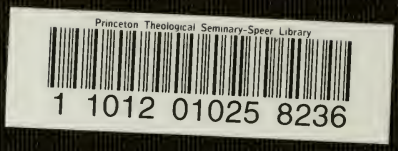
Finally, in review of what has been said—let watchfulness, steadfastness, manliness, courage and love combine in holy concord, to make you in all things, such manner of persons as you ought to be.

The Christian life is a life of trial and combat—though it is a life also, which has refinement of joy, and peace, in the midst of trial. The floods may arise—the overflowings of ungodliness—the floods may lift up their noisy waves, but the Lord on high is mightier, and he laughs them to scorn.

Do sorrows overwhelm you, Christian? and does the world mock your christianity? Ah! dont let it move you with any other emotion than pity and compassion—the day of wicked triumph is but short. While cruel Herod heard the foolish people say, it is the voice of a God and not of a man, and while on his glittering throne, he greedily devours this blasphemous flattery, the angel of the Lord smites him and he is eaten of worms, and gave up the ghost.

Do sorrows overwhelm you, Christian? But was not also your Lord and master a man of sorrows? What cup have you so bitter as that which he so willingly accepted, that so you might receive the pardon of your sins---and will you be scared by the apprehension of difficulty or trial in your Christian profession. Ah, think not of things as they only now appear. Remember, this is but a short prelude to another, and a better, and an eternal life.

Lay not your great plans, therefore, in the sand; grovel not in the dust of strifes and cares which have only this brief life for their boundary. But with eagle's wings soar above the clouds of darkness of this inferior world, and hold high and holy converse with him who dwelleth in eternity, whose name is holy, and who dwelleth also with him, who is of an humble spirit. O let the pure, dignified, and venerable character of the Saviour fill your hearts and minds, with a holy desire to follow, as far as you possibly can, the blessed footsteps of his most holy life---that thus after you have faithfully fought under his banner, without being ashamed of his name, and without deserting his standard. He also may not be ashamed of you when he comes in his glory with all his holy angels with him.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